

Psalm K
A New Version
OF THE
P S A L M S
OF
D A V I D,

By
N. TATE & N. BRADY.

And set to Musick

By
J. Z. TRIEMER.



AMSTERDAM,
Printed by ANTONY BRUYN, & SON.
M. DCC. LXV.

A New Version

OF THE

P. S. A. M. S.

OF

D. A. V. I. D.

BY

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Printed for the Author

W. S. E. M. E. R.



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M. DCC. LXX.

PRIVILEGIE.

DE Staten van Holland en West-

Vriesland doen te Weeten: Alzo ons te kennen is gegeven by Diaconen van de Gereformeerde Orthodoxe Engelse Gemeente binnen de Stad Amsteldam, dat in 't voorleden Jaar 1751. door den Kerkenraad van dezelve Gemeente zo dig te dier tyd aduocelyk in dienst, als buyten functie waren, zynde goed gevonden om de Psalmen van David, zo als die door TATE en BRADY in Engelse Digmaat gebracht, met eenige Lofzangen in hun lieder Gemeente gezongen wierden, terwyl dezelve zig in het geheel beyonden zonder eenige Musiq Nooten, waar door den Zang-toon derzelve op een eenpaarige voer konden gehouden worden, 't geen dikwyls verwerringe en merkelyke ergernis in zo een plegtig stuk van den openbaaren Godsdienst had veroorzaakt, op hunne kosten met Nooten en bequame Zangwyzen te laten voorzien, zy Supplianten als nu aduocelyk bezig waren aan ter uitvoeringe van het voorsz. befluyt door Menichen de Musiq kundig, te laten componceeren zodanige Voyten, als waar op de gemelde Psalmen en Lofzangen met meerder Stigtinge van de Gemeente zoude kunnen gezongen werden, met oogmerk om na het afdrucken der voorsz. Psalmen en Lofzangen met de Nooten, daar op gecomponeert, dezelve Druk benevens het best der Copie te stellen in handen van haar Supplianten Diaconen der gemelde Kerk, om door hun lieden Verdelers, Uytgegeeven en Verkogt, en de winst die daar op mogt komen te vallen, ten nutte der Armen van dezelve Gemeente bekeert te worden; Dan dewyl zy Supplianten bedugt waren, of niet wel zommige baatzøkende Menichen mogten onderneemen om tot prajudicie der Supplianten en van hunne Kerk, het voorsz. Werk, waar toe reeds veel moeyte en kosten wierden aangewend, te doen Drukken, na Drukken, en Uytgeeven, zo keerden de Supplianten zig tot Ons, gantsch Onderdanig verzoekende, dat het Ons geliefde aan de Supplianten te verleen Privilegie, voor den tyd van vyftien eerst koomende en agtervolgende Jaaren, om het bovengemelde Engelse Psalmbroek en Lofzangen, met de daar op gemaakte Musiq Nooten, in wat Formaat het ook zyn mogte, alleen, en met Exclusie van alle anderen, te mogen Drukken, doen Drukken, Uytgeeven en Verkoopen, met verbod aan een ygelyk buyten hun Supplianten op zekere groote poene by Ons daar tegens te stellen, om binnen den voorsz. tyd het gemelde Psalmbroek en Lofzangen, met de daar op gecomponeerde Musiq Nooten, in deze Landen in eenige Formaat, onder wat pretext het ook zoude mogen zyn, te Drukken, te doen Drukken, Uytgeeven en Verkoopen, of elders buyten deze Landen Gedrukt zynde, in te voeren en Verkoopen, en daar van te verleen Octroy in ordinaria forma. ZO O IS 'T, dat Wy de zaake ende het voorsz. Verzoek overgemerkt hebbende, ende genegen wezende ter bede van de Supplianten uyt Onze regte Werenfchap Souveraine Magt en Authoriteit, dezelve Supplianten geconcentreerd, geacordeerd, en geoctroyeerd hebben, Consenteeren, Accordeeren en Octroyeeren haar by dezen, dat zy gedurende den tyd van vyftien eerst agter een volgende Jaaren het voorsz. Psalmbroek en Lofzangen met de daar op gecomponeerde Musiq Nooten, in diervoegen als zulks by de Supplianten is verzogt, en hier vooren uytgedrukt staat, binnen den voorsz. Onzen Lande alleen zullen mogen

Drukken, doen Drukken, Uytgeeven en Verkoopen, verbiidende daaromme allen ende een ygelyken het zelve Psalmbroek en Lofzangen in 't geheel ofte ten deele te Drukken, naar te Drukken, te doen naar Drukken te Verhandelen, of te Verkoopen of te Elders naar Gedrukt binnen den zelve Onzen Lande te brengen, uyt te geeven ofte te verhandelen en verkoopen, op verbeure van alle de naar gedrukte, ingebragte, verhandelde of verkogte Exemplaren, ende een boete van drie duysend Guldens, daarenboven te Verbeuren, te appliceeren een derde part voor den Officier, die de Calange doen zal, een derde part voor den Armen der Plaats, daar het Casus voortvallen zal, ende het restteende derde part voor den Supplianten ende dit telkens zo meenigmaal als dezelve zullen worden agterhaald: Alles in dien verstande, dat Wy de Supplianten met dezen Onzen Octroy alleen willende gratificeeren tot verhoeding van haare schade, door het na Drukken van het voorsz. Psalmbroek en Lofzangen, daar door in gemigen deelen verstaan, den inhouden van dien te Authoriseeren, ofte te Advouceeren, ende veel min dezelve onder Onze Protectie en de bescherminge eenig meerder Credit, aanzien ofte reputatie te geeven, ne maar den supplianten in Cas daar inne iets onbehoortlyks zoude insinueren, alle het zelve tot haaren lasten zullen gehouden weeten te verantwoorden; tot dien einde wel Expresfelyk begreende, dat by aldien zy deeren Onzen Octroye voor het zelve Psalmbroek en Lofzangen zullen willen stellen, daar van geene geabroceerde ofte gecontraherede mentie zullen mogen maken, ne maar gehouden wezen het selve Octroy in 't geheel, en zonder eenige Omiffie daar voor te Drukken, of te doen Drukken, en dat zy gehouden zullen zyn, een Exemplaar van 't voorschreef Psalmbroek en Lofzangen op groot Papier, gebonden en wel geconditioneerd, te brengen in de Bibliothecq van Onze Universiteit te Leyden, binnen den tyd van ses weeken, na dat zy Supplianten het zelve Psalmbroek en Lofzangen zullen hebben begonnen uyt te geeven, op een boete van ses hondert Guldens, na expiration der voorsz. ses weeken by de Supplianten te verbeuren, ten behoeven van de Nederduytche Armen van de Plaats alwaar de Supplianten woonen; en voorts op poene van mer 'er daad versteen te zyn, van het Effict van dezen Octroy: dat ook de Supplianten schoon by het ingaan van dit Octroy een Exemplaar geleverd hebbende aan de voorsz. Onze Bibliothecq, by zo verre zy gedurende den tyd van dit Octroy, het zelve Psalmbroek en Lofzangen zoude willen Hendrukken, met eenige Observatien, Nooten, Vermeerderingen, Veranderingen, Correctien, of anders hoe genaamd, of ook in een ander Formaat, gehouden zullen zyn, wederom een ander Exemplaar van het zelve Psalmbroek en Lofzangen, geconditioneert als vooren, te brengen in de voorsz. Bibliothecq binnen den zelve tyd, en op de boete en penaliteit als voorsz. Ende ten einde de Supplianten desen Onzen Consente, ende Octroye moge genieten als naar behooren, lasten wy allen ende een ygelyken dien het aangaan mag, dat zy de Supplianten van den inhouden van dezen, doen laten, ende gedooen, nufelyk, vreedelyk ende volkommentlyk genieten ende gebruiken, Cesseerende alle beller ter Contrarie. Gegeeven in den Hage onder Onzen groote Segele hier aan doen hangen, op den vyftiende May, in het Jaar Onzes Heeren en Zaligmakers, duysent seven hondert drie en vyftig;

A. van der DUYN, vt.

Ten Ordonnantie van de Staten

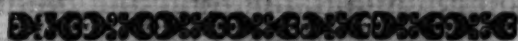
C. BOEY,

Aan de Supplianten zyn nevens dit Octroy ter hand gestelt, by Extract Autenticq haar Ed: Gri Mog. Resolutien van 28. Juny 1755, en 30. April 1756, ten einde om zig daar na te reguleeren.

C. BOEY,

A New Version of the PSALMS OF DAVID.

PSALM I. IL

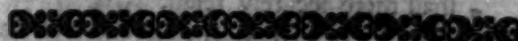


PSALM I.

1 **H**OW blest is he who ne'er consents,
by ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in Sinners Ways, nor sits
where men prophane talk.
2 But makes the perfect Law of God
his Business and Delight;
Devoutly reads therein by Day,
and meditates by Night.
3 Like some fair Tree which fed by Streams,
with timely Fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
all his Designs attend.
4 Ungodly Men and their Attempts,
no lasting Root shall find;
Untimely blasted and dispers'd,
like Chaff before the Wind.
5 Their Guilt shall strike the Wicked dumb
before the Judge's Face:
No formal Hypocrite shall then
amongst the Saints have place.
6 For God approves the just Man's Ways,



to Happiness they tend;
But Sinners and the Paths they tread,
shall both in Ruin end.



PSALM II.

1 **W**ITH restless and ungovern'd Rage,
why do the Heathen storm;
Why in such rash Attempts engage,
as they can ne'er perform?
2 The great in Counsel and in Might,
Their various Forces bring,
Against the Lord, they all unite,
and his anointed King.
3 Must we submit to their Commands,
presumptuously they say?
No, let us break their slavish Bands,
and cast their Chains away.
4 But God, who sits enthron'd on high,
and sees how they combine,
Does their conspiring Strength defy,
and mocks their vain Design.
5 Thick Clouds of Wrath divine shall break
on

on his rebellious Foes;
 And thus will he in Thunder speak,
 to all that dare oppose.
 6. Tho' madly you dispute my Will,
 the King that I ordain,
 Whose Throne is fix'd on Sion's Hill,
 shall there securely reign.

PART II.

7 Attend, O Earth, whilst I declare
 God's uncontroll'd Decree;
 Thou art my Son, this Day my Heir,
 have I begotten thee.
 8. Ask, and receive thy full Demands,
 thine shall the Heathen be,
 The utmost Limits of the Lands,
 shall be possess'd by thee.
 9. Thy threat'ning Scepter thou shalt shake,
 and crush them ev'ry where;
 As massy Bars of Iron break,
 the Potters brittle Ware.
 10 Learn then, ye Princes, and give Ear
 ye Judges of the Earth;
 Worship the Lord with holy Fear,
 rejoice with awful Mirth.
 11 Appease the Son with due respect,
 your timely Homage pay,

Lest he revenge the bold Neglect,
 incens'd by your Delay.
 12 If but in part his Anger rise,
 who can endure the Flame?
 Then blest are they whose Hope relies,
 on his most Holy Name.

P S A L M III.

1 **H**OW many, Lord, of late are grown
 the Troublers of my Peace!
 And as their Numbers hourly rise,
 so does their Rage increase.
 2 Insulting they my Soul upbraid,
 And him whom I adore;
 The God in whom he trusts, say they,
 shall rescue him no more.
 3 But thou, O Lord, art my Defence,
 on thee my Hopes rely;
 Thou art my Glory, and shalt yet
 lift up my Head on high.
 4 Since whensoever in like Distress,
 to God I made my Pray'r:
 He heard me from his Holy Hill,
 why should I now despair?
 5 Guarded by him, I laid me down,
 my sweet Repose to take;

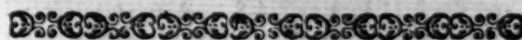
For I through him securely sleep,
 through him in safety wake.
 6 No Force nor Fury of my Foes,
 my Courage shall confound;
 Were they as many Hosts as Men,
 that have beset me round.
 7 Arise and save me, O my God,
 who oft hast own'd my Cause,
 And scatter'd oft these Foes to me,
 and to thy righteous Laws.
 8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
 he only can defend:
 His Blessing he extends to all,
 that on his Pow'r depend.



P S A L M IV.

1 **O** Lord, that art my righteous Judge,
 to my Complaint give Ear;
 Thou still redeem'st me from Distress,
 have Mercy, Lord, and hear.
 2 How long will ye, O Sons of Men,
 to blot my Fame devise?
 How long your vain Designs pursue,
 and spread malicious Lies?
 3 Consider that the righteous Man,
 is God's peculiar Choice;

And when to him I make my Pray'r,
 he always hears my Voice.
 4 Then stand in Awe of his Commands,
 flee ev'ry thing that's ill,
 Commune in private with your Hearts,
 and bend them to his Will.
 5 The Place of other Sacrifice
 let Righteousness supply:
 And let your Hope securely fix'd;
 on God alone rely.
 6 While worldly Minds impatient grow,
 more prosp'rous Times to see;
 Still let the glories of thy Face
 shine brightly, Lord, on me.
 7 So shall my Heart o'erflow with Joy,
 more lasting and more true
 Than theirs, whose Stores of Corn and Wine
 successively renew.
 8 Then down in Peace I'll lay my Head,
 and take my needful Rest;
 No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,
 of thy Defence posselt.

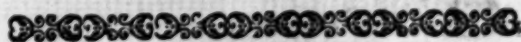


P S A L M V.

1 **L**ORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint,
 accept my secret Pray'r;
 A 2 To

To thee alone, my King, my God,
will I for help repair.
2 Thou in the Morn my Voice shalt hear,
and with the dawning Day,
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
to thee devoutly pray.
3 For thou the Wrongs that I sustain,
canst never, Lord, approve;
Who from thy sacred Dwelling-place,
all Evil dost remove.
4 Not long shall stubborn Fools remain,
unpunish'd in thy View:
All such as act unrighteous Things,
thy Vengeance shall pursue.
5 The stand'ring Tongue, O God of Truth,
by thee shall be destroy'd;
Who hat'st alike the Man in Blood,
and in Deceit employ'd.
6 But when thy boundless Grace shall me,
to thy lov'd Courts restore,
On thee I'll fix my longing Eyes,
and humbly there adore.
7 Conduct me by thy righteous Laws,
for watchful is my Foe,
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the Way
wherein I ought to go.

8 Their Mouth vents nothing but Deceit,
their Heart is set on Wrong,
Their Throat is a devouring Grave,
they flatter with their Tongue.
9 By their own Counsels let them fall,
oppress'd with Loads of Sin;
For they against thy righteous Laws,
have harden'd Rebels been.
10 But let all those who trust in thee,
with Shouts their Joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,
and all that love thy Name.
11 To righteous Men, the righteous Lord,
his Blessing will extend;
And with his Favour all his Saints,
as with a Shield defend.



P S A L M VI.

1 **T**HY dreadful Anger, Lord, restrain,
and Spare a Wretch forlorn:
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath,
too heavy to be born.
2 Have Mercy, Lord, for I grow faint,
unable to endure
The Anguish of my aking Bones,
which thou alone canst cure,

3 My tortur'd Flesh distracts my Mind,
and fills my Soul with Grief;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
to grant me thy Relief?
4 Thy wonted Goodness, Lord, repeat,
and ease my troubled Soul;
Lord, for thy wond'rous Mercy's sake,
vouchsafe to make me whole.
5 For after Death no more can I,
Thy glorious Acts proclaim;
No Pris'ner of the silent Grave,
can magnify thy Name.
6 Quite tir'd with Pain, with groaning faint,
no hope of Ease I see;
The Night that quiets common Grievs,
is spent in Tears by me.
7 My Beauty fades; my Sight grows dim,
my Eyes with Weakness close;
Old Age o'ertakes me whilst I think,
on my insulting Foes.
8 Depart, ye Wicked; in my Wrongs
ye shall no more rejoice;
For God, I find, accepts my Tears,
and listens to my Voice.
9 He hears and grants my humble Pray'r,
and they that, with my fall,

Shall blush and rage to see, that God
protects me from them all.



P S A L M VII.

1 **O** Lord, my God, since I have plac'd
my trust, alone in thee;
From all my Persecutors Rage,
do thou deliver me.
2 To save me from my threat'ning Foe,
Lord, interpose thy Pow'r,
Lest like a savage Lion, he
my helpless Soul devour.
3 If I am guilty, or did e'er
against his Peace combine;
Nay, if I have not spar'd his Life,
who fought unjustly mine;
4 Let then to persecuting Foes,
my Soul become a Prey;
Let them to Earth tread down my Life,
in Dust my Honour lay.
5 Arise, and let thine Anger, Lord,
in my Defence engage;
Exalt thyself above my Foes,
and their insulting Rage;
6 Awake, awake, in my behalf,
the Judgment to dispense,

Which thou hast righteously ordain'd,
for injur'd Innocence.
7 So to thy Throne adoring Crowds,
shall still for Justice fly;
O therefore for their sakes resume,
thy Judgment-Seat on high.
8 Impartial Judge of all the World,
I trust my Cause to thee;
According to my just Deserts,
so let thy Sentence be.

PART II.

9 Let wicked Arts and wicked Men,
together be o'erthrown;
But guard the just, thou God, to whom
the Hearts of both are known.
10 God me protects, nor only me,
but all of upright Heart:
And daily lays up Wrath for those,
who from his Laws depart.
11 If they persist, he whets his Sword,
his Bow stands ready bent;
Even now with swift Destruction wing'd,
his pointed Shafts are sent.
12 The Plots are fruitless which my Foe,
unjustly did conceive:
The Pit he digg'd for me, has prov'd

his own untimely Grave,
13 On his own Head his spite returns,
whilst I from Harm am free;
On him the Violence is fall'n;
which he design'd for me.
14 Therefore will I the righteous Ways,
of Providence proclaim;
I'll sing the Praise of God most high,
and celebrate his Name.

P S A L M VIII.

O Thou to whom all Creatures bow,
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art thou,
how glorious is thy Name!
2 In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are sung,
nor fully reckon'd there:
And yet thou mak'st the Infant Tongue
thy boundless Praise declare.
3 Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong,
and crush their haughty Foes;
And so thou quell'st the wicked Throng,
that thee and thine oppose.
4 When Heav'n thy beauteous Work on high,
employs my wond'ring Sight;
The Moon that nightly rules the Sky,
with

P S A L M VIII. IX.

7

with Stars of feeble Light.
 5 What's Man (say I) that, Lord, thou lov'st
 to keep him in thy Mind?
 Or what his Off-spring, that thou prov'st
 to him so wond'rous kind?
 6 Him next in Pow'r, thou didst create,
 to thy celestial Train;
 Ordain'd with Dignity and State,
 o'er all thy Works to reign.
 7 They jointly own his powerful Sway,
 the Beasts that prey or graze;
 The Bird that Wings its airy Way;
 the Fish that cuts the Seas.
 8 O Thou to whom all Creatures bow,
 within this earthly Frame,
 Thro' all the World how great art thou!
 how glorious is thy Name!



P S A L M IX.

TO celebrate thy Praise, O Lord,
 I will my Heart prepare;
 To all the lift'ning World thy Works,
 thy wond'rous Works declare.
 2 The thought of them shall to my Soul
 exalted Pleasure bring;

Whilst to thy Name, O thou most High,
 triumphant Praise I sing.
 3 Thou mad'st my haughty Foes to turn,
 their Backs in shameful flight:
 Struck with thy Presence down they fell,
 they perish'd at thy sight.
 4 Against insulting Foes advanc'd
 thou didst my Cause maintain,
 My right asserting from thy Throne,
 where truth and Justice reign.
 5 The Insolence of Heathen Pride,
 thou hast reduc'd to shame;
 Their wicked Off-spring quite destroy'd,
 and blotted out their Name.
 6 Mistaken Foes! your haughty Threats
 are to a Period come;
 Our City stands which you design'd,
 to make our common Tomb.

PART II.

7 The Lord for ever lives, who has
 his righteous Throne prepar'd;
 Impartial Justice to dispense,
 to punish or reward.
 8 God is a constant sure Defence,
 against oppressing Rage:
 As Troubles rise his needful Aids,

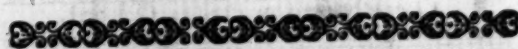
in

in our behalf engage.
 9 All those who have his Goodness prov'd,
 will in his Truth confide;
 Whose Mercy ne'er forlook the Man,
 that on his help rely'd.
 10 Sing Praises therefore to the Lord,
 from Sion his Abode;
 Proclaim his Deeds till all the World,
 confess no other God.
 11 When he enquiry makes for Blood,
 he calls the Poor to mind;
 The injur'd humble Man's Complaint,
 relief from him shall find.
 12 Take pity on my Troubles, Lord,
 which spiteful Foes create,
 Thou that hast rescu'd me so oft,
 from Death's devouring Gate.
 13 In Sion then I'll sing thy Praise,
 to all that love thy Name;
 And with loud Shouts of grateful Joy,
 thy saving Pow'r proclaim.

PART III.

14 Deep in the Pit they digg'd for me,
 the Heathen Pride is laid;
 Their guilty Feet to their own Snare,
 are heedlessly betray'd.

15 Thus by the just Returns he makes,
 the mighty Lord is known:
 While wicked Men by their own Plots,
 are shamefully o'erthrown.
 16 No single Sinner shall escape,
 by Privacy obscur'd;
 Nor Nation from his just revenge,
 by Numbers be secur'd.
 17 His suffer'ing Saints, when most distress'd,
 he ne'er forgets to aid;
 Their Expectation shall be crown'd,
 though for a time delay'd.
 18 Arise, O Lord, assert thy Pow'r,
 and let not Man o'ercome;
 Descend to Judgment, and pronounce
 the guilty Heathens Doom.
 19 Strike Terror thro' the Nations round,
 till by consenting Fear,
 They to each other and themselves,
 but mortal Men appear.



P S A L M X.

1 **T**HY Presence why withdraw'st thou, Lord?
 why hid'st thou now thy Face?
 When dismal Times of deep Distress

call

call for thy wonted Grace.
 2 The wicked swell'd with lawless Pride,
 have made the Poor their Prey:
 O let them fall by those Designs,
 which they for others lay.
 3 For strait they triumph, if success
 their thriving Crimes attend;
 And sordid Wretches whom God hates,
 perversely they commend.
 4 To own a Pow'r above themselves,
 their haughty Pride disdains:
 And therefore in their stubborn Mind,
 no thought of God remains.
 5 Oppressive Methods they pursue,
 and all their Foes they slight:
 Because thy Judgments unobserv'd,
 are far above their Sight.
 6 They fondly think their prosperous State
 shall unmolested be:
 They think their vain Designs shall thrive,
 from all Misfortune free.
 7 Vain and deceitful is their Speech,
 with Curfes fill'd and Lies;
 By which the Mischief of their Heart,
 they study to disguise.
 8 Near publick Roads they lie conceal'd,

and all their Art employ;
 The Innocent and Poor at once,
 to rifle and destroy.
 9 Not Lions couching in their Dens,
 surprise their heedless Prey
 With greater Cunning, or express
 more savage Rage than they.
 10 Sometimes they act the harmless Man,
 and modest Looks they wear,
 That so deceiv'd, the Poor may less,
 their sudden Onset fear.

PART II.

11 For God they think no notice takes,
 of their unrighteous Deeds;
 He never minds the suffering Poor,
 nor their Oppression heeds.
 12 But thou, O Lord, at length arise,
 stretch forth thy mighty Arm;
 And by the Greatness of thy Pow'r,
 defend the Poor from harm.
 13 No longer let the Wicked vaunt,
 and proudly boasting say;
 "Tush, God regards not what we do,
 he never will repay."
 14 But sure thou seest, and all their Deeds,
 impartially dost try:

The Orphan therefore and the Poor,
 on thee, for Aid rely.
 15 Defenceless let the Wicked fall,
 of all their Strength bereft:
 Confound, O God, their dark Designs,
 'till no remains are left.
 16 Assert thy just Dominion, Lord,
 which shall for ever stand;
 Thou, who the Heathen didst expel,
 from this thy chosen Land.
 17 Thou dost the humble Suppliants hear,
 that to thy Throne repair;
 Thou first prepar'st their Hearts to pray,
 and then accept'st their Pray'r.
 18 Thou in thy righteous Judgment weigh'st,
 the Fatherless and Poor;
 That to the Tyrants of the Earth,
 may persecute no more.

P S A L M X I.

1 **S**INCE I have plac'd my Trust in God,
 a Refuge always nigh:
 Why should I like a tim'rous Bird,
 to distant Mountains fly?
 2 Behold the Wicked bend their Bow,

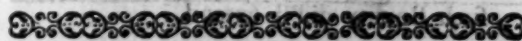
and ready fix their Dart;
 Lurking in Ambush to destroy,
 the Man of upright Heart.
 3 When once the firm Assurance fails,
 which publick Faith imparts,
 'Tis time for Innocence to fly,
 from such deceitful Arts.
 4 The Lord hath both a Temple here,
 and righteous Throne above;
 Where he surveys the Sons of Men,
 and how their Counsels move.
 5 If God the Righteous whom he loves,
 for trial does correct;
 What must the Sons of Violence,
 whom he abhors, expect?
 6 Snares, Fire and Brimstone on their Heads,
 shall in one Tempest show'r;
 This dreadful Mixture, his Revenge
 into their Cups, shall pour.
 7 The righteous Lord, will righteous Deeds,
 with signal Favour Grace;
 And to the upright Man disclose,
 the Brightness of his Face.



P S A L M XII.

1 **S**INCE godly Men decay, O Lord,
do thou my Cause defend;
For scarce these wretched times afford,
one just and faithful Friend.
2 One Neighbour now can scarce believe,
what t'other does impart;
With flatt'ring Lips they all deceive,
and with a double Heart.
3 But Lips that with Deceit abound,
can never prosper long;
God's righteous Vengeance will confound,
the proud blaspheming Tongue.
4 In vain those foolish Boasters say,
our Tongues are sure our own;
With doubtful Words we will betray,
and be controul'd by none.
5 For God, who hears the suff'ring Poor,
and their Oppression knows,
Will soon arise, and give them Rest,
in spite of all their Foes.
6 The Word of God shall still abide,
and void of Falseness be:
As is the Silver seven times try'd,
from drossy Mixture free.

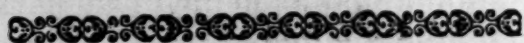
7 The Promise of his aiding Grace,
shall reach the purpos'd End;
His Servants from this faithless Race,
he ever shall defend.
8 Then shall the wicked be perplex'd,
nor know which Way to fly;
When those whom they despis'd and vex'd,
shall be advanc'd on high.



P S A L M XIII.

1 **H**OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
must I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me?
oh! never to return?
2 How long shall anxious Thoughts, my Soul,
and Grief, my Heart, oppress?
How long my Enemies insult,
and I have no Redress?
3 O hear, and to my longing Eyes,
restore thy wonted Light;
And suddenly, or I shall sleep
in everlasting Night.
4 Restore me, lest they proudly boast,
'twas their own Strength o'ercame;
Permit not them that vex my Soul,

to triumph in my Shame.
 5 Since I have always plac'd my Trust,
 beneath thy Mercy's Wing;
 Thy saving Health will come, and then,
 my Heart with Joy shall spring.
 6 Then shall my Song with Praise inspir'd,
 to thee, my God, ascend,
 Who to thy Servant in Distress,
 such Bounty did'st extend.



P S A L M XIV.

1 **S**URE, wicked Fools must needs suppose,
 that God is nothing but a Name,
 Corrupt and lewd their Practice grows,
 no Breast is warm'd with holy Flame.
 2 The Lord look'd down from Heaven's height,
 and all the Sons of Men did view,
 To see if any own'd his Might,
 if any Truth or Justice knew.
 3 But all he saw were gone aside,
 all were degen'rate grown and base,
 None took Religion for their Guide,
 not one of all the sinful Race.
 4 But can these Workers of Deceit,
 be all so dull and senseless grown?

That they like Bread my People eat,
 and God's Almighty Pow'r disown?
 5 How will they tremble then, for fear,
 when his just Wrath shall them o'erake;
 For, to the Righteous, God is near,
 and never, will their Cause forsake.
 6 Ill Men in vain with Scorn expose,
 those Methods which the Good pursue;
 Since God a Refuge is for those,
 whom his just Eyes with Favour view.
 7 Would he his saving Pow'r employ,
 to break his People's servile Band;
 Then shouts of universal Joy,
 should loudly echo thro' the Land.



P S A L M XV.

1 **L**ORD, who's the happy Man that may,
 to thy blest Courts repair?
 Not Stranger-like to visit them,
 but to inhabit there?
 2 'Tis he, whose ev'ry Thought and Deed,
 by Rules of Virtue moves;
 Whose gen'rous Tongue disdains to speak,
 the Thing his Heart disproves.
 3 Who never did a Slander forge,

his

his Neighbour's Fame to wound,
Nor hearken to a false Report,
by Malice whisper'd round.
4 Who, Vice in all its Pomp and Pow'r,
can treat with just Neglect:
And Piety, tho' cloath'd in Rags,
religiously respect.
5 Who to his plighted Vows and Trust,
has ever firmly stood:
And tho' he promise to his Loss,
he makes his Promise good.
6 Whose Soul in Usury disdains,
his Treasure to employ:
Whom no Rewards can ever bribe,
the Guileless to destroy.
7 The Man who by this steady Course,
has Happiness ensur'd;
When Earth's Foundation shakes, shall stand
by Providence, secur'd.



P S A L M XVI.

PROTECT me from my cruel Foes,
and shield me, Lord, from harm,
Because my Trust I still repose,
on thy Almighty Arm.

2 My Soul all Help but thine does slight,
all Gods but thee, disown;
Yet can no Deeds of mine requite,
the Goodness thou hast shown.
3 But those that strictly virtuous are,
and love the Thing that's right;
To favour always and prefer,
shall be my chief Delight.
4 How shall their Sorrows be increas'd,
who other Gods adore?
Their bloody Off'rings I detest,
their very Name abhor.
5 My Lot is fall'n in that blest Land,
where God is truly known;
He, fills my Cup with lib'ral Hand,
'tis, he, supports my Throne.
6 In Nature's most delightful Scene,
my happy Portion lies;
The Place of my appointed Reign,
all other Lands out-vies.
7 Therefore my Soul shall bless the Lord,
whose Precepts give me Light,
And private Counsel still afford,
in Sorrow's dismal Night.
8 I strive each Action to approve,
to his All-seeing Eye:

No Danger shall my Hopes remove,
because he still is nigh.
9 Therefore my Heart all Grief defies,
my Glory does rejoice;
My Flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
wak'd, by his pow'rful Voice.
10 Thou, Lord, when I resign my Breath,
my Soul from Hell shalt free:
Nor let thy holy one in Death,
the least Corruption see.
11 Thou shalt the Paths of Life display,
that to thy Presence lead;
Where Pleasures dwell without alloy,
and Joys that never fade.



P S A L M XVII.

T O my just Plea and sad Complaint,
attend, O righteous Lord,
And to my Pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
a gracious Ear afford.
2 As in thy fight I am approv'd,
so let my Sentence be;
And with impartial Eyes, O Lord,
my upright Dealing see.
3 For thou hast search'd my Heart by Day,

and visited by Night:
And on the strictest Trial found,
its secret Motions right.
4 Nor shall thy Justice, Lord, alone
my Heart's Designs acquit:
For I have purpos'd that my Tongue,
shall no Offence commit.
5 I know what wicked Men would do,
their Safety to maintain:
But me, thy just and mild Commands,
from bloody Paths restrain.
6 That I may still in spite of Wrongs,
my Innocence secure:
O guide me in thy righteous Ways,
and make my Footsteps sure.
7 Since heretofore, I ne'er in vain,
to thee my Pray'r address:
O now, my God, incline thine Ear,
to this my just Request.
8 The Wonders of thy Truth and Love,
in my Defence engage,
Thou, whose Right-hand preserves thy Saints
from their oppressors Rage.

P A R T II.

9 O keep me in thy tend'rest Care,
thy she'll'ring Wings stretch out,

To guard me safe from savage Foes,
that compass me about.
10 O'ergrown with Luxury, enclos'd
in their own Fat, they lie:
And with a proud blaspheming Mouth,
both God and Man defy.
11 Well may they boast, for they have now
my Paths encompass'd round;
With Eyes at watch, and Bodies bow'd,
and couching on the Ground.
12 In Posture of a Lion set,
when greedy of his Prey:
Or a young Lion when he lurks,
within a covert Way.
13 Arise, O Lord, defeat their Plots,
their swelling Rage controul:
From wicked Men who are thy Sword,
deliver thou my Soul.
14 From worldly Men, thy sharpest Scourge,
whose Portion's here below;
Who fill'd with earth'y Stores, desire
no other Bliss to know.
15 Their Race is num'rous that partake
their Substance, while they live;
Their Heirs survive, to whom they may
the vast Remainder give.

16 But I, in uprightness, thy Face
shall view, without controul;
And waking shall its Image find
reflected, in my Soul.

P S A L M XVIII.

1 **N**O Change of Times, shall ever shock
my firm Affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been my Rock,
a Fortress, and Defence to me.
2 Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God,
my Trust is in thy mighty Pow'r;
Thou art my Shield from Foes abroad,
at home my Safe-guard and my Tow'r.
3 To thee I will address my Pray'r,
(to whom all Praise we justly owe,)
So shall I by thy watchful Care,
be guarded from my treach'rous Foe.
4 By Floods of wicked Men distress'd,
with Seas of Sorrow compass'd round;
With dire infernal Pangs oppress'd,
in Death's unweildy Fetters bound.
5 To Heav'n, I made my mournful Pray'r,
to God, address'd my humble Moan:
Who graciously inclin'd his Ear,
and heard me from his lofty Throne.

PART

PART II.

6 When God arose my part to take,
the conscious Earth, was struck with fear;
The Hills, did at his Presence shake,
nor could his dreadful Fury bear.
7 Thick Clouds of Smoak dispers'd abroad,
Ensigns of Wrath before him came;
Devouring Fire around him glow'd,
that Coals were kindled at its Flame.
8 He left the beauteous Realms of Light,
whilst Heav'n bow'd down its awful Head;
Beneath his Feet substantial Night,
was like a sable Carpet, spread.
9 The Chariot of the King of Kings,
which active Troops of Angels drew,
On a strong Tempest's rapid Wings,
with most amazing Swift'ness flew.
10 Black war'ry Mists, and Clouds conspir'd,
with thickest Shades his Face to veil;
But at his Brightness soon retir'd,
and fell in show'rs of Fire and Hail.
11 Thro' Heav'n's wide Arch, a thund'ring Peal,
God's angry Voice did loudly roar;
While Earth's sad Face with heaps of Hail,
and Flakes of Fire, was cover'd o'er.

12 His sharpen'd Arrows round he threw,
which made his scatter'd Foes retreat;
Like Darts his nimble Light'nings flew,
and quickly finish'd their Defeat,
13 The Deep its secret Stores disclos'd,
the World's Foundation naked lay,
By his avenging Wrath expos'd,
which fiercely rag'd that dreadful Day.

PART III.

14 The Lord did on my side engage,
from Heav'n (his Throne) my cause upheld;
And snatch'd me from the furious Rage,
of threat'ning Waves that proudly swell'd,
15 God his resistless Pow'r employ'd,
my strongest Foes attempts to break;
Who else with Ease had soon destroy'd,
the weak Defence that I could make.
16 Their subtle Rage had near prevail'd,
when I distress'd and friendless lay:
But still when other Succours fail'd,
God, was my firm Support and Stay.
17 From Dangers that enclos'd me round,
he, brought me forth and set me free:
For some just Cause his Goodness found,
that mov'd him to delight in me.

18 Because in me no Guilt remains,
 God does his gracious Help extend;
 My Hands are free from bloody Stains,
 therefore the Lord is still my Friend.
 19 For I his Judgments keep in sight,
 in his just paths I always trod;
 I never did his Statutes slight,
 nor loosely wander'd from my God.
 20 But still my Soul, sincere and pure,
 did ev'n from darling Sins refrain;
 His Favours therefore yet endure,
 because my Heart and Hands are clean.

PART IV.

21 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways,
 to various Paths of human kind;
 They who for Mercy merit Praise,
 with thee, shall wond'rous Mercy find.
 22 Thou to the Just shall Justice shew,
 the pure thy Purity shall see;
 Such as perversely choose to go,
 shall meet with due returns from thee.
 23 That he the humble Soul will save,
 and crush the haughty's boasted Might,
 In me the Lord an Instance gave,
 whose Darkness he has turn'd to Light.
 24 On his firm Succour I rely'd,

and did o'er num'rous Foes prevail;
 Nor fear'd whilst he was on my Side,
 the best defended Walls to scale.
 25 For God's Designs shall still succeed,
 his Word will bear the utmost Test:
 He's a strong Shield to all that need,
 and on his sure Protection rest.
 26 Who then deserves to be ador'd,
 but God, on whom my Hopes depend?
 Or who, except the mighty Lord,
 can with resistless Pow'r defend?

PART V.

27 'Tis God that girds my Armour on,
 and all my just Designs fulfils;
 Through him my Feet can swiftly run,
 and nimbly climb the steepest Hills.
 28 Lessons of War from him I take,
 and manly Weapons learn to wield;
 Strong Bows of Steel with ease I break,
 forc'd by my stronger Arms to yield.
 29 The Buckler of his Saving Health,
 protects me from assaulting Foes;
 His Hand sustains me still, my Wealth
 and Greatness, from his Bounty, flows.
 30 My Goings he enlarg'd abroad,
 till then to narrow Paths confin'd;

C

And

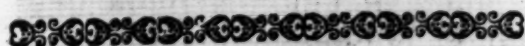
And, when in slipp'ry Ways I trod,
 the Method of my Steps design'd.
 31 Through him, I num'rous Hosts defeat,
 and flying Squadrons captive take:
 Nor from my fierce pursuit retreat,
 till I a final Conquest make.
 32 Cover'd with Wounds in vain they try,
 their vanquish'd Heads again to rear;
 Spight of their boasted Strength they lie,
 beneath my Feet, and grovel there.
 33 God, when fresh Armies take the Field,
 recruits my Strength, my Courage warms;
 He makes my strong Opposers yield,
 subdu'd by my prevailing Arms.
 34 Through him, the Neck of prostrate Foes,
 my conqu'ring Feet in Triumph press;
 Aided by him, I root out those
 who hate, and envy my Success.
 35 With loud Complaints, all Friends they try'd,
 but none was able to defend;
 At length to God, for Help they cry'd,
 but God, would no Assistance, lend.
 36 Like flying Dust which Winds pursue,
 their broken Troops I scatter'd round:
 Their slaughter'd Bodies forth I threw,
 like loathsome Dirt that clogs the Ground.

PART VI.

37 Our factious Tribes, at Strife till now,
 by God's Appointment, me obey;
 The Heathen to my Scepter bow,
 and foreign Nations own my Sway.
 38 Remotest Realms their Homage send,
 when my successful Name they hear:
 Strangers for my Commands attend,
 charm'd with Respect, or aw'd by Fear.
 39 All to my Summons tamely yield,
 or soon in Battle are dismay'd;
 For stronger Holds, they quit the Field,
 and still in strongest Holds afraid.
 40 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
 the Rock, on whose Defence I rest;
 O'er highest Heav'ns his Name be rais'd,
 who me with his Salvation blest'd.
 41 'Tis God, that still supports my Right,
 his just Revenge my Foes pursues;
 'Tis he, that with resistless Might,
 fierce Nations to my Yoke, subdues.
 42 My universal Safe-guard, He!
 from whom my lasting Honours flow;
 He, made me great and set me free,
 from my remorseless bloody Foe.
 43 Therefore, to celebrate his Fame,

my

my grateful Voice to Heav'n I'll raise;
 And Nations, Strangers to his Name,
 shall thus be taught to sing his Praise:
 44 " God, to his King Deliv'rance sends,
 " shews his anointed, signal Grace;
 " His Mercy evermore extends,
 " to David and his promis'd Race.



P S A L M XIX

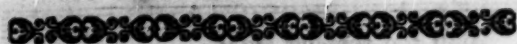
THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
 which that alone can fill:
 The Firmament and Stars express,
 their great Creator's Skill.
 2 The Dawn of each returning Day,
 fresh Beams of Knowledge brings;
 And from the dark returns of Night,
 Divine Instruction springs.
 3 Their pow'ful Language to no Realm,
 or Region is confin'd;
 'Tis Nature's Voice, and understood
 alike, by all Mankind.
 4 Their Doctrine does its sacred Sense,
 through Earth's extent display;
 Whose bright Contents the circling Sun,
 does round the World convey.

5 No Bridegroom, on his Nuptial-Day,
 has such a chearful Face;
 No Giant, does like him rejoice,
 to run his glorious Race.
 6 From East to West, from West to East,
 his restless Course he goes,
 And through his Progress, chearful Light,
 and vital Warmth bestows.

PART II

7 God's perfect Law converts the Soul,
 reclaims from false Desires;
 With sacred Wisdom his sure Word,
 the Ignorant inspires.
 8 The Statutes of the Lord are just,
 and bring sincere Delight;
 His pure Commands, in search of Truth,
 assist the feeblest Sight.
 9 His perfect Worship here is fix'd,
 on sure Foundations laid:
 His equal Laws are in the Scales,
 of Truth and Justice weigh'd.
 10 Of more esteem than Golden Mines,
 or Gold refin'd with Skill:
 More sweet than Honey, or the Drops,
 that from the Comb distill.

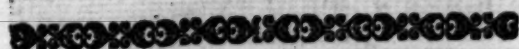
11 My trusty Counsellors they are,
and friendly warnings give;
Divine Rewards attend on those,
who by thy Precepts live.
12 But what frail Man observes how oft,
he does from Virtue fall?
O cleanse me from my secret Faults,
thou God that know'st them all.
13 Let no presumptuous Sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me:
That by thy Grace preserv'd, I may,
the great Transgression, flee.
14 So shall my Pray'r and Praises be,
with thy Acceptance blest:
And I secure on thy Defence,
my Strength and Saviour, rest.



P S A L M XX.

1 **T**HE Lord to thy Request attend,
and hear thee in Distress:
The Name of Jacob's God defend,
and grant thy Arms Success.
2 To aid thee from on high repair,
and Strength from Sion give:
Remember all thy Off'rings there:

thy Sacrifice receive.
3 To compass thy own Heart's Desire,
thy Counsels still direct:
Make kindly all events conspire,
to bring them to effect.
4 To thy Salvation, Lord, for Aid
we chearfully repair,
With Banners in thy Name display'd,
the Lord accept thy Pray'r.
5 Our Hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord,
our Sov'reign will defend,
From Heav'n resistless Aid afford,
and to his Pray'r attend.
6 Some trust in Steeds for War design'd,
on Chariots some rely:
Against them all we call to mind,
the Pow'r of God most high.
7 But from their Steeds and Chariots thrown,
behold them thro' the Plain,
Disorder'd, broke, and trampled down,
whilst firm our Troops remain:
8 Still save us, Lord, and still proceed,
our rightful Cause to bless:
Hear, King of Heav'n, in times of need,
the Pray'rs that we address.



P S A L M XXI.

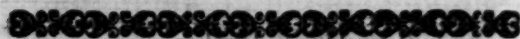
THE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praise,
 shall in thy Strength rejoice;
 With thy Salvation crown'd, shall raise
 to Heav'n, his chearful Voice.
 2 For thou, whate'er his Lips request,
 not only dost impart;
 But hast with thy Acceptance blest,
 the Wishes of his Heart.
 3 Thy Goodness and thy tender Care,
 have all his Hopes out-gone:
 A crown of Gold thou mad'st him wear,
 and sett'st it firmly on.
 4 He pray'd for Life, and thou, O Lord,
 did'st to his Pray'r attend:
 And graciously to him afford,
 a Life that ne'er shall end.
 5 Thy sure Defence, through Nations round,
 has spread his glorious Name:
 And his successful Actions crown'd,
 with Majesty and Fame.
 6 Eternal Blessings thou bestow'st,
 and mak'st his Joys increafe,
 Whilst thou to him, unclouded, show'st

the Brightness of thy Face.

PART II.

7 Because the King on God alone,
 for timely Aid relies;
 His Mercy still supports his Throne,
 and all his Wants supplies.
 8 But, righteous Lord, thy stubborn Foes,
 shall feel thy dreadful Hand:
 Thy vengeful Arm shall find out those,
 that hate thy mild Command.
 9 When thou against them dost engage,
 thy just, but dreadful, Doom
 Shall, like a glowing Oven's rage,
 their Hopes and them consume.
 10 Nor shall thy furious Anger cease,
 or with their Ruin end;
 But root out all their guilty Race,
 and to their Seed extend.
 11 For all their Thoughts were set on ill,
 their Hearts on Malice bent:
 But thou with watchful Care didst still,
 the ill Effects prevent.
 12 While they their swift retreat shall make,
 to 'scape thy dreadful Might;
 Thy swifter Arrows shall o'ertake,

and gaul them in their Flight,
 13 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous Strength disclose,
 and thus exalt thy Fame:
 Whilst we glad Songs of Praise compose,
 to thy Almighty Name.



P S A L M XXII

MY God, my God, why leav'st thou me,
 when I with Anguish faint?
 O why so far from me remov'd,
 and from my loud Complaint?
 2 All Day, but all the Day unheard,
 to thee do I complain,
 With Cries implore Relief all Night,
 but cry all Night in vain.
 3 Yet thou art still the righteous Judge,
 of Innocence oppres'd;
 And therefore, *Is'el's* Praises are
 of right, to thee address'd.
 On thee our Ancestors rely'd,
 and thy Deliv'rance found:
 With pious Confidence they pray'd,
 and with Success were crown'd.
 5 But I am treated like a Worm,
 like none of human Birth:

Not only by the great revild,
 but made the Rabble's Mirth.
 6 With Laughter all the gazing Crowd,
 my Agonies survey;
 They shoot the Lip, they shake the Head,
 and thus deriding say.
 7 In God he trusted, boasting oft,
 that he was Heav'n's Delight,
 Let God come down to save him now,
 and own his Favourite.

P A R T II

8 Thou mad'st my teeming Mother's Womb,
 a living Offspring bear;
 When but a Suckling at the Breast,
 I was thy early Care.
 9 Thou, Guardian like, didst shield from Wrongs,
 my helpless Infant Days;
 And since, hast been my God and Guide,
 thro' Life's bewilder'd Ways.
 10 Withdraw not then so far from me,
 when Trouble is so nigh:
 O send me Help! thy Help, on which
 I only can rely.
 11 High pamper'd Bulls, a frowning Herd,
 from *Basan's* Forest met:

With

With Strength proportion'd to their Rage,
 have me around beset.
 12 They gape on me, and ev'ry Mouth,
 a yawning Grave appears;
 The Desert Lion's savage Roar,
 less dreadful is than theirs.
 13 My blood, like Water's spill'd, my Joints
 are rack'd, and out of frame;
 My Heart dissolves within my Breast,
 like Wax before the Flame.
 14 My Strength like Potter's Earth is parch'd,
 my Tongue cleaves to my Jaws;
 And to the silent Shades of Death,
 my fainting Soul withdraws.
 15 Like blood-hounds to surround me, they
 in pack'd Assemblies meet;
 They pierc'd my inoffensive Hands,
 they pierc'd my harmless Feet.

PART III.

16 My Body's rack'd 'till all my Bones,
 distinctly may be told:
 Yet such a Spectacle of Woe,
 as Pastime they behold.
 17 As Spoil, my Garments they divide,
 lots for my vesture cast:
 Therefore approach, O Lord, my Strength,

and to my Succour haste.
 18 From their tharp Sword protect thou me,
 (of all but Life bereft!)
 Nor let thy darling in the Pow'r
 of cruel Dogs, be left.
 19 To save me from the Lion's Jaws,
 thy present Succour send;
 As once, from goring Unicorns,
 thou didst my Life defend:
 20 Then to my Brethren I'll declare,
 the Triumphs of thy Name,
 In Presence of assembled Saints,
 thy Glory, thus proclaim.
 21 Ye Worshippers of Jacob's God,
 all you of Is'el's Line,
 O Praise the Lord, and to your Praise
 sincere Obedience, join.
 22 He, ne'er disdain'd on low Distress,
 to cast a gracious Eye:
 Nor turn'd from Poverty his Face,
 but hears its humble Cry.

PART IV.

23 Thus in thy sacred Courts will I,
 my chearful Thanks express;
 In Presence of thy Saints, perform
 the Vows, of my Distress.

24 The meek Companions of my Grief,
 shall find my Table spread;
 And all that seek the Lord shall be,
 with Joys immortal, fed.
 25 Then shall the glad converted World,
 to God their Homage pay;
 And scatter'd Nations of the Earth,
 one Sov'reign Lord obey.
 26 'Tis his supreme Prerogative,
 o'er Subject Kings to reign:
 'Tis just that he should rule the World,
 who does the World sustain.
 27 The Rich, who are with Plenty fed,
 his Bounty must confess;
 The Sons of Want by him reliev'd,
 their gen'rous Patron bleis;
 28 With humble Worship to his Throne,
 they all for Aid resort:
 That Pow'r which first their Beings gave,
 can only them support.
 29 Then shall a chosen spotless Race,
 devoted to his Name,
 To their admiring Heirs his Truth,
 and glorious Acts proclaim.



P S A L M XXIII.

1 **T**HE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
 vouchsafes to be my guide:
 The Shepherd, by whose constant Care,
 my Wants are all supply'd.
 2 In tender Grass he makes me feed,
 and gently there repose;
 Then leads me to cool Shades; and where,
 refreshing Water flows.
 3 He does my wand'ring Soul reclaim;
 and, to his endless Praise,
 instructs with humble Zeal to walk,
 in his most righteous Ways.
 4 I pass the gloomy Vale of Death,
 from fear and Danger free;
 For there his aiding Rod and Staff,
 defend and comfort me.
 5 In presence of my spiteful Foes,
 he does my Table spread:
 He crowns my Cup with chearful Wine,
 with Oil anoints my Head.
 6 Since God does thus his wond'rous Love,
 through all my Life extend;
 That Life, to him I will devote,
 and in his Temple spend.



P S A L M XXIV.

1 **T**HIS spacious Earth is all the Lord's,
the Lord's her Fulness is;
The World, and they that dwell therein,
by sov'reign Right are his.
He fram'd and fix'd it on the Seas,
and his Almighty Hand,
Upon inconstant Floods has made,
the stable Fabrick stand.

2 But for himself this Lord of all,
one chosen Seat design'd;
O! who shall to that sacred Hill,
desir'd Admittance find?
The Man whose Hands and Heart are pure,
whose Thoughts from Pride are free,
Who honest Poverty prefers,
to gainful Perjury.

3 This, This is he, on whom the Lord,
shall show'r his Blessings down,
Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe,
with Righteousness to crown.
Such is the Race of Saints, by whom
the sacred Courts are trod;
And such the Profelytes that seek,
the Face of Jacob's God.

4 Erect your Heads, eternal Gates,
unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory: See, he comes
with his celestial Train.
Who is this King of Glory? who?
the Lord for strength renown'd:
In Battle mighty o'er his Foes,
eternal Victor crown'd.

5 Erect your Heads, ye Gates unfold,
in State to entertain
The King of Glory, see, he comes;
with all his shining Train.
Who is this King of Glory? who?
the Lord of Hosts renown'd:
Of Glory he alone is King,
who is with Glory crown'd.



P S A L M XXV.

1 **T**O God in whom I trust,
I lift my Heart and Voice;
O let me not be put to Shame,
nor let my Foes rejoice.

2 Those who on thee rely,
let no disgrace attend;
Be that the shameful Lot of such,

as wilfully offend.
 2 To me thy Truth impart,
 and lead me in thy Way;
 For thou art he that brings me help,
 on thee I wait all Day.
 4 Thy Mercies and thy Love,
 O Lord, recal to mind;
 And graciously continue still,
 as thou wert ever kind.
 5 Let all my youthful Crimes,
 be blotted out by thee :)
 And for thy wondrous Goodness sake,
 in Mercy think on me.
 6 His Mercy and his Truth,
 the righteous Lord displays,
 In bringing wandering Sinners home,
 and teaching them his Ways.
 7 He those in Justice guides,
 who his direction seek:
 And in his sacred Paths shall lead,
 the Humble and the Meek.
 8 Through all the Ways of God,
 both Truth and Mercy shine;
 To such as with religious Hearts,
 to his blest Will incline.

PART II.

9 Since Mercy is the Grace,
 that most exalts thy Fame,
 Forgive my heinous Sin, O Lord,
 and to advance thy Name.
 10 Whoe'er with humble Fear,
 to God his Duty pays,
 Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide,
 in all his righteous Ways.
 11 His quiet Soul with Peace,
 shall be for ever blest,
 And by his numerous Race the Land,
 successively possess.
 12 For God to all his Saints,
 his secret Will imparts,
 And does his gracious Covenant write,
 in their obedient Hearts.
 13 To him I lift my Eyes,
 and wait his timely Aid,
 Who breaks the strong and treacherous Snare,
 which for my Feet was laid.
 14 O turn, and all my Griefs
 in Mercy, Lord, redress;
 For I am compass'd round with Woes,
 and plung'd in deep Distress.
 15 The Sorrows of my Heart,

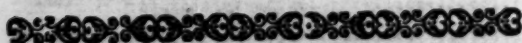
to mighty Sums increafe;
 O from this dark and dismal State,
 my troubled Soul release!
 16 Do thou with tender Eyes,
 my sad Affliction see;
 Acquit me, Lord, and from my Guilt,
 entirely set me free;
 17 Confider, Lord, my Foes,
 how vast their Numbers grow!
 What lawless Force and Rage they use,
 what boundless Hate they show!
 18 Protect and set my Soul,
 from their fierce Malice free;
 Nor let me be sham'd, who place
 my steadfast Trust in thee.
 19 Let all my righteous Acts,
 to full Perfection rise,
 Because my firm and constant Hope,
 on thee alone relies.
 20 To Iſr'l's chosen Race,
 continue ever kind,
 And in the midst of all their Wants,
 let them thy Succour find.

P S A L M XXVI.

JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the Paths,

of Righteousness have trod;
 I cannot fall, who all my Trust
 repose on Thee, my God.
 2 Search thou my Heart, whose Innocence,
 will shine the more 'tis try'd;
 For I have kept thy Grace in view,
 and made thy Truth my Guide.
 3 I never for Companions took,
 the Idle or Prophane;
 No Hypocrite with all his Arts,
 could e'er my Friendship gain.
 4 I hate the busy plotting Crew,
 who make distracted times:
 And shun their wicked Company,
 as I avoid their Crimes.
 5 I'll wash my Hands in Innocence;
 and bring a Heart so pure,
 That, when thy Altar I approach,
 my Welcome shall secure.
 6 My Thanks I'll publish there, and tell,
 how thy Renown excels:
 That Seat affords me most Delight,
 in which thy Honour dwells.
 7 Pass not on me the Sinners doom,
 who Murder make their Trade;
 Who others Rights by secret Bribes,

or open Force, invade.
 But I will walk in Paths of Truth,
 and Innocence pursue:
 Protect me therefore, and to me
 thy Mercies, Lord, renew.
 In spite of all assaulting Foes,
 I still maintain my Ground:
 And shall survive amongst thy Saints,
 thy Praises to resound.



P S A L M XXVII.

WHOM should I fear, since God to me,
 is saving Health and Light;
 Since strongly he my Life supports,
 what can my Soul affright?
 With fierce intent my Flesh to tear,
 when Foes beset me round,
 They stumbled, and their lofty Crests,
 Were made to strike the Ground.
 Through him my Heart, undaunted, dares
 with mighty Hosts to cope;
 Through him in doubtful Straits of War,
 for good Success I hope.
 Henceforth within his House to dwell,
 I earnestly desire,

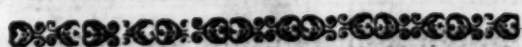
His wond'rous Beauty there to view,
 and of his Will enquire.
 For there may I with Comfort rest,
 in times of Deep Distress;
 And safe as on a Rock abide,
 in that secure Receis.
 Whilst God o'er all my haughty Foes,
 my lofty Head shall raise,
 And I my joyful Tribute bring,
 with grateful Songs of Praise.

PART II.

Continue, Lord, to hear my Voice,
 Whene'er to thee I cry;
 In Mercy my Complaints receive,
 nor my Request deny.
 When us to seek thy glorious Face
 thou kindly dost advise:
 Thy glorious Face I'll always seek,
 my grateful Heart replies.
 Then hide not thou thy Face, O Lord,
 nor me in Wrath reject:
 My God and Saviour leave not him,
 thou didst so oft protect,
 Tho' all my Friends and Kindred too,
 their helpless Charge forsake,
 Yet thou, whose Love excels them all,

wilt

wilt Care and Pity take.
 11 Instruct me in thy Paths, O Lord,
 my Ways directly guide;
 Left envious Men who watch my Steps,
 should see me tread aside.
 12 Lord, disappoint my cruel Foes,
 defeat their ill Desire;
 Whose lying Lips and bloody Hands,
 against my Peace conspire.
 13 I trusted that my future Life,
 should with thy Love be crown'd;
 Or else my fainting Soul had sunk,
 with Sorrow compass'd round.
 14 God's time with patient faith expect,
 who will inspire thy Breast,
 With inward Strength: Do thou thy Part,
 and leave to him the rest.



P S A L M XXVIII.

1 O Lord, my Rock, to thee I cry,
 in Sighs consume my Breath;
 O answer, or I shall become,
 like those that sleep in Death.
 2 Regard my Supplications, Lord,
 the Cries that I repeat;

With weeping Eyes and lifted Hands,
 before thy Mercy-Seat.
 3 Let me escape the Sinners Doom,
 who make a Trade of ill,
 And ever speak the Person fair,
 whose Blood they mean to spill
 4 According to their Crimes extent,
 let Justice have its Course:
 Relentless be to them, as they
 have sinn'd, without Remorse.
 5 Since they the Works of God despise,
 nor will his Grace adore,
 His Wrath shall utterly destroy,
 and build them up no more.
 6 But I, with due Acknowledgement,
 his Praises will resound,
 From whom the Cries of my Distress,
 a gracious Answer found.
 7 My Heart its Confidence repos'd
 in God, my Strength and Shield;
 In him I trusted, and return'd
 triumphant, from the Field.
 8 As he has made my Joys compleat,
 'tis just that I should raise,
 The cheerful Tribute of my Thanks,
 and thus resound his Praise.

9 His aiding Pow'r supports the Troops,
 that my just Cause maintain;
 'Twas he advanc'd me to the Throne,
 'tis he secures my Reign.
 10 Preserve thy Chosen, and proceed
 thine Heritage to bless;
 With Plenty prosper them in Peace,
 in Battle with Success.

P S A L M XXIX.

1 **Y**E Princes that in Might excel,
 your grateful Sacrifice prepare:
 God's glorious Actions loudly tell,
 his wondrous Pow'r, to all declare.
 2 To his great Name fresh Altars raise,
 devoutly, due respect afford;
 Him in his holy Temple praise,
 where he's with solemn State ador'd.
 3 'Tis he that with amazing Noise,
 the watry Clouds in sunder breaks:
 The Ocean trembles at his Voice,
 when he from Heav'n in Thunder speaks.
 How full of Pow'r his Voice appears!
 with what Majestick Terror crown'd!
 Which from their Roots tall Cedars tears,

and strews their scatter'd Branches round.
 5 They, and the Hills on which they grow,
 are sometimes hurried far away;
 And leap, like Hinds that bounding go,
 or Unicorns, in youthful Play.
 6 When God in Thunder loudly speaks,
 and scatter'd Flames of Lightning sends,
 The Forest nods, the Desert quakes,
 and stubborn *Kadish* lowly bends.
 7 He makes the Hinds to cast their young,
 and lays the Beasts dark Coverts, bare;
 While those that to his Courts belong,
 securely sing his Praises there.
 8 God rules the angry Floods on high,
 his boundless Sway shall never cease:
 His Saints with Strength he will supply,
 and bleis his own with constant Peace.

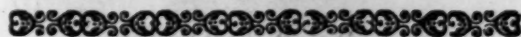
P S A L M XXX.

1 **I**LL celebrate thy Praises, Lord,
 who did'st thy Pow'r employ,
 To raise my drooping Head, and check
 my Foes insulting Joy.
 2 In my Distress I cry'd to thee,
 who kindly didst relieve,

And

And from the Grave's expecting Jaws,
my hopeless Life, retrieve.
Thus to his Courts, ye Saints of his,
with Songs of Praise repair;
With me commemorate his Truth,
and providential Care.
His Wrath has but a Moment's Reign,
his Favour no Decay:
Your Night of Grief is recompenc'd,
with Joy's returning Day.
But I in prosp'rous Day presum'd,
no sudden Change I fear'd,
Whilst in my Sunshine of Success,
no low'ring Cloud appear'd.
6 But soon I found thy Favour, Lord,
my Empire's only Trust;
For when thou hid'st thy Face, I saw
my Honour laid in Dust.
7 Then, as I vainly had presum'd,
my Error I confess'd,
And thus with supplicating Voice,
thy Mercy's Throne address'd:
8 "What Profit is there in my Blood,
"congeal'd by Death's cold Night?
"Can silent Ashes speak thy Praise,
"thy wond'rous Truth recite?

9 "Hear me, O Lord, in Mercy hear,
"thy wonted Aid extend;
"Do thou send Help, on whom alone,
"I can for Help depend.
10 'Tis done! thou hast my mournful Scene
to Songs and Dances turn'd;
Invested me in Robes of State,
who late in Sackcloth mourn'd.
11 Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing,
thy Praise in grateful Verse:
And, as thy Favours endless are,
thy endless Praise rehearse.



P S A L M XXXI.

1 **D**EFEND me, Lord, from Shame,
for still I trust in thee;
As just and righteous is thy Name,
from Danger set me free.
Bow down thy gracious Ear,
and speedy Succour send;
Do thou my steadfast Rock appear,
to shelter and defend.
2 Since thou, when Foes oppress,
my Rock and Fortress art,
To guide me forth from this Distress,
thy wonted help impart.

Re-

Release me from the Snare,
 which they have closely laid:
 Since I, O God my Strength, repair
 to thee alone, for Aid.
 To thee, the God of Truth,
 my Life, and all that's mine,
 (For thou preserv'dst me from my Youth,)
 I willingly resign.
 All vain Designs I hate,
 of those that trust in Lies,
 And still my Soul, in ev'ry State,
 to God for Succour flies.

PART II.

Those Mercies thou hast shown,
 I'll chearfully express;
 For thou hast seen my Straits, and known
 my Soul, in deep Distress.
 When *Keilah's* treach'rous Race,
 did all my Strength inclose:
 Thou gav'st my Feet a larger Space,
 to shun my watchful Foes.
 Thy Mercy, Lord, display,
 and hear my just Complaint;
 For both my Soul and Flesh decay,
 with Grief and Hunger faint.

Sad Thoughts my Life oppreis,
 my Years are spent in Groans;
 My Sins have made my Strength decrease,
 and ev'n consum'd my Bones.
 6 My Foes, my Sufferings mock'd,
 my Neighbours did upbraid;
 My Friends at Sight of me were shock'd,
 and fled as Men dismay'd.
 Forlook by All am I,
 as dead, and out of Mind;
 And like a shatter'd Vessel lie,
 whose Parts can ne'er be join'd.
 Yet standing Words they speak,
 and seem my Pow'r to dread,
 Whilst they together Counsel take,
 my guiltless Blood to shed.
 But still my steadfast Trust,
 I on thy help repose;
 That thou, my God, art Good and Just,
 my Soul with Comfort knows.

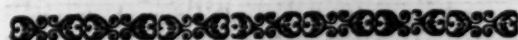
PART III.

Whate'er Events betide,
 thy Wisdom times them all:
 Then, Lord, thy Servant safely hide,
 from those that seek his fall.

The

The Brightness of thy Face
 to me, O Lord, disclose;
 And, as thy Mercies still increase,
 preserve me from my Foes.
 O Me from Dishonour save,
 who still have call'd on thee:
 Let that, and Silence in the Grave,
 the Sinner's Portion be.
 Do thou their Tongues restrain,
 Whose Breath in Lies is spent:
 Who false Reports, with proud disdain,
 against the righteous vent.
 10 How great thy Mercies are,
 to such as fear thy Name!
 Which thou, for those that trust thy Care,
 dost to the World proclaim.
 Thou keep'st them in thy Sight,
 from proud Oppressors free;
 From Tongues that do in Strife delight,
 they are preserv'd by thee.
 11 With Glory and Renown;
 God's Name be ever blest'd;
 Whose Love in *Keilah's* well-fenc'd Town
 was wond'rously express'd!
 I said in hasty Flight,
 I'm banish'd from thine Eyes;

Yet still thou kept'st me in thy Sight,
 and heard'st my earnest Cries.
 12 O all ye Saints, the Lord
 with eager Love pursue,
 Who to the Just will Help afford,
 and give the Proud their due.
 Ye that on God rely
 courageously proceed:
 For he will still your Hearts supply
 with Strength, in Time of need.



P S A L M XXXII.

1 **H**E's blest whose Sins have Pardon gain'd,
 no more in Judgment to appear,
 Whose Guilt Remission has obtain'd,
 and whose Repentance is sincere.
 2 While I conceal'd the fretting Sore,
 my Bones consum'd without Relief;
 All Day did I with Anguish roar,
 but no Complaints asswag'd my Grief.
 3 Heavy on me thy Hand remain'd,
 by Day and Night alike distress'd;
 'Till quite of vital Moisture drain'd,
 like Land with Summer's drought oppress'd.
 4 No sooner I my Wound disclos'd,
 E the

the Guilt that tortur'd me within,
 But thy Forgiveness interpos'd,
 and Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.
 5 True Penitents shall thus succeed,
 who seek thee whilst thou may'st be found;
 They from the common Deluge freed,
 shall see remorseless Sinners drown'd.
 6 Thy Favour, Lord, in all Distress,
 my Tow'r of Refuge I must own;
 Thou shalt my haughty Foes suppress,
 and me, with Songs of Triumph crown.
 7 In my Instruction then confide,
 you that would Truth's safe Path discern:
 Your Progress I'll securely Guide,
 and keep you in my watchful Eye.
 8 Submit your selves to Wisdom's Rule,
 like Men that Reason have attain'd;
 Nor like th' ungovern'd Horse and Mule,
 whose Fury must be curb'd and rein'd.
 9 Sorrows on Sorrows multiply'd,
 the harden'd Sinner shall confound;
 But them who in his Truth confide,
 Blessings of Mercy shall surround.
 10 His Saints that have perform'd his Laws,
 their Life in Triumphs shall employ:
 Let them (as they alone have cause)

in grateful Raptures shout for Joy.

P S A L M XXXIII.

1 LET all the Just to God with Joy,
 their chearful Voices raise,
 For well the righteous it becomes,
 to sing glad Songs of Praise.
 2 Let Harps, and Plalteries, and Lutes,
 in joyful Consort meet;
 And new made Songs of loud Applause,
 the Harmony Compleat.
 3 For faithful is the Word of God;
 his Works with Truth abound;
 He Justice loves, and all the Earth
 is with his Goodness crown'd.
 4 By his Almighty Word at first,
 the heav'nly Arch was rear'd;
 And all the beauteous Hosts of Light,
 at his Command appear'd.
 5 The swelling Floods together roll'd,
 he makes in heaps to lye;
 And lays, as in a Store-house, safe,
 the wat'ry Treasures by.
 6 Let Earth, and all that dwell therein,
 before him trembling stand:

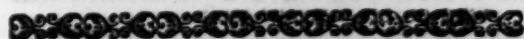
For

For when He spake the Word, 'twas made,
'twas fix'd at his Command.
7 He when the Heathen closely plot,
their Counsels undermines;
His Wisdom ineffectual makes,
the People's rash Designs.
8 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of his Heart,
to Ages shall endure.

PART II.

9 How happy then are they, to whom
the Lord for God is known!
Whom, he from all the World besides
has chosen for his own!
10 He, all the Nations of the Earth,
from Heav'n his Throne survey'd;
He saw their works, and view'd their thoughts,
by him their Hearts were made.
11 No King is safe by mighty Hosts,
their Strength the Strong deceives;
No manag'd Horse, by Force or Speed
his Warlike Rider saves:
12 'Tis God, who those that trust in him,
beholds with gracious Eyes:
He frees their Soul from Death, their Want

in time of Death, supplies.
13 Our Soul on God with Patience waits,
our Help and Shield is he!
Then, Lord, let still our Hearts rejoice,
because we trust in thee.
14 The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,
do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.



P S A L M XXXIV.

1 **T**HRO' all the changing Scenes of Life,
in Trouble and in Joy,
The praises of my God shall still,
my Heart and Tongue, employ.
2 Of his Deliv'rance I will boast,
till all that are distress'd,
From my example Comfort take,
and charm their Griefs to rest.
3 O magnifie the Lord with me;
with me exalt his Name:
When in Distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came:
4 Their drooping Hearts were soon refresh'd,
who look'd to him for Aid;

Desir'd Success in ev'ry Face,
 a chearful Air displaid.
 5 Behold, (say they) behold the Man,
 whom Providence reliev'd;
 The Man so dang'rously beset,
 so wond'rously retriev'd!
 6 The Hosts of God encamp around,
 the Dwellings of the Just;
 Deliv'rance he affords to all,
 who on his Succour trust.
 7 O make but Tryal of his Love,
 experience will decide
 How bless'd they are, and only they,
 who in his Truth confide.
 8 Fear him, ye Saints, and you will then,
 have nothing else to fear;
 Make you his Service your Delight,
 your Wants shall be his Care.
 9 While hungry Lions lack their Prey,
 the Lord will Food provide;
 For such as put their Trust in him,
 and see their Needs supply'd.

P A R T II.

10 Approach, ye piously dispos'd,
 and my Instruction hear;
 I'll teach you the true Discipline,

of his religious Fear.
 11 Let him who length of Life desires,
 and prosp'rous Days would see,
 From sland'ring Language keep his Tongue,
 his Lips from Falshood free.
 12 The crooked Paths of Vice decline,
 and Virtue's Ways pursue;
 Establish Peace where 'tis begun,
 and where 'tis lost, renew.
 13 The Lord from Heav'n beholds the Just,
 with favourable Eyes;
 And when distress'd his gracious Ear,
 is open to their Cries:
 14 But turns his wrathful Look on those,
 whom Mercy can't reclaim,
 To cut them off, and from the Earth,
 blot out their hated Name.
 15 Deliv'rance to his Saints he gives,
 When his Relief they crave:
 He's nigh to heal the broken Heart,
 and contrite Spirit save.
 16 The Wicked oft, but still in vain,
 against the Just conspire:
 For under their Affliction's weight,
 he keeps their Bones entire.
 17 The Wicked from their wicked Arts,
 their

their Ruin shall derive;
 Whilst righteous Men, whom they detest,
 shall them, and theirs, survive.
 18 For God preserves the Souls of those,
 who on his Truth depend;
 To them and their Posterity,
 his Blessings shall descend.



P S A L M XXXV.

1 **A** GAINST all those that strive with me,
 O Lord, assert my Right;
 With such as War unjustly wage,
 do thou my Battels fight.
 2 Thy Buckler take, and bind thy Shield,
 upon thy warlike Arm;
 Stand up, my God, in my Defence,
 and keep me safe from Harm.
 3 Bring forth thy Spear, and stop their Course,
 that haste my Blood to spill;
 Say to my Soul, I am thy Health,
 and will preserve thee still.
 4 Let them with Shame be cover'd o'er,
 who my Destruction sought;
 And such as did my Harm devise,
 be to Confusion brought.

5 Then shall they fly, dispers'd like Chaff,
 before the driving Wind,
 God's vengeful Minister of Wrath,
 shall follow close behind.
 6 And when thro' dark and slipp'ry Ways,
 they strive his Rage to shun,
 His vengeful Ministers of Wrath,
 shall goad them as they run.
 7 Since unprovok'd by any Wrong,
 they hid their treach'rous Snare:
 And for my harmless Soul a Pit,
 did causelessly prepare;
 8 Surpriz'd by Mischiefs unforeseen,
 by their own Arts betray'd;
 Their Feet shall fall into the Net,
 which they for me had laid.
 9 Whilst my glad Soul shall God's great Name,
 for this Deliv'rance bleis;
 And by his saving Health secur'd,
 a grateful Joy express.
 10 My very Bones shall say, O Lord,
 who can compare with Thee?
 Who sett'st the poor and helpless Man,
 from strong Oppressors free.

PART II.

11 False Witnesses, with forg'd Complaints,
 against my Truth combin'd;
 And to my charge such things they laid,
 as I had ne'er design'd.
 12 The Good which I to them had done,
 with Evil they repaid;
 And did by Malice undeserv'd,
 my harmless Life invade.
 13 But as for me, when they were sick,
 I still in Sackcloth mourn'd;
 I pray'd and fasted, and my Pray'r,
 to my own Breast return'd.
 14 Had they my Friends or Brethren been,
 I could have done no more;
 Nor with more decent signs of Grief,
 a Mother's Loss deplore.
 15 How different did their Carnage prove,
 in times of my distress?
 When they in Crowds together met,
 did savage Joy express.
 16 The Rabble too in mighty Throngs,
 by their Example came;
 And ceas'd not with reviling Words,
 to wound my spotless Fame.

17 Scoffers, that noble Tables haunt,
 and earn their Bread with Lies,
 Did gnath their Teeth, and standing Jest,
 maliciously devise.
 18 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on?
 on my Behalf appear;
 And save my guiltless Soul, which they,
 like rav'ning Beasts would tear.

PART III.

19 So I before the list'ning World,
 shall grateful Thanks express;
 And where the great Assembly meets,
 thy Name with Praises bless.
 20 Lord, suffer not my causeless Foes,
 who me unjustly hate;
 With open Joy, or secret Signs,
 to mock my sad Estate.
 21 For they with Hearts averse from Peace,
 industriously devise,
 Against the Men of quiet Minds,
 to forge malicious Lies.
 22 Nor with these private Arts content,
 aloud they vent their Spite;
 And say, "At last we found him out,"
 "he did it in our sight."

23 But thou, who dost both them and me,
with Righteous Eyes survey,
Assert my Innocence, O Lord;
and keep not far away.
24 Stir up thy self, in my behalf,
to Judgment, Lord, awake;
Thy righteous Servant's Cause, O God,
to thy Decision take.
25 Lord as my Heart has upright been,
Let me thy Justice find;
Nor let my cruel Foes obtain,
the Triumph they design'd.
26 O let them not amongst themselves,
in boasting Language say,
At length our Wishes are compleat,
at last he's made our Prey.
27 Let such as in my Harm rejoyc'd,
for shame their Faces hide;
And foul Dishonour wait on those,
that proudly me defy'd:
28 Whilst they with chearful Voices shout,
who my just Cause befriend;
And blest the Lord, who loves to make,
Success his Saints attend.
29 So shall my Tongue thy Judgments sing,
inspir'd with grateful Joy:

And chearful Hymns in praise of thee,
shall all my Days employ.



PSALM XXXVI.

1 MY crafty Foe, with flatt'ring Art,
his wicked purpose would disguise;
But Reason whispers to my Heart,
he ne'er sets God before his Eyes.
2 He sooths himself, retir'd from sight,
secure he thinks his treach'rous Game,
Till his dark Plots, expos'd to Light,
Their false Contriver brand with shame.
3 In Deeds, he is my Foe confess'd,
whilst with his Tongue, he speaks me fair;
True Wisdom's banish'd from his Breast,
and Vice has sole Dominion there.
4 His wakeful Malice spends the Night,
in forging his accurs'd Designs;
His obstinate ungen'rous Spite,
no execrable means declines.
5 But, Lord, thy Mercy, my sure Hope,
above the heav'nly Orb ascends;
Thy sacred Truth's unmeasur'd scope,
beyond the spreading Sky extends.
6 Thy Justice like the Hills remains;

un-

unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are;
 Thy Providence the World sustains,
 the whole Creation is thy Care.
 7 Since of thy Goodness all partake,
 with what Assurance should the Just,
 Thy sheltring Wings their Refuge make,
 and Saints to thy Protection trust?
 8 Such Guests shall to thy Courts be led,
 to banquet on thy Love's Repast,
 And drink, as from a Fountain's head,
 of Joys that shall for ever last.
 9 With Thee the Springs of Life remain,
 thy Presence is eternal Day;
 O! let thy Saints thy Favour gain,
 to upright Hearts thy Truth display.
 10 Whilst Pride's insulting Foot would spurn,
 and wicked Hand my Life surprize:
 Their Mischiefs on themselves return;
 down, down, they'r fall'n no more to rise.



P S A L M XXXVII.

1 **T**HU wicked Men grow rich or great,
 Yet let not their successful State,
 thy Anger or thy Envy raise;
 For they, cut down like tender Grass,

Or like young Flow'rs away shall pass,
 whose blooming Beauty soon decays.
 2 Depend on God, and him obey,
 So thou within the Land shalt stay,
 secure from Danger, and from Want:
 Make his Commands thy chief Delight,
 And he, thy Duty to requite,
 shall all thy earnest Wishes grant.
 3 In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,
 And he will needful Help afford,
 to perfect ev'ry just Design;
 And make, like Light, serene and clear,
 Thy clouded Innocence appear,
 and as a mid-day Sun to shine.
 4 With quiet mind on God depend,
 And patiently for him attend;
 nor let thy Anger fondly rise:
 Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,
 And with Success the Plots are crown'd,
 which they maliciously devise.
 5 From Anger cease and Wrath forsake,
 Let no ungovern'd Passion make,
 thy wav'ring Heart espouse their Crime;
 For God shall sinful Man destroy,
 Whilst only they the Land enjoy,
 who trust on him, and wait his time.

6 How soon shall wicked Men decay!
 Their Place shall vanish quite away,
 nor by the strictest search be found:
 Whilst humble Souls possess the Earth,
 Rejoycing still with godly Mirth,
 with Peace and Plenty always crown'd.

PART II.

7 Whilst sinful Crowds with false Design,
 Against the righteous few combine,
 and gnash their teeth and threatening stand;
 God shall their empty Plots deride,
 And laugh at their defeated Pride:
 he sees their Ruin near at hand.
 8 They draw the Sword and bend the Bow,
 The Poor and Needy to o'erthrow,
 and Men of Upright Lives to slay:
 But their strong Bows shall soon be broke,
 Their sharpen'd Weapon's mortal Stroke,
 thro' their own Hearts shall force its way.
 9 A little, with God's Favour blest,
 And by one Righteous Man possess'd,
 the Wealth of many Bad excels:
 For God supports the just Man's Cause,
 But as for those that break his Laws,
 their unsuccessful Pow'r he quells.

10 His constant Care the upright guides,
 And over all their Life presides;
 their Portion shall for ever last:
 They, when Distress o'erwhelms the Earth,
 Shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in Dearth,
 the happy Fruits of Plenty taste.
 11 Not so the wicked Men, and those
 Who proudly dare, God's Will oppose;
 destruction is their hapless share:
 Like Fat of Lambs, their Hopes and they,
 Shall in an instant melt away,
 and vanish into Smoak and Air.

PART III.

12 Whilst Sinners brought to sad Decay,
 Still borrow on, and never pay,
 The Just have Will and Pow'r to give:
 For such as God vouchsafes to bless,
 Shall peaceably the Earth possess;
 And those he curses shall not live.
 13 The good Man's way is God's Delight,
 He orders all the Steps aright
 of him, that moves by his Command;
 Though he sometimes may be distress'd,
 Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,
 for God upholds him with his Hand.

14 From my first Youth till Age prevail'd,
 I never saw the Righteous fail'd,
 or Want o'ertake his num'rous Race;
 Because Compassion fill'd his Heart,
 And he did chearfully impart;
 God made his Off-spring's Wealth increas.
 15 With Caution shun each wicked Deed,
 In Virtue's ways with Zeal proceed,
 and to prolong your happy Days:
 For God who Judgment loves, does still
 Preserve his Saints secure from Ill,
 while soon the wicked Race decays.
 16 The Upright shall possess the Land,
 His Portion shall for Ages stand;
 his Mouth with Wisdom is supply'd;
 His Tongue by Rules of Judgment moves,
 His Heart the Law of God approves,
 therefore his Footsteps never slide.

PART IV.

17 In wait the watchful Sinner lies,
 In vain the Righteous to surprize;
 in vain his Ruin does decree;
 God will not him defenceless leave,
 To his Revenge expos'd, but save,
 and when he's sentenc'd, set him free.
 18 Wait still on God, keep his Command,

And thou exalted in the Land,
 thy blest Possession ne'er shall quit,
 The Wicked soon destroy'd shall be,
 And, at his dismal Tragedy,
 thou shalt a safe Spectator sit.
 19 The Wicked I in Pow'r have seen,
 And like a Bay: Tree fresh and green,
 that spreads its pleasant Branches round:
 But he was gone as swift as Thought,
 And though in ev'ry place I sought,
 no sign or track of him I found.
 20 Observe the Perfect Man with Care,
 And mark all such as Upright are;
 their roughest Days in Peace shall end:
 While on the latter end of those,
 Who dare God's sacred Will oppose,
 a common Ruin shall attend.
 21 God to the Just will Aid afford,
 Their only Safeguard is the Lord,
 their Strength in times of Need is He.
 Because on him they still depend,
 The Lord will timely Succour send,
 and from the Wicked set them free.



P S A L M XXXVIII.

1 **T**HY chaf'ning Wrath, O Lord, restrain,
 though

though I deserve it all;
Nor let at once on me the Storm,
of thy Displeasure fall.
2 In ev'ry wretched Part of me,
thy Arrows deep remain;
Thy heavy Hand's afflicting weight,
I can no more sustain.
3 My Flesh is one continued Wound,
thy Wrath so fiercely glows;
Betwixt my Punishment and Guilt,
my Bones have no repose.
4 My Sins that to a Deluge swell,
my sinking Head o'erflow,
And for my feeble Strength to bear,
too vast a Burthen grow.
5 Stench and Corruption fill my Wounds,
my Folly's just Return,
With Trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,
and all day long I mourn.
6 A loath'd Disease afflicts my Loins,
infecting ev'ry part;
With Sickness worn, I groan and roar,
thro' Anguish of my Heart.

PART II.

7 But, Lord, before thy searching Eyes,
all my Desires appear:

And sure my Groans have been too loud,
not to have reach'd thine Ear.
8 My Heart's oppress'd, my Strength decay'd,
my Eyes depriv'd of Light:
Friends, Lovers, Kinsmen, gaze aloof,
on such a dismal Sight.
9 Mean while the Foes that seek my Life,
their Snares to take me set;
Vent Slanders, and contrive all Day,
to forge some new Deceit.
10 But I, as if both deaf and dumb,
nor heard, nor once reply'd:
Quite deaf and dumb, like one whole tongue,
with conscious Guilt is ty'd.
11 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal,
my Innocence to clear;
Assu'd that thou, the Righteous God;
my injur'd Cause wilt hear.
12 Hear me, said I, lest my proud Foes,
a spiteful Joy display;
Insulting if they see my Foot,
but once to go astray.
13 And, with continual Grief oppress'd,
to sink I now begin:
To thee, O Lord, I will confess,
to thee bewail my Sin.

14 But whilst I languish, my proud Foes,
 their Strength and Vigour boast;
 And they that hate me without Cause,
 are grown a dreadful Host.
 15 Ev'n they, whom I oblig'd, return
 my Kindness, with Despight;
 And are my Enemies, because
 I chuse the Path that's right.
 16 Forake me not, O Lord my God,
 nor far from me depart;
 Make haste to my Relief, O Thou,
 who my Salvation art.



P S A L M XXXIX.

1 **R**ESOLV'D to watch o'er all my Ways,
 I kept my Tongue in awe;
 I curb'd my hasty Words when I,
 the Wicked prosp'rous saw.
 Like one that's Dumb I silent stood,
 and did my Tongue refrain,
 From good Discourse; but that restraint,
 increas'd my inward Pain.
 2 My Heart did glow with working Thoughts,
 and no Repose cou'd take,
 Till strong Reflection fann'd the Fire,

and thus at length I spake.
 Lord, let me know my term of Days,
 how soon my Life will end;
 The num'rous Train of Ills disclose,
 which this frail State, attend.
 3 My life thou know'st is but a Span,
 a Cypher sums my Years;
 And ev'ry Man in best Estate,
 but Vanity appears.
 Man, like a Shadow, vainly walks,
 with fruitless Cares oppress'd;
 He heaps up Wealth, but cannot tell
 by whom 'twill be possess'd.

PART II.

4 Why then should I on worthless Toys,
 with anxious Care attend?
 On thee alone, my stedfast Hope
 shall ever, Lord, depend.
 Forgive my Sins, nor let me scorn'd,
 by foolish Sinners be;
 For I was dumb, and murmur'd not,
 because 'twas done by Thee.
 5 The dreadful Burthen of thy Wrath,
 in Mercy soon remove;
 Lest my frail Flesh, too weak to bear

the

the heavy Load, should prove.
 For when thou chast'nest Man for Sin,
 thou mak'st his Beauty fade,
 (So vain a thing is he!) like Cloth
 by fretting Moths decay'd.
 O Lord, hear my Cry, accept my Tears,
 and listen to my Pray'r;
 Who sojourn like a Stranger here,
 as all my Fathers were.
 O spare me yet a little time,
 my wasted Strength restore;
 Before I vanish quite from hence,
 and shall be seen no more.



P S A L M XL.

I Waited meekly for the Lord,
 till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply;
 Who did his gracious Ear afford,
 and heard from Heav'n my humble Cry:
 He took me from the dismal Pit,
 when founder'd deep in miry Clay;
 On solid Ground he plac'd my Feet,
 and suffer'd not my Steps to stray.
 The Wonders he for me has wrought,
 shall fill my mouth with Songs of Praise;

And others to his Worship brought,
 to hopes of like Deliv'rance raise.
 For Blessings shall that Man reward,
 who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
 Who treats the Proud with Disregard,
 and hates the Hypocrite's Disguise.
 Who can the wond'rous Works recount,
 which thou, O God, for us hast wrought?
 The Treasures of thy Love, surmount
 the Pow'r of numbers, speech, and thought.
 I've learn'd, that Thou hast not desir'd,
 Offerings and Sacrifice alone;
 Nor Blood of guiltless Beasts requir'd,
 for Man's Transgressions to atone.
 I therefore come — come to fulfil
 the Oracles, thy Books impart;
 'Tis my delight to do thy Will;
 thy Law is written in my Heart.

P A R T II.

In full Assemblies, I have told,
 thy Truth and Righteousness at large;
 Nor did, thou know'st, my Lips with-hold,
 from utt'ring what thou gav'st in charge.
 Nor kept within my Breast confin'd,
 thy Faithfulness and saving Grace,
 But preach'd thy Love, for all design'd,
 that

that all might that, and Truth embrace.
 10 Then let those Mercies I declar'd
 to others, Lord, extend to me;
 Thy loving Kindness, my Reward,
 thy Truth, my safe Protection be.
 11 For with troubles am distress'd,
 too numberless for me to bear;
 Nor less with loads of Guilt oppress'd,
 that plunge and sink me to despair.
 12 As soon, alas! may I recount
 the Hairs, on this afflicted Head;
 my vanquish'd Courage they surmount,
 and fill my drooping Soul with Dread.

PART III.

13 But, Lord, to my Relief draw near,
 for never was more pressing Need!
 In my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
 and add to that Deliv'rance, Speed.
 14 Confusion on their Heads return,
 who to destroy my Soul combine;
 Let them defeated, blush and mourn,
 ensnar'd in their own vile design.
 15 Their Doom let Desolation be,
 with Shame their Malice be repaid,
 Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,
 and sport of my Affliction made.

16 While those who humbly seek thy Face,
 to joyful Triumphs shall be rais'd;
 And all who prize thy saving Grace,
 with me resound, The Lord be prais'd.
 17 Thus, wretched tho' I am and poor,
 of me th' Almighty Lord takes care:
 Thou, God, who only canst restore,
 to my relief with speed repair.



P S A L M X L L

1 **H**APPY the Man, whose tender Care,
 relieves the poor distress;
 When Troubles compass him around,
 the Lord shall give him Rest.
 2 The Lord his Life, with Blessings crown'd,
 in Safety shall prolong;
 And disappoint the Will of those,
 that seek to do him wrong.
 3 If he in languishing estate,
 oppress'd with Sickness lye;
 The Lord will easly make his Bed,
 and inward Strength supply.
 4 Secure of This, to thee, my God,
 I thus my Pray'r address'd,
 Lord, for thy Mercy, heal my Soul,
 tho'

tho' I have much transgress'd,
 5 My cruel Foes, with slanderous words,
 attempt to wound my Fame:
 When shall he die, (say they) and Men
 forget, his very Name?
 6 Suppose they formal Visits make,
 'tis all but empty show;
 They gather Mischief in their Hearts,
 and vent it where they go.

PART II.

7 With private Whispers, such as these,
 to hurt me they devise,
 A fore Disease afflicts him now,
 he's fall'n no more to rise.
 8 My own familiar Bosom-Friend,
 on whom I most rely'd,
 Has me, whose daily Guest he was,
 with open Scorn defy'd.
 9 But thou, my sad and wretched State,
 in Mercy, Lord, regard;
 And raise me up, that all their Crimes
 may meet their just Reward.
 10 By this, I know, thy gracious Ear,
 is open when I call;
 Because thou sufferest not my Foes,
 to triumph in my Fall.

11 Thy tender care secures my Life,
 from Danger and Disgrace;
 And thou vouchsaf'st to let me still,
 before thy glorious Face.
 12 Let therefore *Israel's* Lord and God,
 from Age to Age be bless'd;
 And all the People's glad Applause,
 with loud *Amens* express'd.



PSALM XLII. [Tune Ps. 2.]

1 **A**S pants the Hart for cooling Streams,
 when heated in the chace,
 So longs my Soul, O God, for thee,
 and thy refreshing Grace.
 2 For thee, my God, the living God,
 my thirsty Soul doth pine;
 O when shall I behold thy Face,
 thou Majesty Divine!
 3 Tears are my constant Food, while thus,
 insulting Foes upbraid,
 Deluded Wretch, where's now thy God?
 and where his promis'd Aid?
 4 I sigh, when-e'er my musing Thoughts,
 those happy Days present,
 When I with Troops of pious Friends
 thy

thy Temple did frequent.
 5 When I advanc'd with Songs of Praise,
 my Solemn Vows to pay,
 And led the joyful sacred Throng
 that kept the Festal Day.
 6 Why restless, why cast down, my Soul?
 trust God, who will employ
 His Aid for thee; and change these Sighs,
 to thankful Hymns of Joy.

PART II.

7 My Soul's cast down, O God, but thinks
 on thee, and Zion still;
 From Jordan's Bank, from Hermon's Heights,
 and Missar's humbler Hill.
 8 One Trouble calls another on,
 and gathering o'er my Head,
 Fall spouting down, till round my Soul,
 a roaring Sea is spread.
 9 But when thy Presence, Lord of Life,
 has once dispell'd this Storm,
 To thee I'll Midnight Anthems sing,
 and all my Vows perform.
 10 God of my Strength, how long shall I,
 like one forgotten mourn?
 Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd
 to my Oppressor's Scorn.

11 My Heart is pierc'd, as with a Sword,
 whilst thus my Foes upbraid;
 Vain Boaster, where is now thy God?
 and where his promis'd Aid?
 12 Why restless, why cast down, my Soul?
 hope still, and thou shalt sing,
 The Praise of him who is thy God,
 thy Health's eternal Spring.



P S A L M XLIII.

1 JUST Judge of Heav'n, against my Foes,
 do thou assert my injur'd Right:
 O set me free, my God, from those
 that in Deceit and Wrong delight.
 2 Since thou art still my only Stay,
 Why leav'st thou me in deep Distress?
 Why go I mourning all the Day,
 whilst me insulting Foes oppress?
 3 Let me with Light and Truth be blest,
 be these my Guides, to lead the way,
 Till on thy holy Hill I rest,
 and in thy sacred Temple pray.
 4 Then will I there fresh Altars raise
 to God, who is my only Joy;
 And well-tun'd Harps with Songs of Praise
 shall

shall all my grateful Hours employ.
 5 Why then cast down, my Soul, and why
 so much oppress'd with anxious Care?
 On God, thy God, for Aid rely,
 who will thy ruin'd State repair.



PSALM XLIV. [Tune Pf. 3.]

1 O Lord, our Fathers oft have told,
 in our attentive Ears,
 Thy Wonders in their Days perform'd,
 and elder Times than theirs:
 2 How Thou, to plant them here, didst drive
 the Heathen, from this Land;
 Dispeopled by repeated Strokes,
 of thy avenging Hand.
 3 For, not their Courage nor their Sword,
 to them Possession gave;
 Nor Strength, that from unequal Force,
 their fainting Troops could save;
 4 But thy Right-Hand, and pow'ful Arm,
 whose succour they implor'd,
 Thy Presence with the chosen Race,
 who thy great Name ador'd.
 5 As Thee, their God our Fathers own'd,
 thou art our Sov'reign King;

O therefore, as thou didst, to them,
 to us, Deliverance bring.
 6 Thro' thy victorious Name our Arms,
 the proudest Foe shall quell,
 And crush them with repeated Strokes,
 as oft as they rebel.
 7 I'll neither trust my Bow nor Sword,
 when I in Fight engage;
 But Thee, who hast our Foes subdu'd,
 and sham'd their spiteful Rage.
 8 To Thee the Triumph we ascribe,
 from whom the Conquest came;
 In God, we will rejoyce all Day,
 and ever bleis his Name.

PART II.

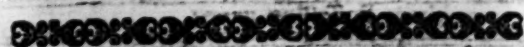
9 But Thou hast cast us off, and now,
 most shamefully we yield;
 For Thou no more vouchsaf'st to lead,
 our Armies to the Field.
 10 Since when, to ev'ry upstart Foe,
 we turn our Backs in Fight;
 And with our Spoil their Malice feast,
 who bear us ancient Spite.
 11 To Slaughter doom'd, we fall like Sheep,
 into their butchring Hands;
 Or (what's more wretched yet) survive,
 G dif

disperst thro' Heathen Lands;
 12 Thy People Thou hast sold for Slaves,
 and set their Price so low,
 That not thy Treasure by the Sale;
 but their Disgrace may grow.
 13 Reproach'd by all the Nations round,
 the Heathen's By-Word grown;
 Whose Scorn of us is both in Speech;
 and mocking Gestures shown.
 14 Confusion strikes me blind, my Face
 in conscious shame, I hide;
 While we are scorn'd, and God blasphem'd,
 by their licentious Pride.

PART III.

15 On us this Heap of Woes is fall'n,
 all this we have endur'd;
 Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy Name,
 or Faith to thee abjur'd.
 16 But in thy righteous Paths have kept,
 our Hearts and Steps with Care;
 Tho' thou hast broken all our Strength,
 and we almost despair.
 17 Could we, forgetting thy great Name,
 on other Gods rely,
 And not the Searcher of all Hearts,

the treach'rous Crime descry?
 18 Thou seest what Sufferings for thy sake,
 we ev'ry Day sustain;
 All slaughter'd, or reserv'd like Sheep,
 appointed to be slain.
 19 Awake, arise; let seeming Sleep,
 no longer thee detain;
 Nor let us, Lord, who sue to Thee,
 for ever sue in vain.
 20 O wherefore hidest Thou thy Face
 from our afflicted State?
 Whole Souls and Bodies sink to Earth,
 with Griefs oppressive Weight.
 21 Arise, O Lord, and timely Haste,
 to our Deliverance make;
 Redeem us, Lord, if not for our's,
 yet, for thy Mercy's sake.



PSALM XLV.

[Tune Ps. 21.]

1 WHILE I the King's loud Praise rehearse,
 endix'd by my Heart,
 My Tongue is like the Pen of him,
 that writes with ready Art.
 2 How matchless is thy Form, O King!
 thy Mouth with Grace o'erflows;

Be.

Because fresh Blessings God on thee,
eternally bestows.
3 Gird on thy Sword, most mighty Prince,
and clad in rich Array,
With glorious Ornaments of Pow'r,
Majestick Pomp display.
4 Ride on in State, and still protect
the Meek, the Just, and True;
Whilst thy Right-Hand with swift Revenge,
does all thy Foes pursue.
5 How sharp thy Weapons are to them,
that dare thy Pow'r despise,
Down, down they fall, while through their Heart,
the feather'd Arrow flies.
6 But thy firm Throne, O God, is fix'd,
for ever to endure;
Thy Scepter's Sway shall always last,
by Righteous Laws secure.
7 Because thy Heart, by Justice led,
did upright Ways approve,
And hated still the crooked Paths,
where wand'ring Sinners rove.
8 Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
the Oyl of Gladness, shed;
And has above thy Fellows round,

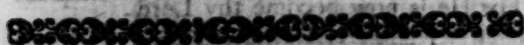
advanc'd thy Jolly Head.
9 With Cassia, Aloes and Myrrh,
thy Royal Robes abound;
Which from the stately Wardrobe brought,
spread grateful Odours round.
10 Among the honourable Train,
did Princely Virgins wait,
The Queen was plac'd at thy Right-Hand,
in golden Robes of State.

PART II

11 But thou, O Royal Bride, give ear,
and to my Words attend;
Forget thy native Country now,
and ev'ry former Friend.
12 So shall thy Beauty charm the King,
nor shall his Love decay,
For He is now become thy Lord,
to Him due Rev'rence pay.
13 The Tyrian Matrons rich and proud,
shall humble Presents make;
And all the wealthy Nations sue,
thy Favour to partake.
14 The King's fair Daughter's fairer Soul,
all inward Graces fill;
Her Rayment is of purest Gold,
G 2 adorn'd

P S A L M XLV. XLVI.

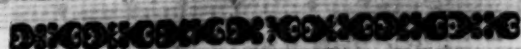
adorn'd with costly Skill.
 15 She, in her nuptial Garment dress'd,
 with Needles richly wrought,
 Attended by her Virgin Train,
 shall to the King be brought.
 16 With all the State of solemn Joy,
 the Triumph moves along,
 Till with wide Gates the Royal Court,
 receives the pompous Throng.
 17 Thou, in thy Royal Father's Room,
 must princely Sons expect;
 Whom thou to distant Realms may'st send,
 to govern and protect:
 18 Whilst this my Song to future times
 transmits thy glorious Name;
 And makes the World, with one Consent,
 thy lasting Praise proclaim.



P S A L M XLVI.

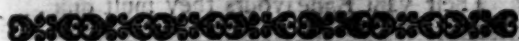
GOD is our Refuge in Distress,
 A present Help when Dangers press;
 In him undaunted we'll confide:
 Tho' Earth were from her Centre tost,
 And Mountains in the Ocean lost,
 torn piece-meal by the roaring Tide.

2 A gentler Stream with Gladness still,
 The City of our Lord shall fill,
 the Royal Seat of God most High:
 God dwells in *Sion*, whose fair Tow'rs,
 Shall mock th' Assaults of Earthly Pow'rs,
 while his Almighty Aid is nigh.
 3 In Tumults when the Heathen rag'd,
 And Kingdoms, War against us wag'd,
 He thunder'd and dispers'd their Pow'rs:
 The Lord of Hosts conducts our Arms,
 Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
 our Fathers Guardian-God and ours.
 4 Come, see the Wonders He hath wrought,
 On Earth what Desolation brought,
 How He has calm'd the jarring World;
 He broke the warlike Spear and Bow;
 With them their thund'ring Chariots too,
 into devouring Flames were hurl'd.
 5 Submit to God's Almighty Sway,
 For Him the Heathen shall obey,
 and Earth her Sov'reign Lord confess.
 The God of Hosts conducts our Arms,
 our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
 As to our Fathers in Distress.



P S A L M XLVII

O All ye People clap your hands,
 And with triumphant Voices sing;
 No force the mighty Pow'r withstands,
 Of God, the universal King.
 He shall opposing Nations quell,
 and with Success our Battles fight;
 Shall fix the Place where we must dwell,
 the Pride of Jacob, his Delight.
 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
 with Shouts of Joy, and Trumpets Sound;
 To Him repeated Praises sing,
 and let the chearful Song go round.
 Your utmost Skill in Praise be shewn,
 for Him who all the World commands;
 Who sits upon his Righteous Throne,
 and spreads his Sway o'er Heathen Lands.
 Our Chiefs and Tribes, that far from hence,
 to serve the God of *Abr'am* came,
 Found Him their constant sure Defence,
 How great and glorious is his Name!

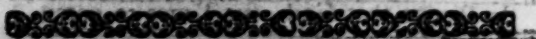


P S A L M XLVIII [Tune Pf. 4.]

THE Lord, the only God, is great,

and greatly to be prais'd,
 In *Sion*, on whose happy Mount
 his sacred Throne is rais'd.
 Her Tow'rs the Joy of all the Earth,
 with beauteous Prospect rise:
 On her North Side th' Almighty King's,
 Imperial City lies.
 God in her Palaces is known,
 his Presence is her Guard:
 Confed'rate Kings withdrew their Siege,
 and of Success despair'd.
 They view'd her Walls, admir'd and fled,
 with Grief and Terror struck,
 Like Women whom the sudden Pangs,
 of Travel had o'ertook.
 No wretched Crew of Mariners,
 appear like them forlorn,
 When Fleets, from *Tarshish* wealthy Coasts,
 by Eastern Winds are torn.
 In *Sion* we have seen perform'd,
 a Work that was foretold;
 In Pledge that God, for Times to come,
 his City will uphold.
 Not in our Fortresses and Walls,
 did we, O God, confide,
 But on the Temple fix'd our Hopes,

in which Thou dost reside,
 8 According to thy Sovereign Name,
 thy Praise through Earth extends,
 Thy powerful Arm, as Justice guides,
 chastises or defends.
 9 Let Zion's Mount with Joy resound,
 her Daughters all be taught;
 In Songs his Judgments to extol,
 who this Deliverance wrought.
 10 Compass her Walls in solemn Pomp,
 your Eyes quite round her cast,
 Count all her Towers, and see if there,
 you find a Stone displac'd.
 11 Her Forts and Palaces survey,
 observe their Order well;
 That, with Assistance, to your Heirs,
 this Wonder you may tell.
 12 This God is ours, and will be ours,
 whilst we in Him confide;
 Who, as He has preserv'd us now,
 till Death, will be our Guide.



PSALM XLIX. [Tune Ps. 1.]

1 LET all the list'ning World attend,
 and my Instructions hear;

Let High and Low, and Rich and Poor,
 with joint Consent give ear:
 2 My Mouth, with sacred Wisdom fill'd,
 shall good Advice impart;
 The sound Result of prudent Thoughts,
 digested in my Heart.
 3 To Parables of weighty Sense,
 I will my Ear incline;
 Whilst to my tuneful Harp I sing,
 dark Words of deep Design.
 4 Why should my Courage fall in times
 of Danger and of Doubt?
 When Sinners, that would me supplant,
 have compass'd me about.
 5 Those Men that all their Hope and Trust,
 in Heaps of Treasure place,
 And boast and triumph when they see,
 their ill-got Wealth increase;
 6 Are yet unable from the Grave
 their dearest Friend to free;
 Nor can by Force, nor Bribes reverse,
 th' Almighty Lord's Decree.
 7 Their vain Endeavours they must quit,
 the Price is held too high;
 No Sums can purchase such a Grant,
 that Man should never die.

Not Wisdom can the Wise exempt,
 nor Fools their Folly save;
 But both must perish, and in Death,
 their Wealth to others leave.
 For tho' they think their stately Seats,
 shall ne'er to Ruin fall;
 But their Remembrance last, in Lands
 which by their Names, they call:
 Yet shall their Fame be soon forgot,
 how great so'er their State;
 With Beasts their Memory and they,
 shall share one common Fate.

PART II.

How great their Folly is who thus,
 absurd Conclusions make!
 And yet their Children, unreclaim'd,
 repeat the gross Mistake.
 They all, like Sheep to Slaughter led,
 the Prey of Death are made;
 Their Beauty while the Just rejoice,
 within the Grave shall fade.
 But God will yet redeem my Soul,
 and from the greedy Grave,
 His greater Pow'r shall set me free,
 and to Himself receive.

Then fear not thou when worldly Men,
 in envy'd Wealth abound,
 Nor tho' their proud and lofty State
 with State and Honour crown'd
 For, when they're summon'd hence by Death,
 they leave all this behind;
 No Shadow of their former Pomp,
 within the Grave they find:
 And yet they thought their State was blest;
 caught in the Flatterers Snare,
 Who with their Vanity comply'd,
 and prais'd their worldly Care.
 In their Forefathers Steps they tread,
 and when, like them, they die,
 Their wretched Ancestors and they
 in endless Darkness lie.
 For Man how great so'er his State,
 unless he's truly wise,
 As, like a sensual Beast, he lives,
 so, like a Beast, he dies.



P S A L M L

THE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God,
 Hath sent his Summons all abroad,
 From dawning Light till Day declines:

The

The lifting Earth his Voice hath heard,
 And He from Sin hath appear'd,
 Where Beauty in Perfection shines.
 2 Our God shall come, and keep no more
 Misconstru'd Silence, as before,
 But wasting Flames before Him send:
 Around, shall Tempests fiercely rage,
 While He does Heav'n and Earth engage,
 His just Tribunal to attend.
 3 Assemble all my Saints to Me,
 (Thus runs the great Divine Decree,)
 That in my lasting Cov'nant live;
 And Offerings bring with constant Care,
 (The Heav'n's his Justice shall declare,)
 For God himself shall Sentence give.
 4 Attend, my People; *He*, hear;
 Thy strong Accuser I'll appear;
 Thy God, thy only God am I:
 'Tis not of Offerings I complain,
 Which, daily in my Temple, slain,
 My sacred Altar did supply.
 5 Will this alone Atonement make?
 No Bullock from thy Stall I'll take,
 Nor He-Goat from thy Fold accept:
 The forest Beasts that range alone,
 The Cattel too are all my own,

that on a thousand Hills are kept.
 6 I know the Fowls, that build their Nests
 In craggy Rocks; and savage Beasts,
 That loosely haunt the open Fields.
 If seiz'd with Hunger I could be,
 I need not seek Relief from thee,
 Since the World's mine, and all it yields.
 7 Think'st thou that I have any need,
 On slaughter'd Bulls and Goats to feed,
 To eat their Flesh and drink their Blood?
 The Sacrifices I require,
 Are Hearts which Love and Zeal inspire,
 and Vows with strictest Care made good.

PART II

8 In time of Trouble call on Me,
 And I will set thee safe and free;
 And thou Return'st of Praise shalt make:
 But to the Wicked thus saith God,
 How dar'st thou teach my Laws abroad,
 Or in thy Mouth, my Cov'nant take?
 9 For stubborn thou, confirm'd in Sin,
 Hast Proof against Instruction been,
 And of my Word didst lightly speak:
 When thou a subtle Thief didst see,
 Thou gladly didst with him agree,

And

And with Adult'ers didst partake.
 10 Vile Slander is thy chief Delight;
 Thy Tongue by Envy mov'd and Spight,
 Deceitful Tales does hourly spread:
 Thou dost with hateful Scandals wound
 Thy Brother, and with Lies confound,
 The Offspring of thy Mother's Bed.
 11 These Things didst thou, whom still I strove
 To gain, with Silence and with Love;
 Till thou didst wickedly surmise,
 That I was such a one as thou;
 But I'll reprove and shame thee now,
 And set thy Sins before thine Eyes.
 12 Mark this, ye wicked Fools, lest I,
 Let all my Bolts of Vengeance fly,
 Whilst none shall dare your Cause to own.
 Who praises Me, due Honour gives,
 And to the Man that justly lives,
 My strong Salvation shall be shown.



PSALM LI.

1 **H**AVE Mercy, Lord, on me,
 as Thou wert ever kind;
 Let, me, oppress'd with Loads of Guilt,
 thy wonted Mercy find.

2 Wash off my foul Offence,
 and cleanse me from my Sin;
 For I confess my Crime, and see
 how great my Guilt has been.
 3 Against Thee, Lord, alone,
 and only in thy sight
 Have I transgress'd, and tho' Condemn'd,
 must own thy Judgment right.
 4 In Guilt each part was form'd,
 of all this sinful Frame;
 In Guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
 the Heir, of Sin and Shame.
 5 Yet Thou, whose searching Eye
 does inward Truth, require,
 In Secret didst with Wisdom's Laws,
 my tender Soul inspire.
 6 With Hyssop purge me, Lord,
 and so I clean shall be:
 I shall with Snow in Whiteness vie,
 when purify'd by Thee.
 7 Make me to hear with Joy,
 thy kind forgiving Voice,
 That to the Bones which Thou hast broke,
 may with fresh Strength rejoice.
 8 Blot out my crying Sin,
 nor me in Anger view;
 H

Create

Create in me a Heart that's clean,
an upright Mind renew.

PART II

Withdraw not Thou thy Help, nor
nor cast me from thy Sight;

Nor let thy Holy Spirit take,
its everlasting Flight;

The Joy thy Favour gives,
let me again obtain;

And thy free Spirit's firm support,
my fainting Soul sustain;

So I thy Righteous Ways,
to Sinners will impart:

Whilst my Advice shall wicked Men,
to thy just Laws convert;

My Guilt of Blood remove,
my Saviour, and my God;

And my glad Tongue shall loudly tell,
thy righteous Acts abroad.

Do Thou unlock my Lips,
with Sorrow clos'd and shame:

So shall my Mouth thy wondrous Praise,
to all the World proclaim.

Could Sacrifice atone,
whole Flocks and Herds should die;

But on such Offerings Thou disdain'st,

to cast a gracious Eye:

15 A broken Spirit is,

by God, most highly priz'd;

By him, a broken contrite Heart,

shall never be despis'd.

16 Let Sin Favour find,

of thy Good-Will assur'd;

And thy own City flourish long,

by lofty Walls secur'd.

17 The Just shall then attend,

and pleasing Tribute pay;

And Sacrifice of choicest kind,

upon thy Altar lay.



P S A L M L I I [Tune Ps. 10.]

1 IN vain, O Man of lawless Might,
thou boast'st thy self in Ill;

Since God, the God in whom I trust,

vouchsafes his Favour still.

2 Thy wicked Tongue does stand'ring Tales,
maliciously devise;

And sharper than a Razor set,

it wounds with treach'rous Lies.

3 Thy Thoughts, are more on Ill than Good,
on Lies than Truth, employ'd,

Thy

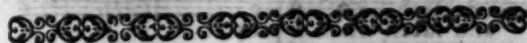
Thy Tongue, delights in Words by which,
 the Guileless are destroy'd.
 4 God, shall for ever blast thy Hopes,
 and snatch thee soon away;
 Nor in thy dwelling - place permit,
 nor in the World, to stay.
 5 The just with pious Fear shall see,
 the downfall, of thy Pride;
 And at thy sudden Ruin laugh,
 and thus thy fall deride:
 6 See there, the haughty Man that was,
 who proudly God defy'd,
 Who trusted in his Wealth, and still
 on wicked Arts, rely'd.
 7 But I am like those Olive - Plants,
 that shade God's Temple round;
 And hope with his indulgent Grace,
 to be for ever crown'd.
 8 So shall my Soul with Praise, O God,
 extol thy wondrous Love;
 And on thy Name with Patience wait;
 for this thy Saints approve.



P S A L M LIII. [Tune Pf. 22.]

1 **T**He wicked Fools must sure suppose,

that God is but a Name;
 This gross Mistake their Practice shows,
 since Virtue all disclaim.
 2 The Lord look'd down from Heaven's height,
 the Sons of Men to view;
 To see if any own'd his Might
 or Truth or Justice knew.
 3 But all, he saw, were backwards gone,
 degen'rate grown and base;
 None for Religion car'd, not One
 of all the sinful Race.
 4 But are those Workers of Deceit,
 so dull and senseless grown,
 That they like Bread my People eat,
 and God's just Pow'r disown?
 5 Their guileless Fears shall strangely grow;
 and they, despis'd of God,
 Shall soon be foil'd; his Hand shall throw
 their shatter'd Bones, abroad.
 6 Would He his saving Pow'r employ,
 to break our servile Band,
 Loud Shouts of universal Joy,
 should echo through the Land.



P S A L M LIV. [Tune Pf. 15.]

1 **L**ord, save me, for thy glorious Name,
 H 2 and

and in thy Strength appear,
 To judge my Cause: accept my Pray'r,
 and to my Words give Ear.
 2 Mere Strangers, whom I never wrong'd,
 to ruin me design'd;
 And cruel Men that fear no God,
 against my Soul combin'd.
 3 But God, takes part with all my Friends:
 and He's, the surest Guard;
 The God of Truth, shall give my Foes,
 their Falshoods due Reward.
 4 While I my grateful Off'ring bring,
 and Sacrifice with Joy;
 And in his Praise my Time to come,
 delightfully employ.
 5 From dreadful Danger and Distress,
 the Lord has set me free;
 Through Him, shall I of all my Foes,
 the just Destruction, see.



P S A L M LV. [Time Ps. 12.]

1 **G**IVE ear, Thou Judge of all the Earth,
 and listen when I pray;
 Nor from thy humble Suppliant turn,
 thy glorious Face away.

2 Attend to this my sad Complaint,
 and hear my grievous Moans;
 Whilst I my mournful Case declare,
 with artless Sighs and Groans.
 3 Hark! how the Foe insults aloud,
 how fierce Oppressors rage!
 Whose stand'ring Tongues with wrathful Hate
 against my Fame engage.
 4 My Heart is rack'd with Pain, my Soul
 with deadly Frights distress'd;
 With Fear and Trembling compass'd round,
 with Horror quite oppress'd.
 5 How often wish'd I then, that I
 the Dove's swift Wings could get;
 That I might take my speedy Flight,
 and seek a safe Retreat!
 6 Then would I wander far from hence,
 and in wild Deserts stray,
 Till all this furious Storm were spent,
 this Tempest past away.

P A R T II.

7 Destroy, O Lord, their ill Designs,
 their Counsels soon divide;
 For, through the City my griev'd Eyes,
 have Strife and Rapine spy'd.
 8 By Day and Night on ev'ry Wall, they

they walk their constant Round;
 And in the midst of all her Strength,
 are Grief and Mischief found.
 Whoe'er through ev'ry Part shall roam,
 with fresh Disorders meet;
 Deceit and Guile their constant Posts,
 maintain in ev'ry Street.
 10 For 'twas not any open Foe,
 that false Reflections made;
 For then, I could with Ease have born,
 the bitter Things he said:
 11 'Twas none who Hatred had profess'd,
 that did against me rise;
 For then, I had withdrawn my self,
 from his malicious Eyes.
 12 But 't was ev'n thou, my Guide, my Friend,
 whom tend'rest Love did join,
 Whose sweet Advice I valu'd most,
 whose Pray'rs were mixt with mine.
 13 Sure Vengeance equal to their Crimes,
 such Traytors must surprize;
 And sudden Death requite those Ills,
 they wickedly devise!
 14 But I will call on God, who still
 shall in my Aid appear;
 At Morn, and Noon, and Night I'll pray,

and He, my Voice shall hear.

PART III

15 God has releas'd my Soul from those,
 that did with me contend;
 And made a num'rous Host of Friends,
 my Righteous Cause defend.
 16 For He, who was my Help of old,
 shall now his Suppliant hear;
 And punish them whose prosp'rous State,
 makes them no God to fear.
 17 Whom can I trust, if faithless Men,
 perfidiously devise
 To ruin me, their peaceful Friend,
 and break the strongest Ties!
 18 Tho' soft and melting are their Words,
 their Hearts with War abound;
 Their Speeches are more smooth than Oyl,
 and yet like Swords they wound.
 19 Do thou, my Soul, on God depend,
 and He shall thee sustain,
 He aids the Just whom to supplant,
 the Wicked strive in vain.
 20 My Foes, that trade in Lies and Blood,
 shall all untimely die;
 Whilst I for Health and Length of Days,
 on Thee, my God, rely.

PSALM LVI

P S A L M LVI

DO Thou, O God, in Mercy help,
for Man my Life pursues;
To crush me with repeated Wrongs,
he daily Strife renews.
Conditionally my spiteful Foes,
to ruin me, combine;
Thou seest who sit'st enthron'd on high,
what mighty Numbers join.
But, tho' sometimes surpriz'd by Fear,
(on Danger's first Alarm)
Yet still for Succour I depend,
on thy Almighty Arm.
God's faithful Promise I shall praise,
on which I now rely:
In God I trust, and trusting him,
the Arm of Flesh defy.
They wrest my Words, and make them speak
a Sense, they never meant:
Their Thoughts are all, with restless Spite,
on my Destruction bent.
In close Assemblies they combine,
and wicked Projects lay,
They watch my Steps, and lie in Wait,
to make my Soul their Prey.

PART II.

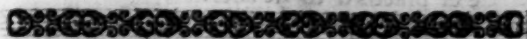
4 Shall such Injustice still escape?
O Righteous God, arise;
Let thy just Wrath, (too long provok'd)
this impious Race chastise.
Thou numbrest all my Steps since first,
I was compell'd to flee:
My very Tears are treasur'd up,
and register'd by Thee.
5 When therefore I invoke thy Aid,
my Foes shall be o'erthrown;
For I am well assur'd that God,
my righteous Cause will own.
I'll trust God's Word, and so despise
the Force, that Man can raise:
To thee, O God, my Vows are due,
to Thee I'll render Praise:
6 Thou hast retriev'd my Soul from Death;
and Thou wilt still secure
The Life, Thou hast so oft preserv'd,
and make my Footsteps sure;
That thus protected by thy Pow'r,
I may this Light enjoy,
And in the Service of my God,
my length'ned Days employ.



P S A L M LVII.

THY Mercy, Lord, to me extend,
on thy Protection I depend;
And to thy Wing for Shelter haste,
Till this outrageous Storm is past.
2 To thy Tribunal, Lord, I fly,
Thou Sov'reign Judge and God most high;
Who Wonders hast for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy Work, undone.
3 From Heav'n, protect me by thine Arm,
And shame all those who seek my Harm;
to my Relief thy Mercy send,
And Truth, on which my Hopes depend;
4 For I with savage Men converse,
Like hungry Lions wild and fierce,
With Men whose Teeth are Spears, their Words
Invenom'd Darts, and two-edg'd Swords.
5 Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth display'd,
Till Thou art, here, as, there, obey'd.
6 To take me, they their Net prepar'd,
And had almost my Soul ensnar'd,
But fell themselves, by just Decree,

Into the Pit they made for me.
7 O God my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
Its thankful Tribute to present,
And, with my Heart, my Voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in Songs of Praise.
Awake my Glory; Harp and Lute,
No longer let your Strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful Part to take,
Will with the early Dawn, awake.
9 Thy Praises, Lord, I will resound,
To all the list'ning Nations round:
Thy Mercy, highest Heav'n transcends,
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.
10 Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth display'd,
Till thou art, here, as, there, obey'd.



P S A L M LVIII.

SPEAK, O ye Judges of the Earth,
if just your Sentence be,
Or, must not Innocence appeal
to Heav'n, from your Decree?
2 Your wicked Hearts and Judgments are,
alike by Malice sway'd:

Your

Your griping Hands by weighty Bribes,
 to Violence betray'd.
 To Virtue Strangers, from the Womb;
 their infant Steps went wrong:
 They prattled Slander, and in Lies
 employ'd, their lisping Tongue.
 No Serpent of parch'd *Africk's* breed,
 does ranker Poyson bear;
 The drowly Adder will as soon,
 unlock his sullen Ear.
 Unmov'd by good Advice, and deaf
 as Adders, they remain;
 From whom the skilful Charmer's Voice,
 can no Attention gain.
 6 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning Rage,
 and timely break their Pow'r.
 Disarm these growing Lions Jaws,
 e'er practis'd to devour.
 7 Let now their Insolence, at height,
 like ebbing Tides be spent;
 Their shiver'd Darts deceive their Aim,
 when they their Bow have bent.
 8 Like Snails let them dissolve to Slime;
 like hasty Births become,
 Unworthy to behold the Sun,
 and Dead within the Womb.

9 E'er Thorns can make the Flesh-pots boil,
 tempestuous Wrath shall come
 From God, and snatch them hence, alive,
 to their Eternal Doom.
 10 The Righteous shall rejoice to see,
 their Crimes such Vengeance meet;
 And Saints in Persecutors Blood,
 shall dip their harmless Feet.
 11 Transgressors then with Grief shall see,
 just Men Rewards obtain;
 And own a God, whose Justice will
 the guilty Earth, arraign.



P S A L M LIX.

1 **D**ELIVER me, O Lord my God,
 From all my spiteful Foes;
 In my Defence oppose thy Pow'r
 to theirs, who me oppose.
 Preserve me from a wicked Race,
 who make a Trade of Ill;
 Protect me from remorseless Men,
 who seek my Blood to spill.
 2 They lye in Wait, and mighty Pow'rs,
 against my Life combine:
 Implacable; yet, Lord, Thou know'st,
 for

for no Offence of mine.
 In Haste they run about, and watch,
 my guiltless Life to take;
 Look down, O Lord, on my Distress,
 and to my Help awake!
 Thou, Lord of Hosts and *Isr'el's* God,
 their Heathen Rage suppress;
 Relentless Vengeance take on those,
 who stubbornly transgress.
 At Ev'ning to beset my House,
 like growling Dogs they meet;
 While others through the City range,
 and ransack ev'ry Street.
 Their Throats, envenom'd Slander breathe,
 their Tongues, are sharpen'd Swords;
 Who hears (say they) or hearing, dares
 reprove, our lawless Words?
 But from thy Throne Thou shalt, O Lord,
 their baffled Plots deride;
 And soon to Scorn and Shame expose,
 their boasted Heathen Pride.

PART II.

On Thee I wait, 'tis on thy Strength
 for Succour, I depend;
 'Tis Thou, O God, art my Defence,
 who only canst defend.

Thy Mercy, Lord, which has so oft
 from Danger, let me free,
 Shall crown my Wishes, and subdue
 my haughty Foes, to me.
 O Destroy them not, O Lord, at once,
 restrain thy vengeful Blow,
 Lest we, ungratefully, too soon
 forget, their Overthrow.
 Disperse them through the Nations round,
 by thy avenging Pow'r;
 Do Thou bring down their haughty Pride,
 O Lord our Shield and Tow'r.
 Now in the Height of all their Hopes,
 their Arrogance chastise;
 Whose Tongues have sinn'd without restraint,
 and Curles join'd with Lies.
 Nor shalt Thou, whilst their Race endures,
 thine Anger, Lord, suppress;
 That distant Lands, by their just Doom,
 may *Isr'el's* God confess.
 At Ev'ning let them still persist,
 like growling Dogs, to meet;
 Still wander all the City round,
 and traverse ev'ry Street.
 Then, as for Malice now they do,
 for Hunger, let them stray;

And

And yet their vain Complaints should,
defeated of their Power.

While only I thy Mercy sing,
thy good will Power commend;

For Thou hast been my late Defence,
my Refuge in Distress.

To Thee with never ceasing Praise,

O God my Strength, I'll sing;

Thou art my God, the Rock from whence
my Health and Safety spring.

PSALM LX.

O God, who hast our Troops dispers'd,
Foraking those who left Thee first;

As we thy just Displeasure mourn,

To us in Mercy, Lord, return.

Our Strength, that firm as Earth did stand,

Is rent by thy avenging Hand;

O! heal the Breaches Thou hast made,

We shake, we fall, without thy Aid!

Our folly's sad Effects we feel,

For drunk with Discord's Cup we reel,

But now for them who Thee rever'd,

Thou hast thy Truth's bright Banner rear'd,

Let thy Right Hand thy Saints Protect;

Lord Hear the Prayers that we send.

The Holy God has spoke: and I

O'er-joy'd, on his Arm Word, rely.

To Thee, in Fortunes I'll divide

Fair Sichem's Soil, Samaria's Pride:

To Sichem, Succoth next I'll join,

And measure out her Vale by Line:

Manasse, Gilead, both subscribe

To my Commands; with Ephraim's Tribe;

Ephraim, by Arms supports my Cause,

And Judah by religious Laws.

Moab my Slave and Drudge shall be,

Nor Edom from my Yoke get free;

Proud Palestine's imperious State,

Shall humbly on our Triumph, wait.

But who shall quell those mighty Powers,

And clear my Way to Edom's Towers?

Or through her guarded Frontiers, tread

The Path, that does to Conquest lead?

Even Thou, O God, who hast dispers'd

Our Troops, (for we forsook Thee first;)

Those whom Thou didst in Wrath forsake,

Atone'd, Thou wilt victorious make.

Do Thou our fainting Cause sustain,

For human Succours are but vain.

Fresh Strength and Courage, God bestows;

'Tis

Thy He, made down our proudest Foes.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

PSALM LXI.

LORD, hear my Cry, regard my Pray'r,

which is oppress'd with Grief,

From Earth's remotest Parts, address

to Thee, for kind Relief.

O lodge me safe beyond the Reach,

of persecuting Pow'r;

Thou, who art free from spiteful Foes,

hast been my sheltering Tower.

So shall I in thy sacred Courts,

secure from Danger lie;

Beneath the Covert of thy Wings,

all future Storms defy.

In sign my Vows are heard, once more,

I see thy Chosen reign;

O blest, with long and prosperous Life,

the King, Thy will ordain.

Confirm his Throne, and make his Reign

accepted, in thy sight;

And let thy Truth and Mercy both,

in his Defence, unite.

So shall I ever sing thy Praise,

thy Name for ever blest;

Yod 1 0

Devote my prosperous Days, to pay

the Vows, of my Distress.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

PSALM LXII

My Soul for Help, on God, relies,

From him alone, my Safety flows:

My Rock, my Health, that Strength supplies

To bear the shock, of all my Foes.

How long will ye contrive my Fall;

Which will but hasten on your own?

You'll totter like a bending Wall,

Or Fence, of uncemented Stone.

To make my envy'd Housewifels,

They thrive with Lies, their chief Delight;

For they, tho' with their Mouth they blest;

In private, curse with inward Spite.

But thou, my Soul, on God rely;

On him alone thy Trust repose;

My Rock and Health, will Strength supply,

To bear the Shock of all my Foes.

God, does his saving Health dispense,

And showing Blessings daily send;

He is my Fortress and Defence,

On Him, my Soul shall still depend.

In Him, ye People, always trust,

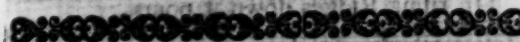
Before his Throne pour out your Hearts,
 For God the Merciful and Just,
 His timely Aid to us imparts.
 The Vulgar, fickle are and frail,
 The Great, dissemble and betray;
 And laid in Truth's impartial Scale,
 The lightest Things, will both, outweigh.
 Then trust not in oppressive Ways,
 By Spoil and Rapine grow not vain;
 Nor let your Hearts, if Wealth increase,
 Be set too much, upon your Gain.
 For God has oft his Will express'd,
 And I this Truth have fully known;
 To be of boundless Pow'r possess'd,
 Belongs of Right to God, alone.
 Tho' Mercy is his darling Grace,
 In which He chiefly takes delight;
 Yet will He all the human Race,
 According to their Works, requite.

P S A L M LXIII.

O God, my gracious God, to Thee,
 My Morning Pray'ns shall offer'd be;
 For Thee my thirsty Soul does pant;
 My fainting Flesh implores thy Grace,

Within this dry and barren Place,
 Where I refreshing Waters want.
 O! to my longing Eyes once more,
 That View of glorious Pow'r restore,
 Which thy majestick House displays:
 Because to me, thy wondrous love,
 Than Life it self, does dearer prove,
 My Lips shall always speak thy Praise.
 My Life, while I that Life enjoy,
 In blessing God, I will employ,
 With lifted Hands, adore his Name!
 My Soul's Content, shall be as great
 As theirs, who choicest Dainties eat,
 While I with Joy his Praise proclaim.
 When down I lie sweet Sleep to find,
 Thou, Lord, art present to my Mind:
 And when I wake in dead of Night,
 Because thou still dost Succour bring,
 Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing,
 I rest, with Safety and Delight.
 My Soul, when Foes would me devour,
 Cleaves fast to Thee, whose matchless Pow'r
 In her Support, is daily shown:
 But, those the Righteous Lord shall slay,
 That my Destruction wish; and they,
 That seek my Life, shall lose their own.

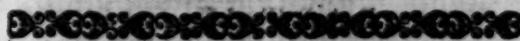
6 They by uncleanly Ends shall die,
 Their Flesh a Prey to Foxes lie;
 But God shall fill the King with Joy.
 Who Thee Confess shall still rejoyce,
 Whilst the false Tongue and lying Voice,
 Thou, Lord, shalt silence and destroy.



P S A L M LXIV. [Tune Pf. 5.]

1 **L**ord, hear the Voice of my Complaint,
 to my Request give Ear;
 Preserve my Life from cruel Foes,
 and free my Soul from Fear.
 2 O! hide me, with thy tend'rest Care,
 in some secure Retreat,
 From Sinners, that against me rise,
 and all their Plots defeat.
 3 See, how intent to work my Harm,
 they whet their Tongues, like Swords,
 And bend their Bows to shoot their Darts,
 sharp Lies and bitter Words!
 4 Lurking in private, at the Just
 they take their secret Aim;
 And suddenly, at him they shoot,
 quite void of Fear and Shame.
 5 To carry on their ill Designs,

they mutually agree;
 They speak of laying private Snares,
 and think that none shall see.
 6 With utmost Diligence and Care,
 their wicked Plots they lay;
 The deep Designs of all their Hearts,
 are only, to betray.
 7 But God, to Anger justly mov'd,
 his dreadful Bow shall bend,
 And on his flying Arrows point,
 shall swift Destruction send.
 8 Those Slanders which their Mouths did vent,
 upon themselves shall fall;
 Their Crimes disclos'd, shall make them be
 despis'd, and shunn'd by all.
 9 The World shall then God's Pow'r confess;
 and Nations trembling stand,
 Convinc'd, that 'tis the mighty Work
 of his avenging Hand.
 10 Whilst righteous Men, whom God secures,
 in Him shall gladly trust;
 And all the list'ning Earth shall hear,
 loud Triumphs of the Just.



P S A L M LXV.

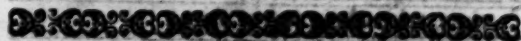
FOR Thee, O God, our constant Praise
 I 3 In

In Joy waits, thy chosen Sons, wait
 Our praise & Love we will raise,
 And these, our zealous Vows, compleat.
 2 O Thou, who to my humble Prayers,
 Didst always lend thy listening Ear,
 To those, that at Manhood repair,
 and at thy gracious Throne appear.
 3 Our Sins, (the numberless) in vain
 To stop thy flowing Mercy, try;
 Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty Stain,
 And walkest out the Cruelty, Die.
 4 Blest is the Man, who near Thee plac'd,
 Within thy sacred Dwelling lives;
 Whilst we, at humbler Distance, taste
 The vast Delights, thy Temple gives.
 5 By wondrous Acts, O God, most just,
 Have we thy gracious Answer found;
 In these remotest Nations trust,
 And those whose stormy Waves surround.
 6 God by his Strength, dost lift the Hills,
 And does his matchless Pow'r engage,
 With which the Sea's loud Waves, He stills,
 And angry Croods, tumultuous Rage.

PART II.

7 Thou, Lord, dost barb'rous Lands dismay,
 When they thy dreadful Tokens view:

With Joy, they see the Night and Day,
 Each other's Track, by turns pursue,
 8 From out thy unexhausted Store,
 Thy Rain relieves the thirsty Ground;
 Makes Lands, that barren were before,
 With Corn and useful Fruits, abound.
 9 On rising Ridges down it pours,
 And ev'ry furrow'd Valley fills;
 Thou mak'st them soft with gentle Show'rs,
 In which, a blest Increase distills.
 10 Thy Goodness does the circling Year,
 With fresh Returns of Plenty, crown;
 And where thy glorious Paths appear,
 Thy fruitful Clouds drop Fatness, down.
 11 They drop on barren Forests, chang'd
 By them, to Pastures fresh and green;
 The Hills about in order rang'd,
 In beauteous Robes of Joy, are seen.
 12 Large Flocks, with fleecy Wool, adorn
 The cheerful Downe; the Vallies bring
 A plenteous Crop, of full-eard' Corn,
 And seem for Joy, to shout and sing.



PSALM LXVI. [Tune Ps 19.]

1 LET all the Lands with Shouts of Joy,

to God, their voices raise;
Sing Praises in Honour of his Name,
and spread his glorious Praise.
And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,
in all thy Works art Thou!
To thy great Pow'r thy stubborn Foes,
shall all be forc'd, to bow.
Thro' all the Earth the Nations round,
shall Thee their God, confess;
And with glad Hymns, their awful Dread
of thy great Name, express.
O come, behold the Works of God,
and then with me you'll own,
That He, to all the Sons of Men,
has wondrous Judgments shown.
He, made the Sea become dry Land,
thro' which our Fathers walk'd;
Whilst, to each other of his Might,
with Joy, his People talk'd.
He, by his Pow'r, for ever rules;
his Eyes, the World survey;
Let no presumptuous Man rebel,
against his Sovereign Way.
O all ye Nations bless our God,
and loudly speak his Praise;
Who keeps our Soul alive, and still

confirms, our mortal Ways.
8 For Thou hast try'd us, Lord, as Fire
does try, the precious Ore;
Thou brought'st us into Straits, where we,
oppress'd by Burthens, bore.
9 Insulcing Foes did us, their Slaves,
thro' Fire and Water chase;
But yet at last Thou brought'st us forth,
into a wealthy Place.

PART II.

10 Burnt-off'rings to thy House I'll bring,
and there my Vows will pay,
Which, I with solemn Zeal did make,
in Trouble's dismal Day.
11 Then shall the richest Incense smoke,
the fattest Rams shall fall;
The choicest Goats from but the Fold,
and Bullocks from the Stall.
12 O come, all ye that fear the Lord,
attend with heedful Care;
Whilst I, what God for me has done,
with grateful Joy declare.
13 As I before, his Aid implor'd,
so now, I praise his Name;
Who, if my Heart had harbour'd Sin,
would all my Prayers disclaim.

14 But God to me, when e'er I cry'd,

his gracious Ear did bend;

And to the Voice of my Request,

with constant Love attend.

15 Then blest'd for ever be my God,

who never; when I pray,

With-holds his Mercy from my Soul,

nor turns his Face away.



PSALM LXVII.

1 **T**O blest thy chosen Race,

in Mercy, Lord, incline;

And cause the Brightness of thy Face,

on all thy Saints to shine.

2 That so thy wond'rous Ways,

may thro' the World be known;

Whilst distant Lands their Tribute pay,

and thy Salvation own.

3 Let diff'ring Nations join,

to celebrate thy Fame;

Let all the World, O Lord, combine

to praise, thy glorious Name.

4 O, let them shout and sing,

with Joy and pious Mirth,

For Thou, the Righteous Judge and King,

shall govern all the Earth.

5 Let diff'ring Nations join,

to celebrate thy Fame;

Let all the World, O Lord, combine

to praise, thy glorious Name.

6 Then shall the teeming Ground,

a large Increase disclose;

And we with Plenty shall be crownd,

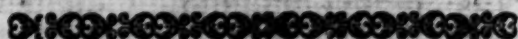
which God, our God, bestows.

7 Then God upon our Land,

shall constant Blessings show'r;

And all the World in Awe shall stand,

of his resistless Pow'r.



PSALM LXVIII.

1 **L**ET God, the God of Battle rise,

And scatter his presumptuous Foes;

Let shameful Rout their Hosts surprize,

who spitefully his Pow'r oppose.

2 As Smoak in Tempest's Rage is lost,

Or Wax into the Furnace cast;

So let their sacrilegious Host,

Before his wrathful Presence waste.

3 But let the Servants of his Will,

His Favour's gentle Beams enjoy;

Their

Their upright Hearts let Gladness fill,
 And chearful Songs their Tongues, employ,
 To Him, your Voice in Anthems raise,
 Jehovah's awful Name He bears;
 In Him rejoice, extol his Praise,
 Who rides upon high rowling Spheres.
 Him, from his Empire of the Skies
 To this low World, Compassion draws,
 The Orphan's Claim to patronize,
 And judge the injur'd Widows Cause.

P A R T II.

'Tis God, who, from a foreign Soil,
 Restores poor Exiles to their Home;
 Makes Captives free, and fruitless Toil,
 Their proud Oppressors, righteous Doom.
 'Twas so of old, when Thou didst lead
 In Person, Lord, our Armies forth,
 Strange Terrors thro' the Desert spread,
 Convulsion shook th' astonish'd Earth.
 The breaking Clouds did Rain distil,
 And Heav'n's high Arches shook with Fear,
 How then should Sinai's humble Hill,
 Of Israel's God, the Presence bear;
 Thy Hand, at famisht Earth's Complaint,
 Reliev'd her from Celestial Stores;

And when thy Heritage was faint,
 Allwag'd the Drought, with plenteous show'rs,
 Where Savages had rang'd before;
 At Ease Thou mad'st our Tribes reside;
 And in the Desert for the Poor,
 Thy gen'rous Bounty did provide.
 Thou gav'st the Word, we fall'd forth,
 And in that pow'ful Word, o'ercame;
 While Virgin-Troops with Songs of Mirth,
 In State, our Conquest, did proclaim.
 Vast Armies, by such Gen'als led,
 As yet, had ne'er receiv'd a Foil,
 Forsook their Camp, with sudden Dread,
 And to our Women, left the Spoil.

P A R T III.

Tho' Egypt's Drudges you have been,
 Your Army's Wings, shall shine as bright
 As Dove's, in golden Sunshine seen,
 Or silver'd o'er with paler Light.
 'Twas so, when God's Almighty Hand,
 O'er scatter'd Kings, the Conquest won;
 Our Troops, drawn up on Jordan's Strand,
 High Salmon's glittering Snow, out-shone,
 From thence to Jordan's farther Coast.
 And Basban's Hill we did advance:

No more her Height shall *Babylon* boast,
 But that she's God's Inheritance.
 16 But wherefore (tho' the Honour's great),
 Should this, O Mountains, swell your Pride?
 For *Sion*, is his chosen Seat,
 Where He for ever will reside.
 17 His Chariots numberless, his Pow'rs
 Are heav'nly Hosts, that wait his Will;
 His Presence now, fills *Sion's* Tow'rs,
 As once, it honour'd *Sinai's* Hill.

PART IV.

18 Ascending high, in Triumph Thou,
 Captivity hast Captive led;
 And on thy People didst bestow,
 The Spoil of Armies, once their Dread.
 19 Ev'n Rebels, shall partake thy Grace,
 And humble Profelytes, repair
 To worship at thy Dwelling-Place,
 And all the World pay Homage, there.
 20 For Benefits, each Day bestow'd,
 Be daily, his great Name ador'd;
 Who is our Saviour and our God,
 Of Life and Death, the Sov'reign Lord,
 21 But Justice, for his harden'd Foes,
 Proportion'd Vengeance, hath decreed,

To wound the Hoary Head of those,
 Who, in presumptuous Crimes, proceed.
 22 The Lord has thus, in Thunder, spoke;
 As I subdu'd proud *Babylon's* King,
 Once more, I'll break my People's Yoke,
 And from the Deep, my Servants bring.
 23 Their Feet, shall with a crimson Flood
 Of slaughter'd Foes, be cover'd o'er,
 Nor Earth receive such impious Blood,
 But leave for Dogs, the unhallow'd Gore.

PART V.

24 When marching to thy blest Abode,
 the wond'ring Multitude, survey'd
 The Pompous State of Thee, our God,
 In Robes of Majesty array'd.
 25 Sweet singing *Levites* led the Van,
 Loud Instruments, brought up the Rear;
 Between both Troops, a Virgin-Train
 With Voice and Timbrel, charm'd the Ear.
 26 This was the Burden of their Song,
 In full Assemblies bless the Lord,
 All, who to *Isr'el's* Tribes belong,
 The God of *Isr'el's* Praise record.
 27 Nor little *Benjamin*, alone,
 From neighb'ring Bounds did there attend,
 Nor

Nor only *Judah's* nearer Throne,
 Her Counsellors, in State did send;
 28 But *Zebulon's* remoter Seat,
 And *Nephthali's* more distant Coast,
 (The grand Procession to compleat)
 Sent up their Tribes, a princely Host.
 29 Thus God, to Strength and Union brought
 Our Tribes, at Strife, till that blest hour:
 This work which Thou, O God, hast wrought,
 Confirm, with fresh Recruits of Pow'r.

P A R T VI.

30 To visit *Salem*, Lord, descend;
 And *Sion* thy terrestrial Throne;
 Where Kings, with Presents shall attend,
 And Thee, with offer'd Crowns, atone.
 31 Break down the *Spearmen's* Ranks, who threat
 Like pamp'rd Herds of savage Might,
 Their silver-armour'd Chiefs defeat,
 Who in destructive War delight.
 32 *Egypt* shall then, to God stretch forth
 Her Hands, and *Africk* Homage bring:
 The scatter'd Kingdoms of the Earth,
 Their common Sov'reign's Praises, sing.
 33 Who mounted, on the loftiest Sphere
 Of ancient Heav'n, sublimely rides;
 From whence, his dreadful Voice we hear,

Like that of warring Winds and Tides.
 34 Ascribe ye Pow'r to God most High,
 Of humble *Is'el* He takes Care;
 Whole Strength from out the dusky Sky,
 Darts shining Terrors through the Air.
 35 How dreadful are the sacred Courts,
 Where God has fix'd his earthly Throne;
 His Strength, his feeble Saints, supports;
 To God give Praise, and Him alone.



P S A L M LXIX.

1 S AVE me, O God, from Waves that rowl,
 And press to overwhelm my Soul.
 With painful Steps in Mire I tread,
 And Deluges o'erflow my Head.
 With restless Cries my Spirits faint,
 My Voice is hoarse, with long Complaint;
 My Sight decays, with tedious Pain,
 Whilst for my God I wait, in vain.
 2 My Hairs, tho' num'rous, are but few,
 Compar'd with Foes, that me pursue
 With groundless Hate, grown now of Might
 To execute, their lawless Spite.
 They force me guiltless to resign,
 As Rapine, what by Right, was mine.
 Thou,

Thou, Lord, my Innocence dost see;
 Nor are my Sins conceal'd from Thee.
 Lord God of Hosts, take timely Care,
 Lest for my sake thy Saints despair;
 Since, I have suffer'd for thy Name,
 Reproach, and hid my Face in shame.
 A Stranger, to my Country grown,
 Nor to my nearest Kindred known;
 A Foreigner, expos'd to Scorn,
 By Brethren of my Mother, born.
 For Zeal, to thy lov'd House and Name,
 Consumes me, like devouring Flame,
 Concern'd at their Affronts to Thee,
 More than at Slanders cast on me.
 My very Tears and Abstinence,
 They contrive, in a spiteful Sense
 When cloath'd with Sackcloth for their sake,
 They me their common Proverb make.

PART II.

Their Judges at my Wrongs do jest,
 Those Wrongs, they ought to have redrest!
 How should I then expect to be,
 From Libels, of lewd Drunkards, free?
 But, Lord, to Thee, I will repair
 For Help, with humble timely Pray'r;
 Relieve me, from thy Mercy's store,

Display thy Truth's preserving Pow'r.
 From threatening Dangers, me relieve,
 And from the Mire my Feet retrieve;
 From spiteful Foes in Safety keep,
 And snatch me from the raging Deep.
 Controul the Deluge e'er it spread,
 And roul its Waves, above my Head;
 Nor deep Destruction's open Pit,
 To close her Jaws on me, permit.
 Lord, hear the humble Pray'r I make,
 For thy transcending Goodness sake;
 Relieve thy Supplicant once more,
 From thy abounding Mercy's store.
 Nor from thy Servant hide thy Face;
 Make haste, for desp'rate is my Case:
 Thy timely Succour interpose,
 And shield me from remorseless Foes.
 Thou know'st what Infamy and Scorn,
 I from my Enemies, have born;
 Nor can their close dissembled Spite,
 Or darkest Plots escape thy Sight.
 Reproach and Grief have broke my Heart,
 I look'd for some to take my part,
 To pity or relieve my Pain;
 But (look'd alas!) for both in vain!

PART III.

9 With Hunger pain'd, for Food I call,
Instead of Food they give me Gall;
And when with Thirst my Spirits sink,
They give me Vinegar to drink.
Their Table therefore, to their Health
Shall prove a Snare, a Trap, their Wealth;
Perpetual Darkness seize their Eyes,
And sudden Blasts their Hopes surprise.
10 On them, Thou shalt thy Fury pour,
Till thy fierce Wrath their Race devour;
And make their House a dismal Cell,
Where none will e'er vouchsafe to dwell.
For new Afflictions, they procur'd
For him, who had thy Stripes endur'd,
And made the Wounds thy Scourge had torn,
To bleed afresh, with sharper Scorn.
11 Sin shall to Sin their Steps betray,
Till they to Truth have lost the Way.
From Life Thou shalt exclude their Soul,
Nor with the Just their Names enroll.
But me, howe'er distress'd and poor,
Thy strong Salvation shall restore:
Thy Pow'r, with Songs I then proclaim,
And celebrate with Thanks thy Name.
12 Our God, shall this more highly prize

Than Herds or Flocks, in Sacrifice:
Which humble Saints with Joy shall see,
And hope for like redress with me.
For God regards the Poors Complaint,
Sets Pris'ners free from close Restraint:
Let Heav'n, Earth, Sea, their Voices raise,
And all the World resound his Praise.
13 For God will *Sion's* Walls erect,
Fair *Judah's* Cities will protect;
Till all her scatter'd Sons repair,
To undisturb'd Possession there.
This Blessing, they shall at their Death,
To their Religious Heirs, bequeath;
And they, to endless Ages more,
Of such, as his blest Name adore.



PSALM LXX.

1 O Lord, to my Relief draw near,
For never was more pressing Need;
For my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add, to that Deliv'rance, Speed.
2 Confusion on their Heads return,
Who to destroy my Soul combine;
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,
Insnar'd in their own vile Design.

K 3

3 Their

2 Their Doom, let Desolation be,
 With Shame, their Malice be repaid,
 Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,
 And Sport of my Affliction made.
 4 While those, who humbly seek thy Face,
 To joyful Triumphs shall be rais'd;
 And all who prize thy saving Grace
 With me shall sing, *The Lord be prais'd.*
 5 Thus wretched tho' I am, and poor,
 The mighty Lord, of me takes care;
 Thou God, who only can'st restore,
 to my relief with speed repair.

P S A L M LXXI. [Tune Ps. 15. 54.]

1 **I**N Thee, I put my stedfast Trust,
 defend me, Lord, from Shame,
 Incline thine Ear, and save my Soul,
 for righteous is thy Name.
 2 Be Thou my strong abiding Place,
 to which I may resort;
 'Tis thy Decree that keeps me safe,
 Thou art my Rock and Fort.
 3 From cruel and ungodly Men,
 protect and set me free,
 For, from my earliest Youth till now,

my hope has been, in Thee.
 4 Thy constant Care, did safely guard
 my tender Infant - Days;
 Thou took'st me from my Mother's Womb,
 to sing thy constant Praise.
 5 While some on me with Wonder gaze,
 thy Hand supports me still;
 Thy Honour therefore and thy Praise,
 my Mouth shall always fill.
 6 Reject not then thy Servant, Lord,
 when I with Age decay;
 Forlake me not, when, worn with Years,
 my Vigour fades away.
 7 My Foes, against my Fame and me,
 with crafty Malice speak,
 Against my Soul they lay their Shares,
 and mutual Counsel take.
 8 His God, say they, forsakes him now,
 on whom he did rely;
 Pursue and take him, whilst no hope
 of timely Aid, is nigh.
 9 But Thou, my God, withdraw not far,
 for speedy Help, I call;
 To Shame and Ruin bring my Foes,
 that seek to work my Fall.
 10 But as for me, my stedfast Hope,

shall

shall on thy Pow'r depend,
And I in grateful Songs of Praise,
my Time to come, will spend.

PART II.

11 Thy righteous Acts and saving Health,
my Mouth shall still declare:
Unable yet to count them all,
tho' sum'm'd, with utmost Care.
12 While God vouchsafes me his Support,
I'll in his Strength go on;
All other Righteousness disclaim,
and mention his alone.
13 Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my Youth,
to praise thy glorious Name;
And ever since, thy wond'rous Works
have been, my constant Theme.
14 Then now, forsake me not, when I
am grey, and feeble grown;
Till I to these, and future times,
thy Strength and Pow'r have shown.
15 How high thy Justice soars, O God!
how great and wond'rous are
The mighty Works, which Thou hast done?
who may with Thee, compare?
16 Me, whom thy Hand has forely press'd,

thy Grace, shall yet relieve;
And, from the lowest Depth of Woe,
with tender Care, retrieve:
17 Thro' Thee, my Time to come, shall be
with Pow'r and Greatness, crown'd,
And me, who dismal Years have past,
thy Comforts, shall surround.
18 Then I with Plattery and Harp,
thy Truth, O Lord, will praise;
To Thee, the God of Jacob's Race,
my Voice, in Anthems raise.
19 Then Joy shall fill my Mouth, and Song
employ, my cheerful Voice;
My grateful Soul, by Thee redeem'd,
shall in thy Strength rejoice.
20 My Tongue, thy just and righteous Acts,
shall all the Day, proclaim;
Because Thou did'st confound my Foes,
and brought'st them all to shame.



P S A L M LXXII. [Tune Ps. 58.]

1 LORD, let thy just Decrees, the King,
in all his Ways, direct;
And let his Son, throughout his Reign,
thy righteous Laws respect.

2 So shall he still thy People judge,
with pure and upright Mind,
Whilst all the helpless Poor, shall him
their just Protector, find.
Then Hills and Mountains, shall bring forth
the happy Fruits, of Peace;
Which, all the Land shall own to be,
the Work of Righteousness:
Whilst he, the poor and needy Race
shall rule, with gentle Sway;
And from their humble Necks, shall take
oppressive Yokes, away.
5 In ev'ry Heart thy awful Fear,
shall then be rooted fast,
As long as Sun and Moon endure,
or time it self shall last.
6 He, shall descend like Rain, that cheers
the Meadows second Birth,
Or like warm Show'rs, whose gentle Drops
refresh, the thirsty Earth.
7 In his blest Days the Just and Good,
shall be with Favour crown'd;
The happy Land shall ev'ry where,
with endless Peace, abound.
8 His uncontroul'd Dominion, shall
from Sea to Sea extend;

Begin, at proud *Euphrates* Streams,
at Nature's Limits, end.

PART II.

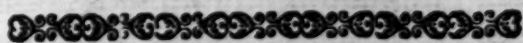
9 To him, the Savage Nations round
shall bow, their servile Heads;
His vanquish't Foes shall lick the Dust,
where he his Conquest spreads.
10 The Kings of *Tarshish* and the Isles,
shall costly Presents bring;
From spicy *Sebea*, Gifts shall come,
and wealthy *Saba's* King.
11 To him shall ev'ry King on Earth,
his humble Homage pay;
And differing Nations gladly Join,
to own his Righteous Sway.
12 For he, shall set the Needy free,
when they for Succour cry,
Shall save the Helpless and the Poor,
and all their Wants supply.
13 His Providence, for needy Souls,
shall due Supplies prepare;
And over their defenceless Lives,
shall watch, with tender Care.
14 He shall preserve, and keep their Souls
from Fraud and Rapine, free,
And in his Sight, their guiltless Blood,

of mighty Price shall be.
 15 Therefore, shall God his Life and Reign
 to many Years extend,
 Whilst Eastern Princes Tribute pay,
 and Golden Presents send.
 16 For him shall constant Pray'rs be made,
 thro' all his prosp'rous Days:
 His just Dominion shall afford
 a lasting Theme of Praise.

PART III.

17 Of useful Grain, thro' all the Land,
 great Plenty shall appear;
 A Handful sown on Mountain Tops,
 a mighty Crop, shall bear:
 18 Its Fruit, like Cedars shook by Winds,
 a rattling Noise shall yield;
 The City too shall thrive, and vie
 for Plenty, with the Field.
 19 The Mem'ry of his glorious Name,
 thro' endless Years shall run;
 His spotless Fame, shall shine as bright
 and lasting, as the Sun.
 20 In Him, the Nations of the World,
 shall be compleatly blest,
 And his unbounded Happiness,
 by ev'ry Tongue confess.

21 Then blest'd be God, the mighty Lord,
 The God whom *Is'el* fears;
 Who only wond'rous in his Works
 beyond Compare appears.
 22 Let Earth be with his Glory fill'd;
 and ever blest his Name:
 Whilst to his Praise the list'ning World,
 their glad Assent proclaim.



P S A L M LXXIII.

1 **A**T length, by certain Proofs 'tis plain,
 That God will to his Saints be kind;
 That all whose Hearts are pure and clean,
 Shall his protecting Favour find.
 Till this sustaining Truth I knew,
 My stag'ring Feet had almost fail'd;
 I griev'd the Sinners Wealth to view,
 And envy'd, when the Fools prevail'd.
 2 They to the Grave in Peace descend,
 And whilst they live are heal and strong;
 No Plagues or Troubles them offend,
 which oft to other Men belong.
 With Pride, as with a Chain, they'r held,
 And Rapine, seems their Robe of State;
 Their Eyes stand out, with Fatness swell'd,
 L They

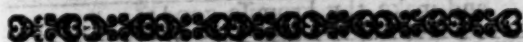
They grow, beyond their Wishes great,
 With Hearts corrupt, and lofty Talk,
 Oppressive Methods they defend;
 Their Tongue, thro' all the Earth does walk,
 Their Blasphemies, to Heav'n ascend.
 And yet admiring Crowds are found,
 who servile Vices duly make,
 Because with Plenty they abound,
 Of which their flatter'ing Slaves partake.
 Their fond Opinions these pursue,
 Till they with them profanely cry,
 How should the Lord our Actions view,
 Can He perceive who dwells so high?
 Behold the Wicked! these are they
 who openly their Sins profess;
 And yet their Wealth's increas'd each day,
 And all their Actions meet Success.
 Then have I cleans'd my Heart, (said I)
 And wash'd my Hands from Guilt, in vain,
 If all the day oppress'd I lie,
 And ev'ry morning suffer Pain.
 Thus did I once to speak intend,
 But if such Things I rashly say,
 Thy Children, Lord, I must offend,
 And basely should their Cause betray.

PART II.

6 To fathom this, my Thoughts I bent,
 but found the Case too hard for me;
 Till to the house of God I went,
 Then, I their End did plainly see.
 How high soe'er advanc'd, they all
 On slipp'ry Places, loosely stand;
 Thence into Ruin headlong fall,
 Cast down, by thy avenging Hand.
 7 How dreadful, and how quick, their Fate!
 Despis'd by Thee, when they're destroy'd;
 As waking Men, with Scorn do treat
 The Fancies, that their Dreams employ'd.
 Thus was my Heart with Grief oppress'd,
 My Reins were rack'd with restless Pains,
 So stupid was I, like a Beast,
 Who no reflecting Thought retains.
 8 Yet still thy Presence me supply'd,
 And thy Right-Hand Assistance gave:
 Thou first, shall with thy Counsel guide,
 And then to Glory, me receive.
 Whom Then in Heav'n, but Thee, alone
 Have I, whose Favour I require?
 Throughout the spacious Earth, there's none
 That I besides Thee, can desire.
 9 My trembling Flesh and aking Heart,

May

May often fail, to succour me;
But God, shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal Portion be.
For they, that far from Thee remove,
Shall into sudden Ruin fall;
If, after other Gods they rove,
Thy Vengeance shall destroy them all.
10 But as for me, 'tis good and just,
That I should still to God repair;
In Him, I always put my Trust,
And will his wond'rous Works declare.



PSALM LXXIV.

1 **W**HY hast Thou cast us off, O God?
wilt Thou no more return?
O! why against thy chosen Flock,
does thy fierce Anger burn?
2 Think on thy ancient Purchase, Lord,
the Land, that is thy own;
By Thee redeem'd, and *Sion's* Mount,
where once the Glory shone.
3 O come, and view our ruin'd State,
how long our Troubles last!
See! how the Foe with wicked Rage,
has laid thy Temple waste!

4 Thy Foes blaspheme thy Name, where late,
thy zealous Servant, pray'd;
The Heathen, there, with haughty Pomp
their Banners, have display'd.
5 Those curious Carvings, which did once
advance, the Artist's Fame,
With Ax and Hammer they destroy,
like Works of vulgar Frame.
6 Thy holy Temple they have burnt;
and what escap'd the Flame,
Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd,
tho' sacred to thy Name.
7 Thy Worship wholly to destroy,
maliciously they aim'd;
And all the sacred Places burn'd,
where we thy Praise proclaim'd:
8 Yet of thy Presence, Thou vouchsaf'st
no tender Signs to send;
We have no Prophet now, that knows,
when this sad State shall end.

PART II.

9 But, Lord, how long wilt Thou permit,
th' insulting Foe to boast?
Shall all the honour of thy Name,
for ever more, be lost?
10 Why hold'st thou back thy strong Right Hand,
and

and on thy patient breast,
 When Vengeance calls to stretch it forth,
 so calmly let it rest?
 11 Thou heretofore, with Kingly Pow'r,
 in our Defence hast fought;
 For us, throughout the wond'ring World,
 hast great Salvation wrought.
 12 'Twas Thou, O God, that didst the Sea
 by thy own Strength, divide;
 Thou brak'st the watry Monster's Head,
 the Waves, o'erwhelm'd their Pride.
 13 The greatest, fiercest of them all,
 that seem'd the Deep to sway;
 Was by thy Pow'r destroy'd, and made
 to savage Beasts, a Prey.
 14 Thou clav'st the solid Rock, and mad'st
 The Waters largely flow;
 Again, Thou mad'st thro' parted Streams,
 thy wond'ring People go.
 15 Thine, is the chearful Day, and thine,
 the black Return of Night;
 Thou, hast prepar'd the glorious Sun,
 and ev'ry feeble Light.
 16 By Thee, the Borders of the Earth
 in perfect Order stand;
 The Summer's Warmth, and Winter's Cold,

attend on thy Command.

PART III.

17 Remember, Lord, how scornful Foes,
 have daily urg'd our Shame;
 And how the foolish People have
 blasphem'd, thy holy Name.
 18 O! free thy mourning Turtle-dove,
 by sinful Crowds beset;
 Nor the Assembly of thy poor,
 for evermore forget.
 19 Thy ancient Coy'nant, Lord, regard,
 and make thy Promise good;
 For now, each Corner of the Land
 is fill'd, with Men of Blood.
 20 O, let not the Opprest return
 With Sorrow cloath'd, and Shame;
 But let the Helpless and the Poor,
 for ever praise thy Name.
 21 Arise, O God, in our behalf,
 thy Cause and ours maintain;
 Remember, how insulting Fools,
 each Day thy Name profane!
 22 Make Thou the Boastings of thy Foes,
 for evermore to cease;
 Whose Insolence, if unchastiz'd,
 will more and more, increase.



P S A L M LXXV. [Tune Ps. 19. 66.]

1 **T**O Thee, O God, we render Praise,
to Thee, with Thanks repair;
For, that thy Name to us is nigh,
thy wond'rous Works, declare.
2 In *Is'el* when my Throne is fix'd,
with me shall Justice reign:
The Land with Discord shakes, but I
the sinking Frame, sustain.
3 Deluded Wretches I advis'd,
their Errors to redress,
And warn'd bold Sinners, that they should
their swelling Pride, suppress.
4 Bear not your selves too high, as if
no Pow'r could yours restrain;
Submit your stubborn Necks, and learn
to speak, with less Disdain.
5 For that Promotion, which to gain,
your vain Ambition strives,
From neither East, nor West, nor yet
From Southern Climes, arrives.
6 For God, the great Disposer is,
and Sov'reign Judge, alone,
Who casts the Proud to Earth, and lifts

the Humble, to a Throne.
7 His Hand, holds forth a dreadful Cup,
with purple Wine 'tis crown'd;
The deadly Mixture, which his Wrath
deals out, to Nations round.
8 Of this his Saints sometimes may taste,
but wicked Men shall squeeze
The bitter Dregs, and be condemn'd
to drink, the very Lees.
9 His Prophet I, to all the World
this Message, will relate;
The Justice then, of *Jacob's* God,
my Song shall celebrate.
10 The Wicked's Pride I will reduce,
their Cruelty disarm;
Exalt the Just, and seat him high,
above the Reach of Harm.



P S A L M LXXVI.

1 **I**N *Judah* the Almighty's known,
(Almighty there by Wonders shown)
His Name in *Jacob* does excel:
His Sanctuary in *Salem* stands,
The Majesty that Heav'n commands
In *Sion* condescends to dwell.

1 He brake the Bow and Arrows there,
 The Shield, the temper'd Sword and Spear,
 There slain, the mighty Army lay;
 Whence soon a Fame thro' Earth is spread,
 Of greater Glory, greater Dread,
 Than Hills, where Robbers lodge their Prey.
 2 Their valiant Chiefs, who came for Spoil,
 Themselves met there a shameful Roil,
 Securely down to sleep they lay.
 But wak'd no more; their stoutest Band
 Ne'er lifted, one resisting Hand
 Gaint His, that did their Legions slay.
 4 When Jacob's God began to frown,
 Both Horse and Charioteers, o'erthrown,
 Together slept in endless Night:
 When Thou, whom Earth and Heav'n revere,
 Dost once with wrathful Looks appear,
 What mortal Pow'r can stand thy Sight?
 5 Pronounc'd from Heav'n, Earth heard its Doom,
 Grew hush'd with Fear, when Thou didst come,
 The Meek with Justice to restore;
 The Wrath of Man shall yield Thee Praise,
 It's last Attempts, but serve to raise
 the Triumphs, of Almighty Pow'r.
 6 Vow to the Lord, ye Nations, bring
 Vow'd Presents, to th' Eternal King;

Thus to his Name due Rev'rence pay,
 Who proudest Potentates can quell,
 To earthly Kings more terrible,
 Than to their trembling Subjects they.



P S A L M LXXVII. [Tune Ps. 17.]

1 **T**O God I cry'd, who to my Help
 did graciously repair;
 In Trouble's dismal Day I sought
 my God with humble Prayer.
 2 All Night my fest'ring Wound did run,
 no Med'cine gave Relief;
 My Soul, no Comfort would admit,
 my Soul, indulg'd her Grief.
 3 I thought on God, and Favours past,
 but that increas'd my Pain;
 I found my Spirit more oppress'd,
 the more I did complain.
 4 Thro' ev'ry Watch of tedious Night,
 Thou keep'st my Eyes awake;
 My Grief is swell'd to that Excess,
 I sigh, but cannot speak.
 5 I call to Mind the Days of Old,
 with signal Mercy crown'd,
 Those famous Years of ancient Times,

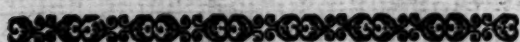
for

for Miracles renown'd.
 6 By Night, I recollect my Songs,
 on former Triumphs made;
 Then search, consult, and ask my Heart,
 where's now thy wond'rous Aid?
 7 Has God for ever cast us off,
 withdrawn his Favour quite?
 Are both his Mercy and his Truth
 retir'd, to endless Night?
 8 Can his long practis'd Love forget,
 it's wanted Aids to bring?
 Has He, in wrath shut up, and seal'd
 his Mercy's healing Spring?
 9 I said my Weakness hints these Fears,
 but I'll my Fears disband;
 Will yet remember the most High,
 and Years of his Right-Hand.
 10 I'll call to Mind his Works of old,
 the Wonders of his Might;
 On them, my Heart shall meditate,
 my Tongue shall them recite.

PART II.

11 Safe lodg'd from human Search on high,
 O God, thy Counsels are!
 Who is so great a God as ours?
 who can with Him compare?

12 Long since a God of Wonders, Thee
 thy rescu'd People, found;
 Long since hast Thou thy chosen Seed,
 with strong Deliverance crown'd.
 13 When Thee, O God, the Waters saw,
 the frighted Billows shrunk;
 The troubled Depths themselves for Fear,
 beneath their Channels sunk.
 14 The Clouds pour'd down, while rending Skies,
 did with their Noise conspire;
 Thy Arrows all abroad were sent,
 wing'd with avenging Fire.
 15 Heav'n with thy Thunder's Voice was torn,
 whilst all the lower World,
 With lightning blaz'd; Earth shook, and seem'd
 from her Foundation hurl'd.
 16 Thro' rolling Streams, Thou find'st thy way,
 thy Paths in Waters lie;
 Thy wond'rous Passage, where no Sight
 thy Footsteps, can descry.
 17 Thou led'st thy People, like a Flock,
 safe thro' the Desert Land,
 By Moses, their meek skilful Guide,
 And Aaron's, sacred Hand.



PSALM LXXVIII. [Tune Ps. 24.]

Hear, O my People, to my Law,
 devout Attention lend;
 Let the Instruction of my Mouth,
 deep in your Hearts descend.
 My Tongue, by Inspiration taught,
 shall Parables unfold,
 Dark Oracles; but understood,
 and own'd, for Truths of old.
 2 Which we, from sacred Registers
 of ancient Times, have known,
 And our Fore-fathers pious Care,
 to us, has handed down.
 We will not hide them from our Sons;
 our Offspring, shall be taught
 The Praises of the Lord, whose Strength
 has Works of Wonder, wrought.
 3 For Jacob He this Law ordain'd,
 this League with *Is'el* made;
 With Charge, to be from Age to Age,
 from Race to Race, convey'd.
 That Generations yet to come,
 should to their unborn Heirs,
 Religiously transmit the same,

and they again, to theirs.
 4 To teach them, that in God alone,
 their Hope, securely stands;
 That they should ne'er forget his Works,
 but keep, his just Commands.
 Lest, like their Fathers, they might prove,
 a stiff rebellious Race;
 False-hearted, fickle to their God,
 unstedfast in his Grace.

PART II.

5 Such were revolting *Ephraim's* Sons,
 who tho' to Warfare bred;
 And skilful Archers arm'd with Bows,
 from Field, ignobly, fled.
 They falsifi'd their League with God,
 his Orders disobey'd;
 Forgot his Works and Miracles,
 before their Eyes display'd.
 6 Nor Wonders, which their Fathers saw,
 did they in mind retain;
 Prodigious Things in *Egypt* done,
 and *Zaan's* fertile Plain.
 He, cut the Seas to let them pass,
 restrain'd the pressing Flood;
 While pil'd on Heaps, on either Side,
 the solid Waters stood.

7 A wond'rous Pillar led them on,
 compos'd of Shade and Light;
 A she'll'ring Cloud it prov'd, by Day,
 a leading Fire, by Night.
 When Drought oppress'd them, where no Stream,
 the Wilderness supply'd,
 He cleft the Rock, whose flinty Breast
 dissolv'd, into a Tide.
 8 Streams, from the solid Rock He brought,
 which down, in Rivers fell,
 That, trav'ling with their Camp, each day
 renew'd, the Miracle.
 Yet there, they sinn'd against Him more,
 provoking the most High;
 In that same Desert, where He did
 their fainting Souls supply.

PART III.

9 They first incens'd Him in their Hearts,
 that did his Pow'r distrust;
 And long'd for Meat, not urg'd by Want,
 but to indulge, their Lust.
 Then utter'd their blaspheming Doubts,
 Can God, say they, prepare
 A Table, in the Wilderness,
 set out with various Fare?

10 He smote the flinty Rock, ('tis true)
 and gushing Streams ensu'd;
 But can He, Corn and Flesh provide,
 for such a Multitude?
 The Lord, with Indignation heard:
 From Heav'n, avenging Flame
 On Jacob fell, consuming Wrath,
 on thankless *Israel*, came.
 11 Because, their unbelieving Hearts,
 in God would not confide;
 Nor trust his Care, who had from Heav'n,
 their Wants so oft, supply'd.
 Tho' He, had made his Clouds, discharge
 Provisions down, in Show'rs;
 And, when Earth fail'd; reliev'd their Needs,
 from his celestial Stores.
 12 Tho', tasteful Manna was rain'd down,
 their Hunger to relieve;
 Tho', from the Stores of Heav'n, they did
 sustaining Corn, receive.
 Thus, Man with Angels sacred Food,
 ungrateful Man, was fed;
 Not sparingly, for still they found
 a plenteous Table, spread.

PART IV.

13 From Heav'n, He made an East Wind blow,
 then did the South command,
 To rain down Flesh like Dust, and Fowls
 like Seas unnumber'd Sand.
 Within their Trenches, He let fall
 the luscious, easy Prey;
 And all around their spreading Camp,
 the ready Booty lay.
 14 They fed, were fill'd, He gave them Leave,
 their Appetites to feast;
 Yet still, their wanton Lust crav'd on,
 nor with their Hunger, ceas'd.
 But, whilst in their luxurious Mouths,
 they did their Dainties chew,
 The Wrath of God, smote down their Chiefs,
 and *Isr'el's* Chosen slew.
 15 Yet still they sinn'd, nor would afford
 his Miracles Belief;
 Therefore, thro' fruitless Travels, He
 consum'd their Lives, in Grief.
 When some were slain, the rest return'd
 to God, with early Cry;
 Own'd Him the Rock of their Defence,
 their Saviour, God most High.

16 But, this was feign'd Submission all,
 their Heart, their Tongue bely'd;
 Their Heart was still perverse, nor wou'd,
 firm in his League abide.
 Yet, full of Mercy, He forgave,
 Nor did with Death chastise;
 But turn'd his kindled Wrath aside,
 or would not let it rise.

PART V.

17 For He remembered they were Flesh,
 that could not long remain;
 A murm'ring Wind that's quickly past,
 and ne'er returns again.
 How oft, did they provoke Him there,
 How oft, his Patience grieve,
 In that same Desert, where He did,
 their fainting Souls, relieve?
 18 They tempted Him, by turning back,
 and wickedly repin'd;
 When *Isr'el's* God, refus'd to be
 by their Desires, confin'd.
 Nor call'd to mind the Hand and Day,
 that their Redemption brought;
 His Signs in *Egypt*, wond'rous works
 in *Zaan's* Valley, wrought.

19 He

19 He, turn'd their Rivers into Blood,
 that Man and Beast forbore,
 And rather chose to die of Thirst,
 than drink, the putrid Gore.
 He, sent devouring Swarms of Flies,
 hoarse Frogs annoy'd their Soil;
 Locusts and Caterpillars, reap'd
 the Harvest, of their Toil.
 20 Their Vines, with batt'ring Hail, were broke,
 with Frost, the Fig-Tree, dies;
 Light'ning and Hail, made Flocks and Herbs
 one gen'ral Sacrifice.
 He, turn'd his Anger loose, and set
 no Time for it, to cease;
 And, with their plagues, bad Angels sent,
 their Torments to increase.

PART VI.

21 He, clear'd a Passage for his Wrath,
 to ravage uncontroll'd;
 The Murrain, on their Firtlings seiz'd,
 in ev'ry Field and Fold.
 The deadly Pest, from Beast to Man,
 from Field to City, came;
 It slew their Heirs, their eldest Hopes,
 thro' all the Tents of Ham.
 22 But his own Tribe; like folded Sheep,

He brought, from their Distress;
 And them conducted, like a Flock,
 throughout the Wilderness.
 He led them on, and in their Way,
 no Cause of Fear they found;
 But march'd securely, thro' those Deep
 in which, their Foes, were drown'd.
 23 Nor ceas'd his Care, till them He brought,
 safe, to his promis'd Land,
 And to his holy Mount, the Prize,
 of his victorious Hand.
 To them, the out-cast Heathen's Land,
 He did by Lot divide;
 And in their Foes abandon'd Tents,
 made *Israel's* Tribes, reside.
 24 Yet still, they tempted, still, provok'd
 the Wrath of God, most High;
 Nor would, to practise his Commands,
 their stubborn Hearts, apply.
 But in their faithless Father's Steps,
 perversly chose to go;
 They turn'd aside, like Arrows shot,
 from some deceitful Bow.
 25 For Him, to Fury they provok'd,
 with Altars set on high;
 And with their graven Images

inflam'd, his Jealousy.
 When God heard this, on *Isr'el's* Tribes;
 his Wrath and Hatred fell;
 He quitted *Shilo*, and the Tents,
 where, once, He chose to dwell.

P A R T V I I.

26 To vile Captivity, his Ark;
 his Glory, to Disdain;
 His People, to the Sword He gave,
 nor would his Wrath restrain.
 Destructive Fire, their ablest Youth,
 untimely, did confound;
 No Virgin was to Wedlock led,
 with Nuptial Anthems crown'd.
 27 In Fight, the Sacrificer fell,
 the Priest, a Victim bled;
 And Widows, who their Death should mourn,
 themselves, of Grief, were dead.
 Then, as a Giant, rowz'd from Sleep,
 whom Wine had thoroughly warm'd,
 Shouts out aloud; the Lord awak'd,
 and his proud Foe alarm'd.
 28 He, smote their Host, that from the Field
 a scatter'd Remnant came,
 With Wounds imprinted on their Backs,
 of everlasting Shame.

The Lord rejected *Joseph's* Tents,
 and *Ephraim's* Tribe forsook;
 But *Judab* chose, and *Sion's* Mount,
 for his lov'd Dwelling, took.
 29 His Temple, He erected there,
 with Spires exalted high;
 While deep and fixt, as that of Earth,
 the strong Foundations lie.
 His faithful Servant *David* too,
 He for his Choice did own,
 And from the Sheep-Folds, him advanc'd
 to sit, on *Judab's* Throne.
 30 From tending on the teeming Ewes,
 He, brought him forth, to feed
 His own Inheritance, the Tribes
 of *Isr'el's* chosen Seed.
 Exalted thus, the Monarch prov'd
 a faithful Shepherd, still;
 He fed them, with an upright Heart,
 and guided them, with Skill.



P S A L M LXXIX. [Tune Ps. 22. 53.]

BEhold, O God, how Heathen Hosts
 have thy Possession, seiz'd:
 Thy sacred House, they have defil'd,
 Thy

Thy holy City, raz'd.
 2 The mangled Bodies of thy Saints,
 abroad, unburied lay;
 Their Flesh expos'd to savage Beasts,
 and rav'nous Birds of Prey.
 3 Quite thro' Jerus'lem, was their Blood,
 like common Water, shed;
 And none were left alive, to pay
 last Duties, to the Dead.
 4 The neighb'ring Lands, our small Remains
 with loud Reproaches, wound,
 And we, a Laughing-stock are made
 to all the Nations, round.
 5 How long wilt Thou be angry, Lord,
 must we, for ever, mourn?
 Shall thy devouring jealous Rage
 Like Fire, for ever burn?
 6 On foreign Lands that know not Thee,
 thy heavy Vengeance show'r;
 Those sinful Kingdoms let it crush,
 that have not own'd thy Pow'r.
 7 For their devouring Jaws, have prey'd
 on Jacob's chosen Race;
 And to a barren Desert turn'd,
 their fruitful Dwelling-Place.

PART II.

8 O! think not on our former Sins,
 but speedily, prevent
 The utter Ruin, of thy Saints,
 almost, with Sorrow spent.
 9 Thou, God of our Salvation, help,
 and free our Souls from blame;
 So shall our Pardon and Defence
 exalt thy glorious Name.
 10 Let Infidels, that scoffing say,
 where is the God they boast?
 In Vengeance, for thy slaughter'd Saints,
 perceive Thee to their Cost.
 11 Lord hear the sighing Pris'ner's Moan;
 thy saving Pow'r extend;
 Preserve the Wretches, doom'd to die,
 from that untimely End,
 12 On them, who us oppress, let all
 our Sufferings, be repaid;
 Make their Confusion, sev'n times more
 than what, on us they laid.
 13 So we, thy People, and thy Flock,
 shall ever, praise thy Name;
 And with glad Hearts, our grateful Thanks,
 from Age to Age, proclaim.

PSALM LXXX.

1 **O** *Isr'el's* Shepherd, *Josepb's* Guide,
Our Pray'rs to Thee, vouchsafe to hear;
Thou, that dost on the Cherubs ride,
Again, in solemn State appear.
2 Behold, how *Benjamin* expects,
With *Ephraim* and *Manasseh* join'd,
In our Deliv'rance, the Effects
Of thy resistless Strength, to find.
3 Do Thou convert us, Lord, do Thou,
the Lustre of thy Face, display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd Clouds, shall pass away.
4 O! Thou, whom Heav'nly Hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce Anger burn?
How long, thy suffering People pray,
And to their Pray'rs, have no Return?
5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench
Our scanty Food, in Floods of Woe;
When dry, our raging Thirst we quench
With Streams of Tears, that largely flow.
6 For us, the Heathen Nations round,
As for a common Prey, contest;
Our Foes, with spiteful Joy abound,

And at our lost Condition, jest.
7 Do Thou convert us, Lord, do Thou,
The Lustre of thy Face, display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd Clouds, shall pass away.

PART II.

8 Thou brought'st a Vine from *Egypt's* Land,
And casting out the Heathen Race,
Didst plant it, with thy own Right Hand,
And firmly fix it, in their Place.
9 Before it, Thou, prepar'dst the Way,
And mad'st it take a lasting Root,
Which, blest with thy indulgent Ray,
O'er all the Land, did widely shoot.
10 The Hills were cover'd with its Shade,
Its goodly Boughs, did Cedars seem;
Its Branches, to the Sea were spread,
And reach'd, to proud *Euphrates* Stream.
11 Why then, hast Thou its Hedge o'erthrown,
Which Thou had'st made so firm and strong?
Whilst all its Grapes, defenceless grown,
Are pluck'd by those, that pass along.
12 See, how the bristling Forest Boar,
With dreadful Fury, lays it waste;
Hark, how the Savage Monsters roar,

And

And to their helpless Prey, make haste.

PART III.

13 To Thee, O God of Hosts, we pray;
Thy wonted Goodness, Lord, renew:
From Heav'n, thy Throne, this Vine survey,
And her sad State, with Pity view.
14 Behold the Vineyard, made by Thee,
Which thy Right-Hand did guard so long;
And keep that Branch, from Danger free,
which, for thy self, Thou mad'st so strong.
15 To wasting Flames, 'tis made a Prey,
And all it's spreading Boughs cut down;
At thy Rebuke, they soon decay,
And perish, at thy dreadful frown.
16 Crown Thou the King, with good Success,
By thy Right-Hand secur'd from Wrong;
The Son of Man, in Mercy blest,
Whom, for thy self, Thou mad'st so strong.
17 So, shall we still, continue free
From, whatsoe'er deserves thy Blame;
And, if once more reviv'd by Thee,
Will always praise, thy holy Name.
18 Do Thou convert us, Lord, do Thou,
the Lustre of thy Face, display,
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd Clouds, shall pass away.



P S A L M LXXXI. [Tune Ps. 11.]

TO God, our never failing Strength,
with loud Applauses sing;
And jointly make a chearful Noise,
to Jacob's awful King.
2 Compose a Hymn of Praise, and touch
your Instruments of Joy;
Let Psalteries and pleasant Harps;
your grateful Skill, employ.
3 Let Trumpets, at the great new Moon,
their joyful Voices raise,
To celebrate, th' appointed Time,
the solemn Day, of Praise.
4 For this, a Statute was of old,
which, Jacob's God decreed
To be with pious Care, observ'd,
by Israel's chosen Seed.
5 This, He, for a Memorial fix'd,
when freed from Egypt's Land,
Strange Nations barb'rous Speech we heard,
but, could not understand.
6 Your burthen'd Shoulders, I reliev'd,
(thus seems our God to say)
Your servile Hands, by Me were freed
from

from lab'ring, in the Clay.
 Your Ancestors, with Wrongs oppress'd,
 to Me, for Aid, did call;
 With Pity, I their Sufferings saw,
 and set them free from all.
 They sought from Me, and from the Clouds,
 In Thunder, I reply'd;
 At Meribab's contentious Stream,
 their Faith and Duty, try'd.

PART II.

O While I my solemn Will declare,
 my chosen People hear;
 If thou, O *Isr'el*, to my Words
 wilt lend, thy list'ning Ear;
 Then, shall no God besides my self,
 within thy Coasts, be found;
 Nor shalt thou worship any God,
 of all the Nations round.
 The Lord thy God am I, who thee
 brought forth, from *Egypt's* Land;
 'Tis I, that all thy just Desires
 supply, with lib'ral Hand.
 But they, my chosen Race, refus'd
 to hearken, to my Voice;
 Nor would, rebellious *Isr'el's* Sons
 make Me, their happy Choice.

13 So I provok'd, resign'd them up,
 to ev'ry Lust, a Prey;
 And, in their own perverse Designs,
 permitted them to stray.
 14 O that my People wisely would,
 my just Commandments, heed!
 And *Isr'el*, in my Righteous Ways,
 with pious Care, proceed!
 15 Then, should my heavy Judgments fall,
 on all that them oppose;
 And, my avenging Hand be turn'd
 against, their num'rous Foes.
 16 Their Enemies and mine, should all
 before my Foot-Stool, bend;
 But as for them, their happy State
 should never know an End.
 17 All Parts, with plenty should abound;
 with finest Wheat, their Field:
 The barren Rocks, to please their Taste,
 should richest Honey, yield.



P S A L M LXXXII. [Tune Pf. 7.]

1 GOD, in the great Assembly stands
 where, his impartial Eye,
 In State surveys the earthly Gods,

and

and does their Judgments try.
 2 How dare you then, unjustly judge,
 or be to Sinners kind?
 Defend the Orphans and the Poor,
 let such, your Justice find.
 3 Protect the humble helpless Man,
 reduc'd to deep Distress,
 And let not him, become a Prey
 to such, as would oppress.
 4 They neither know, nor will they learn,
 but blindly rove and stray;
 Justice and Truth, the World's great Props;
 Thro' all the Land decay.
 5 Well then, may God, in anger say,
 "I've call'd you by my Name.
 "I've said y^e are Gods, and all ally'd
 to the most High, in Fame.
 6 "But ne'ertheless, your unjust Deeds
 to strict Account, I'll call;
 You all shall die, like common Men,
 like other Tyrants, fall.
 7 Arise, and thy just Judgments, Lord,
 throughout the Earth display;
 And all the Nations of the World
 shall own thy righteous Sway.



P S A L M LXXXIII. [Tune Ps. 10. 52.]

1 **H**old not thy Peace, O Lord our God,
 no longer silent be;
 Nor with consenting quiet Looks
 our Ruin calmly see!
 2 For lo! the Tumults of thy Foes,
 o'er all the Land are spread;
 And those, who hate thy Saints, and Thee,
 lift up their threatening Head.
 3 Against thy zealous People, Lord,
 they craftily combine;
 And, to destroy thy chosen Saints,
 have laid, their close Design.
 4 Come, let us cut them off, say they,
 "their Nation quite deface;
 "That no Remembrance may remain,
 of *Isr'el's* hated Race.
 5 Thus, they against thy People's Peace
 consult, with one Consent;
 And differing Nations, jointly leagu'd,
 their common Malice, vent.
 6 The *Isbm'elites*, that dwell in Tents,
 with Warlike *Edom* join'd,
 And *Moab's* Sons; our Ruin vow,
 with *Hagar's* Race combin'd:

N

7 Proud

7 Proud *Ammon's* Offspring, *Gebal* too,
 with *Amalek* conspire;
 The Lords of *Palestine*, and all
 the wealthy Sons, of *Tyre*:
 8 All these, the strong *Assyrian* King,
 their firm Ally, have got;
 Who, with a pow'ful Army, aids
 th' incestuous Race, of *Lot*

PART II.

9 But, let such Vengeance come to them,
 as once, to *Midian* came;
 To *Jabin* and proud *Sisera*,
 at *Kisbon's* fatal Stream.
 10 When, thy Right-Hand, their num'rous Hosts
 near *Endor*, did confound,
 And left their Carcasses for Dung,
 to feed the hungry Ground.
 11 Let all their mighty Men, the Fate
 of *Zeb* and *Oreb*, share;
 As *Zebab* and *Zalmunab*, so,
 let all their Princes, fare.
 12 Who, with the same Design inspir'd,
 thus vainly boasting spake,
 "In firm possession, for our selves,
 "let us, God's Houses take.
 13 To Ruin let them haste, like Wheels,

which downwards, swiftly move;
 Like Chaff, before the Winds, let all
 their scatter'd Forces, prove.
 14 As Flames consume dry Wood or Heath,
 that on parch'd Mountains grows,
 So, let thy fierce pursuing Wrath,
 with Terror, strike thy Foes,
 15 Lord, shroud their Faces with Disgrace,
 that they may own thy Name;
 Or them confound, whose harden'd Hearts,
 thy gentle Means, disclaim.
 16 So, shall the Wond'ring World confess
 that Thou, who claim'st alone
Yehovah's Name, o'er all the Earth
 hast rais'd, thy lofty Throne.

PSALM LXXXIV. [Tune Pf. 26.]

1 O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
 how lovely is the Place;
 Where Thou, enthron'd in Glory, shew'st
 the Brightness, of thy Face!
 2 My longing Soul, faints with Desire,
 to view thy blest Abode;
 My panting Heart and Flesh, cry out
 for Thee, the living God.

3 The Birds, more happy far than I,
around thy Temple throng;
Securely, there they build, and there
securely hatch, their Young.
4 O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
how highly blest are they,
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
and there, thy Praise display!
5 Thrice happy they, whose Choice, has Thee
their sure Protection, made;
Who long to tread the sacred Ways,
that to thy Dwelling lead!
6 Who pass thro' parch't and thirsty Vales,
yet no Refreshment want;
Their Pools are fill'd with Rain, which Thou
at their Request dost grant.
7 Thus they proceed from Strength to Strength
and still approach more near;
Till all on *Sion's* holy Mount,
before their God appear.

P A R T II.

8 O Lord, the mighty God of Hosts,
my just Request regard;
Thou God of *Jacob*, let my Pray'r
be still with Favour heard!
9 Behold, O God, for Thou alone

can'st timely Aid dispense;
On thy anointed Servant look,
be Thou his strong Defence!
10 For in thy Courts one single Day,
'tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any Place besides,
a thousand Days to spend.
11 Much rather in God's House, will I
the meanest Office take,
Than in the wealthy Tents of Sin,
my pompous Dwelling make.
12 For God who is our Sun and Shield,
will Grace and Glory give;
And no good Thing will he with-hold
from them that justly live.
13 Thou God, whom heav'nly Hosts obey,
how highly blest is he,
Whose Hope and Trust, securely plac'd,
is still repos'd on Thee!

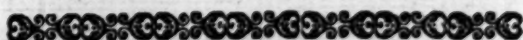


P S A L M LXXXV. [Tune Ps. 13.]

1 Lord, Thou hast granted to thy Land,
the Favours we implor'd;
And faithful *Jacob's* captive Race,
hast graciously restor'd.

2 Thy People's Sin Thou hast forgiv'n,
and all their Guilt defac'd;
Thou hast not let thy Wrath flame on,
nor thy fierce Anger last.
3 O God our Saviour, all our Hearts
to thy Obedience turn;
That quencht with our repenting Tears,
thy Wrath no more may burn.
4 For why should'st Thou be angry still,
and Wrath so long retain?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy Saints
thy wonted Comfort gain.
5 Thy gracious Favour, Lord, display,
which we have long implor'd;
And for thy wond'rous Mercies sake,
thy wonted Aid afford.
6 God's Answer patiently I'll wait,
for He with glad Success,
(If they no more to Folly turn)
his mourning Saints will bless.
7 To all that fear his holy Name,
his sure Salvation's near;
And in its former happy State
our Nation shall appear.
8 For Mercy now with Truth is join'd;
and Righteousness with Peace,

Like kind Companions absent long,
with friendly Arms embrace.
9 Truth from the Earth shall spring, whilst Heav'n
shall Streams of Justice pour;
And God, from whom all Goodness flows,
shall endless Plenty show'r.
10 Before Him Righteousness shall march,
and his just Paths prepare;
Whilst we his holy Steps pursue,
with constant Zeal and Care.



P S A L M LXXXVI. [Tune Ps. 12. 55.]

1 **T**O my Complaint, O Lord my God,
thy gracious Ear incline;
Hear me, distressed and destitute
of all Relief, but thine;
2 Do Thou, O God, preserve my Soul,
that does thy Name adore:
Thy Servant keep, and him, whose Trust
relies on Thee, restore.
3 To me, who daily Thee invoke,
thy Mercy, Lord extend,
Refresh thy Servant's Soul, whose Hopes
on Thee alone depend.
4 Thou, Lord, art good, not only good,
but

but prompt to pardon too;
 Of plenteous Mercy to all those,
 who for thy Mercy sue.
 To my repeated humble Pray'r,
 O Lord, attentive be!
 When Troubled, I on Thee will call,
 for Thou wilt answer me.
 Among the Gods there's none like Thee,
 O Lord, alone divine!
 To Thee, as much inferiour they,
 as are their Works to thine.
 Therefore their great Creator Thee,
 the Nations shall adore;
 Their long misguided Pray'rs and Praise,
 to thy blest Name restore.
 All shall confess Thee great, and great
 the Wonders Thou hast done:
 Confess Thee God, the God supreme;
 confess Thee God alone.

PART II.

O Teach me thy Way, O Lord, and I
 from Truth shall ne'er depart;
 In Rev'rence to thy sacred Name,
 devoutly fix my Heart.
 To Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
 praise Thee with Heart sincere;

And to thy everlasting Name,
 eternal Trophies rear.
 Thy boundless Mercy shewn to me,
 transcends my Pow'r to tell;
 For Thou hast oft redeem'd my Soul,
 from lowest Depths of Hell.
 O God, the Sons of Pride and Strife,
 have my Destruction sought,
 Regardless of thy Pow'r, that oft
 has my Deliv'rance wrought.
 But Thou, thy constant Goodness didst,
 to my Assistance bring;
 Of Patience, Mercy, and of Truth,
 Thou everlasting Spring!
 O bounteous Lord, thy Grace and Strength,
 to me thy Servant show;
 Thy kind Protection, Lord, on me
 thine Handmaid's Son, bestow.
 Some Signal give, which my proud Foes
 may see, with Shame and Rage,
 When Thou, O Lord, for my Relief
 and Comfort, dost engage.



P S A L M LXXXVII. [Tune Ps. 37.]

1 **G**OD's Temple crowns the Holy Mount;
 N 3 the

the Lord there condescends to dwell;
 His *Sion's* Gates, in his account,
 our *Is'el's* fairest Tents excel.
 Fame glorious things of Thee shall sing,
 O City of th' Almighty King!
 2 I'll mention *Rabab* with due Praise,
 in *Babylon's* Applauses join,
 The Fame of *Æthiopia* raise,
 with that of *Tyre* and *Palestine*;
 And grant that some, amongst them born,
 their Age and Country did adorn.
 3 But still of *Sion* I'll averr,
 that many such from her proceed;
 Th' Almighty shall establish her,
 His gen'ral List shall shew, when read,
 That such a Person there was born,
 and such did such an Age adorn.
 4 He'll *Sion* find with Numbers fill'd
 of such, as merit high Renown;
 For Hand and Voice Musicians skill'd,
 and (her transcending Fame to crown)
 Of such She shall Successions bring,
 like Waters from a living Spring.

PSALM LXXXVIII [Tune Pf. 43.]

TO Thee, my God and Saviour, I,

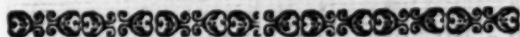
By Day and Night address my Cry;
 Vouchsafe my mournful Voice to hear,
 To my Distress incline thine Ear.
 2 For Seas of Trouble me invade,
 My Soul draws nigh to Death's cold Shade;
 Like one whose Strength and Hopes are fled,
 They number me among the Dead.
 3 Like those who shrouded in the Grave,
 From Thee no more Remembrance have;
 Cast off from thy sustaining Care,
 Down to the Confines of Despair.
 4 Thy Wrath has hard upon me lain,
 Afflicting me with restless Pain;
 Me all thy Mountain Waves have prest,
 Too weak, alas, to bear the least.
 5 Remov'd from Friends, I sigh alone,
 In a loath'd Dungeon laid, where none
 A Visit will vouchsafe to me,
 Confin'd, past Hopes of Liberty.
 6 My Eyes from Weeping never cease,
 They waste, but still my Grievs increase;
 Yet daily, Lord, to Thee I pray'd,
 With out-stretcht Hands, invok'd thy Aid.

PART II.

7 Wilt Thou by Miracle revive
 The Dead, whom Thou forsook't Alive?

From

From Death restore thy praise to sing,
 Whom Thou from Prison would'st not bring?
 Shall the mute Grave thy Love confess?
 A mould'ring Tomb thy Faithfulness?
 Thy Truth and Pow'r Renown obtain,
 Where Darkness and Oblivion reign?
 O To Thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn,
 My Pray'r prevents the early Morn,
 Why hast Thou, Lord, my Soul forlook,
 Nor once vouchsaf'd a gracious Look?
 10 Prevailing Sorrows bear me down,
 Which from my Youth with me have grown,
 Thy Terrors past distract my Mind,
 And Fears of blacker Days behind.
 11 Thy Wrath hath burst upon my Head,
 Thy Terrors fill my Soul with Dread;
 Environ'd as with Waves combin'd,
 And for a gen'ral Deluge join'd.
 12 My Lovers, Friends, Familiars, all
 Remov'd from Sight, and out of call;
 To dark Oblivion all retir'd,
 Dead, or at least to me expir'd.



P S A L M LXXXIX. [Tune Ps. 14. 29.]

1 **T**HY Mercies, Lord, shall be my Song,

My Song on them shall ever dwell;
 To Ages yet unborn my Tongue,
 Thy never failing Truth shall tell.
 2 I have affirm'd and still maintain,
 Thy Mercy shall for ever last;
 Thy Truth, that does the Heav'ns sustain,
 Like them, shall stand for ever fast.
 3 Thus spak'st Thou, by thy Prophet's Voice,
 With David I a League have made;
 To him, my Servant and my Choice,
 By solemn Oath this Grant convey'd;
 4 While Earth, and Seas, and Skies endure
 Thy Seed shall in my Sight remain;
 To them thy Throne I will insure,
 They shall to endless Ages reign.
 5 For such stupendous Truth and Love,
 Both Heav'n and Earth just Praises owe,
 By Choirs of Angels sung above,
 And by assembled Saints below.
 6 What Seraph of Celestial Birth,
 To vie with Isr'el's God shall dare?
 Or who among the God's of Earth,
 With our Almighty Lord compare?
 7 With Rev'rence and religious Dread,
 His Saints should to his Temple press;
 His Fear thro' all their Hearts should spread,
 Who

Who his Almighty Name confels.
 8 Lord God of Armies who can boast,
 Of Strength or Pow'r, like thine renown'd?
 Of such a num'rous faithful Host,
 As that which does thy Throne surround?

PART II.

9 Thou dost the lawless Sea controul,
 And change the Prospect of the Deep;
 Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows rowl,
 Thou mak'st the rowling Billows sleep.
 10 Thou brak'st in pieces *Rabab's* Pride,
 And didst oppressing Pow'r disarm;
 Thy scatter'd Foes have dearly try'd
 The Force, of thy resistless Arm.
 11 In Thee, the sov'reign Right remains
 Of Earth and Heav'n; Thee, Lord alone,
 The World and all that it contains,
 Their Maker and Preserver, own.
 12 The Poles on which the Globe does rest,
 Were form'd by thy creating Voice;
Tabor and *Hermon*, East and West;
 In thy sustaining Pow'r rejoice.
 13 Thy Arm is mighty, strong thy Hand,
 Yet, Lord, Thou dost with Justice reign;
 Possess of absolute Command,

Thou Truth and Mercy dost maintain.
 14 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
 Thy sacred Trumpet's joyful Sound;
 Who may at Festivals appear,
 With thy most glorious Presence crown'd.
 15 Thy Saints shall always be o'erjoy'd,
 Who on thy sacred Name rely;
 And in thy Righteousness employ'd,
 Above their Foes be rais'd on high.
 16 For in thy Strength they shall advance,
 Whose Conquest from thy Favour spring.
 The Lord of Hosts is our Defence,
 And *Isr'el's* God our *Isr'el's* King.

PART III.

17 Thus spak'st Thou by the Prophet's Voice,
 A mighty Champion I will send,
 From *Judab's* Tribe, have I made Choice
 Of one, who shall the rest defend.
 18 My Servant *David* I have found,
 With holy Oil anointed him;
 Him, shall the Hand support that crown'd,
 And guard, that gave the Diadem.
 19 No Prince from him shall Tribute force,
 No Son of Strife shall him annoy;
 His spiteful Foes I will disperse,

And

And them before his Face destroy.
 20 My Truth and Grace shall him sustain;
 His Armies, in well order'd Ranks,
 Shall conquer, from the Tyrian Main
 To Tigris and Euphrates Banks.
 21 Me, for his Father he shall take,
 His God and Rock of Safety call;
 Him, I my First-born Son will make,
 And earthly Kings his Subjects all.
 22 To him, my Mercy I'll secure,
 My Cov'nant make for ever fast:
 His Seed, for ever shall endure,
 His Throne, till Heav'n dissolves, shall last.
 23 But if his Heirs my Law forsake;
 And from my sacred Precepts stray;
 If they my righteous Statutes break,
 Nor strictly my Commands obey:
 24 Their Sins I'll visit with a Rod,
 And for their Folly make them smart;
 Yet will not cease to be their God,
 Nor from my Truth, like them, depart.

PART IV.

25 My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
 But in Remembrance fast retain;
 The Thing, that once my Lips have spoke

Shall in eternal Force, remain.
 26 Once have I sworn, but once for all,
 And made my Holiness the Tie,
 That I my Grant will ne'er recall,
 Nor to my Servant David lie.
 27 Whose Throne and Race, the constant Sun
 Shall, like his Course, establish'd see;
 Of this my Oath, thou conscious Moon,
 In Heav'n, my faithful Witness be.
 28 Such was thy gracious Promise, Lord,
 But Thou hast now our Tribes forfook,
 Thy own anointed hast abhor'd,
 And turn'd on him thy wrathful Look.
 29 Thou seemest to have render'd void
 The Cov'nant, with thy Servant made;
 Thou hast his Dignity destroy'd,
 And in the Dust his Honour laid.
 30 Of strong Holds Thou hast him bereft,
 And brought his Bulwarks to Decay;
 His Frontier Coasts defenceless left,
 A publick Scorn, and common Prey.

PART V.

31 His Ruin does glad Triumphs yield,
 To Foes advanc'd by Thee to Might;
 Thou hast his conqu'ring Sword unsteel'd,
 O His

His Valour turn'd to shameful Flight.
 22 His Glory is to Darkness fled,
 His Throne is level'd with the Ground:
 His Youth to wretched Bondage led,
 with Shame o'erwhelm'd, and Sorrow drown'd.
 23 How long shall we thy Absence mourn!
 Wilt Thou for ever, Lord, retire?
 Shall thy consuming Anger burn,
 Till That and We at once expire?
 24 Consider, Lord, how short a Space,
 Thou dost for mortal Life ordain;
 No Method to prolong the Race,
 But loading it with Grief and Pain?
 25 What Man is he, that can controul
 Death's strict unalterable Doom?
 Or rescue from the Grave his Soul,
 The Grave, that must Mankind entomb?
 26 Lord, where's thy Love, thy boundless Grace,
 The Oath, to which thy Truth did seal,
 Consign'd to David and his Race;
 The Grant, which Time should ne'er repeal?
 27 See, how thy Servants treated are
 With Infamy, Reproach and Spite;
 Which in my silent Breast I bear,
 From Nations of licentious Might.
 28 How they, reproaching thy great Name,

Have made thy Servant's Hope their jest:
 Yet thy just Praises we'll proclaim,
 And ever sing, *The Lord be blest.*
The Lord be blest,
Amen Amen.
The Lord be blest,
A . . . men.



P S A L M XC.

O Lord, the Saviour and Defence
 of us, thy chosen Race,
 From Age to Age, Thou still hast been
 our sure Abiding-place.
 2 Before Thou brought'st the Mountains forth,
 or th' Earth and World didst frame;
 Thou always wert the Mighty God,
 and ever art the same.
 3 Thou turnest Man, O Lord, to Dust,
 of which he first was made;
 And when Thou speak'st the word, *Return,*
 'tis instantly obey'd.
 4 For in thy Sight a Thousand Years,
 are like a Day that's past,
 Or like a Watch in dead of Night,
 whose Hours unminded waste.

5 Thou

5 Thou sweep'it us off as with a Flood,
 we vanish hence like Dreams;
 At first we grow like Grass, that feels
 the Sun's reviving Beams.
 6 But howsoever fresh and fair,
 its morning Beauty shows;
 'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite,
 before the Ev'ning close.
 7 We by thine Anger are consum'd,
 and by thy Wrath dismay'd;
 Our publick Crimes and secret Sins,
 before thy Sight are laid.
 8 Beneath thy Anger's sad Effects,
 our drooping Days we spend:
 Our unregarded Years break off,
 like Tales that quickly end.
 9 Our Term of Time is sev'nty Years,
 an Age that few survive;
 But if with more than common Strength,
 to eighty we arrive;
 10 Yet then, our boasted Strength decays,
 to Sorrow turn'd and Pain,
 So soon the slender Thread is cut,
 and we no more remain.

PART II.

11 But who thy Anger's dread Effects
 does, as he ought, revere?
 And yet thy Wrath does fall or rise,
 as more or less we fear.
 12 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain Sum,
 of our short Days to mind,
 That to true Wisdom all our Hearts,
 may ever be inclin'd.
 13 O to thy Servants, Lord, return,
 and speedily relent!
 As we of our Misdeeds, do Thou
 of our just Doom, repent.
 14 To satisfy and chear our Souls,
 thy early Mercy send;
 That we may all our Days to come,
 in Joy and Comfort spend.
 15 Let happy Times with large Amends,
 dry up our former Tears;
 Or equal at the least the Term,
 of our afflicted Years.
 16 To all thy Servants, Lord, let this
 thy wond'rous Work be known,
 And to our Offspring yet unborn,
 thy glorious Pow'r be shown.
 17 Let thy bright Rays upon us shine,
 O 2 give

give Thou our Work success;
The glorious Work, we have in hand,
do Thou vouchsafe to bless.



P S A L M XCI

HE that has God his Guardian made,
Shall under the Almighty's Shade,
Secure and undisturb'd abide.
Thus to my Soul, of Him I'll say,
He is my Fortrefs and my Stay,
My God in whom I will confide.
2 His tender Love and watchful Care,
Shall free thee from the Fowler's Snare
And from the noisome Pestilence:
He, over thee his Wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded Head;
His Truth shall be thy strong Defence.
3 No Terrors that surprize by Night,
Shall thy undaunted Courage fright,
Nor deadly Shafts that fly by Day;
Nor Plague, of unknown Rise, that kills
In Darkness, nor infectious Ills,
That in the hottest Season slay.
4 A Thousand at thy Side shall die,
At thy Right-hand ten Thousand lie,

While thy firm Health untouch'd remains;
Thou only shalt look on, and see
The Wicked's dismal Tragedy,
And count the Sinner's mournful Gains,
5 Because with well-plac'd Confidence,
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure Defence,
And on the Highest dost rely;
Therefore no Ill shall thee befall,
Nor to thy healthful Dwelling shall,
Any infectious Plague draw nigh.
6 For He, throughout thy happy Days,
To keep thee safe in all thy Ways,
Shall give his Angels strict Commands,
And they, lest thou should'st chance to meet
With some rough Stone, to wound thy Feet,
Shall bear thee safely in their Hands.
7 Dragons and Asps that thirst for Blood,
And Lions roaring for their Food,
Beneath his conqu'ring Feet shall lie:
Because he lov'd and honour'd me,
Therefore (says God) I'll set him free,
And fix his glorious Throne on high.
8 He'll call, I'll answer when he calls,
And rescue him when Ill befalls;
Increase his Honour and his Wealth:
And when, with undisturb'd Content,

His

His long and happy Life is spent,
His End I'll crown with saving Health.



PSALM XCII. [Tune Pf. 9.]

1 **H**OW good and pleasant must it be
to thank the Lord most high;
And, with repeated Hymns of praise,
his Name to magnifie.
2 With ev'ry Morning's early Dawn,
his Goodness to relate;
And of his constant Truth, each Night,
the glad Effects repeat.
3 To ten-string'd Instruments we'll sing,
with tuneful Plalt'ries join'd;
And to the Harp with solemn Sounds,
for sacred Use design'd.
4 For thro' thy wond'rous Works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my Heart rejoice;
The Thoughts of them shall make me glad,
and shout with chearful Voice.
5 How wondrous are thy Works, O Lord!
how deep are thy Decrees!
Whose winding Tracts, in secret laid,
no stupid Sinner fees.
6 He little thinks, when wicked Men,

like Grass look fresh and gay,
How soon their short-liv'd Splendor must,
for ever pass away

PART II.

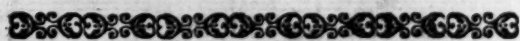
7 But Thou, my God, art still most High,
and all thy lofty Foes,
Who thought they might securely sin,
shall be o'erwhelm'd with Woes.
8 Whilst Thou exalt'st my sov'reign Pow'r,
and mak'st it largely spread;
And with refreshing Oil anoint'st
my consecrated Head.
9 I soon shall see my stubborn Foes,
to utter Ruin brought;
And hear the dismal End of those,
who have against me fought.
10 But righteous Men, like fruitful Palms,
shall make a glorious Show;
As Cedars that in Lebanon,
in stately Order grow.
11 These, planted in the House of God,
within His Courts shall thrive;
Their Vigour and their Lustre both,
shall in old Age revive.
12 Thus will the Lord his Justice shew:
and God my strong defence,

Shall due Rewards to all the World,
impartially dispense.



P S A L M XCIII.

With Glory clad, with Strength array'd
The Lord that o'er all Nature reigns,
The World's Foundations strongly laid,
And the vast Fabrick still sustains.
How surely stablish'd is thy Throne!
Which shall no Change or Period see,
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God, from all Eternity.
The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice,
And toss the troubled Waves on high;
But God above can still their Noise,
And make the angry Sea comply.
Thy Promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in thy House would dwell,
That happy Station to secure,
Must still in Holiness excell.



P S A L M XCIV.

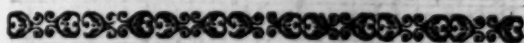
O God, to whom Revenge belongs,
thy Vengeance now disclose;
Arise, Thou Judge of all the Earth,

and crush thy haughty Foes.
How long, O Lord, shall sinful Men,
their solemn Triumphs make?
How long their wicked Actions boast,
And insolently speak?
Not only they thy Saints oppress,
but unprovok'd, they spill
The Widow's and the Stranger's Blood,
and helpless Orphans kill.
And yet the Lord shall ne'er perceive,
(profanely thus they speak)
Nor any Notice of our Deeds,
the God of Jacob take.
At length ye stupid Fools, your Wants
endeavour to discern,
In Folly, will you still proceed,
and Wisdom never learn?
Can He be deaf who form'd the Ear,
or blind who fram'd the Eye?
Shall Earth's great Judge not punish those,
who his known Will defy?
He fathoms all the Thoughts of Men,
to Him their Hearts lie bare,
His Eye surveys them all, and sees
how vain their Counsels are.

PART II.

8 Blest is the Man whom Thou, O Lord,
in kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred Rules to walk,
dost lovingly advise.
9 This Man shall Rest and Safety find,
in Seasons of Distress;
Whilst God prepares a Pit for those,
that stubbornly transgress.
10 For God will never from his Saints,
his Favour wholly take;
His own Possession and his Lot,
He will not quite forsake.
11 The World shall then confess Thee just,
in all that Thou hast done;
And those that chuse thy upright Ways,
shall in those Paths go on.
12 Who will appear in my Behalf,
when wicked Men invade?
Or who, when Sinners would oppress,
my righteous Cause shall plead?
13 Long since had I in Silence slept,
but that the Lord was near,
To stay me when I slip, when sad,
my troubled Heart to cheer.
14 Wilt Thou, who art a God most just,

their sinful Throne sustain,
Who make the Law a fair Pretence,
their wicked Ends to gain?
15 Against the Lives of Righteous Men,
they form their close Design;
And Blood of Innocents to spill,
in solemn League combine.
16 But my Defence is firmly plac'd,
in God the Lord most high;
He is my Rock, to which I may
for Refuge always fly.
17 The Lord shall cause their ill Designs,
on their own Heads to fall;
He in their Sins shall cut them off,
our God shall slay them all.



P S A L M XCV.

1 **O** Come, loud Anthems let us sing,
Loud Thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our Voices high should raise,
When our Salvation's Rock we praise.
2 Into his Presence let us haste,
To thank Him for his Favours Past;
To Him address in joyful Songs,
The Praise that to his Name belongs

P S A L M XCv. XCVI.

2 For God the Lord, enthron'd in State
 Is, with unrival'd Glory, Great;
 A King superiour far to all,
 Whom Gods the Heathen falsely call.
 The Depths of Earth are in his Hand,
 Her secret Wealth at his Command;
 The Strength of Hills that threat the Skies,
 Subjected to his Empire lies.
 The rousing Ocean's vast Abyss,
 By the same Sov'reign Right is His;
 'Tis mov'd by his Almighty Hand,
 That form'd and fix'd the solid Land.
 O Let us to His Courts repair,
 And bow with Adoration there,
 Down on our Knees devoutly all,
 Before the Lord our Maker fall.
 For He's our God, our Shepherd He,
 His Flock and Pasture-Sheep are we;
 If then you'll (like His Flock) draw near
 To Day, if you His Voice will hear,
 Let not your hard'ned Hearts, renew
 Your Fathers Crimes and Judgments too;
 Nor here provoke my Wrath, as they
 In Desert Plains of Meribab;
 When thro' the Wildernis they mov'd,
 And Me with fresh Temptations prov'd,

They still, through Unbelief, rebell'd,
 While they my wond'rous Works beheld.
 10 They forty Years my patience griev'd,
 Tho' daily I their Wants reliev'd,
 Then, 'Tis a faithless Race, I said,
 Whose Heart from Me has always stray'd;
 11 They ne'er will tread my righteous Path;
 Therefore to them, in settled Wrath,
 Since they despis'd my Rest, I swear
 That they should never enter there.



P S A L M XCVI.

1 Sing to the Lord a new-made Song;
 Let Earth, in one assembled Throng,
 Her common Patron's Praise resound.
 Sing to the Lord and bless His Name,
 From day to day His Praise proclaim,
 Who us has with Salvation crown'd.
 To Heathen Lands His Name rehearse,
 His Wonders to the Universe.
 2 He's Great, and greatly to be prais'd,
 In Majesty and Glory rais'd
 Above all other Deities:
 For Pagantry and Idols all
 Are they, whom Gods the Heathen call;
 He

He only rules who made the Skies.
 With Majesty and Honour crown'd,
 Beauty and Strength his Throne Surround;
 Be therefore both to Him restor'd,
 By you, who have false Gods ador'd,
 Ascribe due Honour to his Name.
 Peace-off'rings on his Altar lay,
 Before his Throne your Homage pay,
 Which He, and He alone can claim.
 To Worship at his sacred Court,
 Let all the trembling World resort.
 Proclaim aloud, *Jehovah* reigns,
 Whose Pow'r the Universe sustains,
 And banish't Justice will restore;
 Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confess,
 And heav'nly Mirth let Earth express,
 Its loud Applause the Ocean roar,
 Its mute Inhabitants rejoyce,
 And for this Triumph find a Voice.
 For Joy let fertile Valleys sing,
 The chearful Groves their Tribute bring;
 The tuneful Quire of Birds awake,
 The Lord's Approach to celebrate,
 Who now sets out with awful State,
 His Circuit through the Earth to take.
 From Heav'n to judge the World He's come,

With Justice to reward and doom.



P S A L M XCVII [Tune Pf. 47.]

1 *Jehovah* reigns, let all the Earth,
 In his just Government rejoyce;
 Let all the Isles with sacred Mirth,
 In his Applause unite their Voice.
 2 Darkness and Clouds of awful Shade,
 His dazzling Glory shroud in State;
 Justice and Truth his Guards are made,
 And fixt, by his Pavillion wait.
 3 Devouring Fire before his Face,
 His Foes around with Vengeance strook;
 His Lightnings set the World on blaze,
 Earth saw it, and with Terror shook.
 4 The proudest Hills his Presence felt,
 Their Height nor Strength could Help afford;
 The proudest Hills like Wax did melt,
 In Presence of th'Almighty Lord.
 5 The Heav'ns, his Righteousness to show,
 With Storms of Fire our Foes pursu'd;
 And all the trembling World below,
 Have his descending Glory view'd.
 6 Confounded be their impious Host,
 Who make the Gods to whom they pray,
 P All

All who of pageant Idols boast;
 To Him, ye Gods, your Worship pay.
 7 Glad Sigs of thy Triumph heard,
 And Judah's Daughters were o'er-joy'd;
 Because thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
 Have Pagan-Pride and Pow'r destroy'd.
 8 For Thou, O God, art seated high,
 Above Earth's Potentates enthron'd,
 Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the Skie,
 Supreme, by all the Gods art own'd.
 9 You, who to serve the Lord aspire,
 Abhor what's ill, and Truth esteem:
 He'll keep his Servants Soul's entire,
 And them from wicked Hands redeem.
 10 For Seeds are sown of glorious Light,
 A future Harvest for the Just;
 And Gladness for the Heart that's right,
 To recompence its pious Trust.
 11 Rejoyce, ye Righteous in the Lord;
 Memorials of his Holiness,
 Deep in your faithful Breasts record,
 And with your thankful Tongues confels.



P S A L M XCVIII. [Time Ps. 23.]

1 Sing to the Lord a new-made Song,

who wond'rous Things has done;
 With his Right Hand and holy Arm,
 the Conquest He has won.
 2 The Lord, has through th' astonisht World
 display'd, his saving Might,
 And made his righteous Acts appear,
 in all the Heavens Sight.
 3 Of Isr'el's House his Love and Truth,
 have ever mindful been;
 Wide Earth's remotest Parts, the Pow'r
 of Isr'el's God, have seen.
 4 Let therefore Earth's Inhabitants,
 their chearful Voices raise;
 And all with universal Joy,
 resound their Maker's Praise.
 5 With Harp and Hymns soft Melody,
 into the Confort bring,
 The Trumpet and shrill Cornet's Sound,
 before th' Almighty King.
 6 Let the loud Ocean roar her Joy,
 with all that Seas contain;
 The Earth and her Inhabitants,
 joyn Confort with the Main.
 7 With Joy let Riv'lets swell to Streams,
 to spreading Torrents they;
 And echoing Vales, from Hill to Hill,

redoubling Shouts convey;
To welcome down the World's great Judge,
who does with Justice come,
And, with impartial Equity,
both to reward and doom.



P S A L M XCIX.

1 **J**ehovah reigns, let therefore all
the guilty Nations quake;
On Cherub's Wings He sits enthron'd:
Let Earth's Foundations shake.
2 On Sion's Hill He keeps his Court,
his Palace makes her Tow'rs;
Yet thence his Sov'reignty extends,
supreme o'er earthly Pow'r's,
3 Let therefore All with Praise address,
his great and dreadful Name;
And with his irresistible Might,
his Holiness proclaim.
4 For Truth and Justice in his Reign,
of Strength and Pow'r take Place;
His Judgments, are with Righteousness
dispens'd, to Jacob's Race.
5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
before his Footstool fall;

And with his irresistible Might,
his Holiness extol.
6 Moses and Aaron thus of old,
among his Priests ador'd;
Amongst his Prophets, Samuel thus,
his sacred Name implor'd.
7 Distress, upon the Lord they call'd,
who ne'er their Suit deny'd;
But, as with Rev'rence they implor'd,
He graciously reply'd.
8 For, with their Camp, to guide their March,
the cloudy Pillar mov'd;
They kept his Laws, and to his Will,
obedient Servants prov'd.
9 He answer'd them, forgiving oft
his People, for their Sake,
And those, who rashly them oppos'd,
did sad Examples make.
10 With Worship at his sacred Courts,
exalt our God and Lord;
For He, who only Holy is,
alone, shall be ador'd.



P S A L M C.

1 **W**ith one Consent let all the Earth,
P 2 To

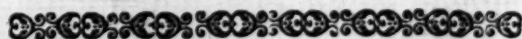
To God their chearful Voices raise,
 Glad Homage pay with awful Mirth,
 And sing before him Songs of Praise.
 2 Convinc'd that He is God alone,
 From Whom, both we and all proceed;
 We, whom He chuses for his own,
 The Flock, that He vouchsafes to feed.
 3 O, enter then his Temple Gate,
 Thence to his Courts devoutly press,
 And still your grateful Hymns repeat,
 And still his Name with Praises blest.
 4 For He's the Lord supremely good,
 His Mercy is for ever sure;
 His Truth, which always firmly stood,
 To endless Ages shall endure.



P S A L M C I. [Tune Pf. 32.]

1 **O**F Mercy's never failing Spring,
 And stedfast Judgment, I will sing;
 And since they both to Thee belong,
 To Thee, O Lord, address my Song.
 2 When, Lord, Thou shalt with me reside,
 Wise Discipline my Reign shall guide;
 With blameless Life, my self I'll make
 A Pattern, for my Court to take.

3 No ill Design will I pursue,
 Nor those my Fav'rites make, that do,
 Who, to Reproof bear no Regard,
 Him will I totally discard.
 4 The private Slanderer shall be,
 In publick Justice doom'd by me:
 From haughty Looks I'll turn aside,
 And mortifie the Heart of Pride;
 5 But Honesty, call'd from her Cell,
 In splendour at my Courts shall dwell:
 Who Vertue's Practice make their Care,
 shall have the first Preferments there.
 6 No Politicks shall recommend
 His Countrey's Foe, to be my Friend:
 None e'er shall to my Favour rise,
 By flattery, or malicious Lyes.
 7 All those who wicked Courses take,
 An early Sacrifice I'll make,
 Cut off, destroy, till none remain,
 God's holy City to profane.



P S A L M C I I. [Tune Pf. 59.]

1 **W**hen I pour out my Soul in Pray'r,
 do Thou, O Lord, attend;
 To thy eternal Throne of Grace,

let my sad Cry ascend.
 O! hide not Thou thy glorious Face,
 in Time of deep Distress,
 Incline thine Ear; and when I call,
 my Sorrows soon redress.
 2 Each cloudy Portion of my Life,
 like scatter'd Smoke expires;
 My shrivel'd Bones are like a Hearth,
 parch'd with continual Fires.
 My Heart, like Grass that feels the Blast,
 of some infectious Wind,
 Does languish so with Grief, that scarce
 my needful Food I mind.
 3 By Reason of my sad Estate,
 I spend my Breath in Groans:
 My Flesh, is worn away, my Skin
 scarce hides, my starting Bones.
 I'm like a Pelican become,
 that does in Desarts mourn:
 Or like an Owl that sits all Day,
 in hollow Trees forlorn.
 4 In Watching, or in restless Dreams,
 the Night by me is spent;
 As by those solitary Birds,
 that lonesome Roofs frequent.
 All Day, by railing Foes I'm made,

the Subject of their Scorn;
 Who, all possess with furious Rage,
 have my Destruction sworn.

PART II

5 When grov'ling on the Ground I lie,
 oppress'd with Grief and Fears,
 My Bread is strew'd with Ashes o'er,
 my drink is mixt with Tears.
 Because on me with double Weight,
 thy heavy Wrath does lie;
 For Thou to make my Fall more great,
 didst lift me up on high.
 6 My Days just hast'ning to their End,
 are like an ev'ning Shade;
 My Beauty does, like wither'd Grass,
 with waning Lustre fade.
 But thy eternal State, O Lord,
 no Length of Time shall waste;
 The Mem'ry of thy won'drous Works;
 from Age to Age shall last,
 7 Thou shalt arise and Sion view,
 with an unclouded Face;
 For now her Time is come, thy own
 appointed Day, of Grace.
 Her scatter'd Ruins, by thy Saints
 with Pity are survey'd;

They grieve to see her lofty Spires,
 in Dust and Rubbish laid.
 The Name, and Glory of the Lord,
 all Heathen Kings shall fear;
 When He, shall *Sion* build again,
 and, in full State appear.
 When He, regards the Poor's Request,
 nor slight their earnest Pray'r,
 Our Sons for this recorded Grace,
 shall his just Praise declare.

PART III.

9 For God from his abode on high,
 his gracious Beams display'd;
 The Lord from Heav'n, his lofty Throne,
 has all the Earth survey'd.
 He, list'ned to the Captives Moans,
 He, heard their mournful Cry;
 And freed, by his resistless Pow'r,
 the Wretches, doom'd to die.
 10 That they in *Sion*, where He dwells,
 might celebrate his Fame,
 And thro' the holy City, sing
 loud Praises, to his Name.
 When all the Tribes, assembling there,
 their solemn Vows address,
 And neighb'ring Lands, with glad Consent,

the Lord their God confess.
 11 But e'er my Race is run, my Strength
 through his fierce Wrath decays;
 He has, when all my Withes bloom'd,
 cut short my hopeful Days.
 Lord, end not Thou my Life, said I,
 when half is scarcely past;
 Thy Years, from worldly Changes free,
 to endless Ages last.
 12 The strong Foundations of the Earth,
 of old by Thee were laid;
 Thy Hands, the beauteous Arch of Heav'n,
 with wond'rous Skill, have made,
 Whilst Thou for ever shalt endure,
 they soon shall pass away;
 And, like a Garment often worn,
 shall tarnish and decay.
 13 Like that, when Thou ordain'st their Change,
 to thy Command they bend;
 But, Thou continu'st still the same;
 nor have thy Years an End.
 Thou to the Children of thy Saints,
 shalt lasting Quiet give;
 Whose happy Race, securely fixt,
 shall in thy Presence live.

P S A L M CIII. [Tune P/. 36.]

MY Soul, inspir'd with sacred Love,
 God's holy Name for ever bleſs;
 Of all his Favours mindful prove,
 And ſtill thy grateful Thanks expreſs.
 'Tis He, that all thy Sins forgives,
 And after Sickneſs makes thee ſound;
 From Danger, He, thy Life retrieves,
 By Him, with Grace and Mercy crown'd.
 He, with good Things my Mouth ſupplies,
 My Vigour, Eagle-like renews;
 He, when the guiltleſs Sufferer cries,
 His Foe, with juſt Revenge, purſues.
 God, made of old his righteous Ways,
 To *Moses* and our Fathers known:
 His Works, to his Eternal praiſe,
 Were to the Sons of *Jacob* ſhown.
 The Lord, abounds with tender Love,
 And unexampled Acts of Grace,
 His waken'd Wrath, does ſlowly move,
 His willing Mercy, flows apace.
 God, will not always harſhly chide,
 But, with his Anger quickly part;
 And, loves his Punishments to guide,

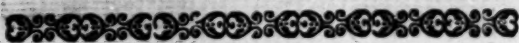
More by his Love, than our Deſert.
 As high, as Heav'n its Arch extends,
 Above this little Spot of Clay;
 So much, his boundleſs Love tranſcends,
 The ſmall Reſpects that we can pay.
 As far, as 'tis from Eaſt to Weſt,
 So far, has He our Sins remov'd;
 Who, with a Father's tender Breſt
 Has ſuch as fear Him, always lov'd.

PART II.

For God, who all our Frame ſurveyes,
 Conſiders that we are but Clay;
 How freſh ſo'er we ſeem, our Days
 Like Graſs or Flow'rs, muſt fade away.
 Whilſt they are nipt with ſudden Blaſt,
 Nor can we find their former Place;
 God's faithful Mercy, ever laſts,
 To thoſe that fear Him, and their Race.
 This ſhall attend on ſuch, as ſtill
 Proceed, in his appointed Way;
 And who, not only, know his Will,
 But to it, juſt Obedience pay.
 The Lord, the univerſal King,
 In Heav'n, has fixt his lofty Throne;
 To Him, ye Angels, Praiſes ſing,
 In whoſe great Strength his Pow'r is ſhown.

13 Ye,

13 Ye, that his just Commands obey,
 And hear, and do, his sacred Will;
 Ye Hosts of his, this Tribute pay,
 Who still, what He ordains fulfil.
 14 Let ev'ry Creature, jointly bless
 The Mighty Lord: and thou, my Heart,
 With grateful Joy thy Thanks exprefs;
 And in this Comfort bear my Part.



P S A L M CIV.

1 Bless God, my Soul; Thou, Lord, alone
 Possessest Empire, without Bounds,
 With Honour Thou art crown'd, thy Throne
 Eternal Majesty, furrounds.
 With Light, Thou dost thy self enrobe,
 And Glory, for a Garment take,
 Heav'n's Curtains, stretch beyond the Globe,
 Thy Canopy of State to make.
 2 God, builds on liquid Air, and forms
 His Palace-Chambers in the Skies;
 The Clouds his Chariots are, and Storms
 The swift-wing'd Steeds, with which He flies.
 As bright as Flame, and swift as Wind,
 His Ministers Heav'n's Palace fill,
 To have their sundry Tasks assign'd;

All proud to serve their Sov'reigns Will.
 3 Earth, on her Center fixt, He set,
 Her Face with Waters over-spread;
 Nor proudest Mountains dar'd, as yet,
 To lift above the Waves their Head.
 But, when thy awful Face appear'd,
 Th' insulting Waves dispers'd, they fled,
 When once thy Thunder's Voice they heard,
 And by their Haste confess'd their Dread.
 4 Thence up by secret Tracts they creep,
 And, gushing from the Mountains Side,
 Thro' Valleys travel to the Deep,
 Appointed to receive their Tide.
 There, hast Thou fixt the Ocean's Bounds,
 The threatening Surges to repel;
 That they no more o'er-pass their Mounds,
 Nor to a second Deluge swell.

P A R T II.

5 Yet thence in smaller Parties drawn,
 The Sea recovers her lost Hills,
 And starting Springs from ev'ry Lawn,
 Surprize the Vales with plenteous Rills.
 The Field's tame Beasts are thither led,
 Weary with Labour, faint with Drought,
 And Asses wild on Mountains bred,
 Have Sense to find these Currents out.

6 Their

6 Their shady Trees, from scorching Beams,
Yield Shelter to the feather'd Throng;
They drink, and to the Bounteous Streams
Return, the Tribute of their Song.
His Rains from Heav'n, parcht Hills recruit,
That soon transmit the liquid Store;
Till Earth is burthen'd with her Fruit,
And Nature's Lap can hold no more.
7 Grass for our Cattle to devour,
He Makes the Growth of ev'ry Field;
Herbs, for Man's Use of various Pow'r,
That either Food or Physick yield.
With cluster'd Grapes He crowns the Vine,
To cheer Man's Heart oppress'd with Cares,
Gives Oyl, that makes his Face to shine;
And Corn, that wasted Strength repairs.

PART III.

8 The Trees of God, without the Care,
Or Art of Man, with Sap are fed;
The Mountain Cedar looks as fair
As those, in royal Gardens bred.
Safe, in the lofty Cedar's Arms,
The Wand'ers of the Air may rest:
The hospitable Pine, from Harms
Protects the Stork, her pious Guest.

9 Wild Goats the craggy Rock ascend,
It's tow'ring Heights their Fortrefs make,
Whose Cells in Labyrinths extend,
Where feebl' Creatures refuge take.
The Moon's inconstant Aspect, shows
Th' appointed Seasons of the Year;
Th' instructed Sun, his Duty knows,
His Hours to rise, and disappear.
10 Darkness He makes the Earth to shroud,
When Forest-Beasts securely stray;
Young Lyons roar their Wants aloud
To Providence, that sends them Prey.
They range all Night, on Slaughter bent,
Till summon'd by the rising Morn,
To skulk in Dens, with one Consent,
The conscious Ravagers return.
11 Forth to the Tillage of his Soil,
The Husbandman securely goes,
Commencing with the Sun his Toil;
With him returns to his Repose.
How various, Lord, Thy Works are found!
For which thy Wisdom we adore,
The Earth is With thy Treasure crown'd,
Till Nature's Hand can grasp no more.

PART IV.

12 But still, the vast unfathom'd Main,
Of Wonders, a new Scene Supplies,
Whose Depths, Inhabitants contain
Of ev'ry Form, and ev'ry Size.
Full-freighted ships from ev'ry Port,
There cut their unmolested Way;
Leviathan, whom there to sport
Thou mad'st, has compass there to play.
13 These various Troops of Sea and Land,
In Sense of common Want agree;
All wait on thy dispensing Hand,
And have their daily Alms from Thee.
They gather what thy Stores disperse,
Without their Trouble to provide:
Thou op'st thy Hand, the Universe,
The craving World, is all supply'd.
14 Thou, for a Moment hid'st thy Face,
The num'rous Ranks of Creatures mourn;
Thou, tak'st their Breath, all Nature's Race
Forthwith to Mother Earth, return.
Again Thou send'st thy Spirit forth,
T' inspire the Mass with vital Seed;
Nature's restor'd, and Parent Earth
Smiles, on her new-created Breed.

15 Thus, through successive Ages stands,
Firm fixt, thy Providential Care;
Pleas'd with the Work of thy own Hands,
Thou, dost the Wastes of Time repair.
One Look of thine, one wrathful Look,
Earth's panting Breast with Terror fills;
One Touch from Thee, with Clouds of Smoak,
In Darkness shrouds the Proudest Hills.
16 In praising God, while He prolongs
My Breath, I will that Breath employ;
And join Devotion to my Songs,
Sincere, as is in Him my Joy.
While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,
My Soul, praise thou his holy Name.
Till, with my Song, the list'ning World
Join consort, and his Praise proclaim.



P S A L M CV. [Tune Ps. 8.]

1 **O** Render Thanks, and bless the Lord,
invoke his sacred Name,
Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,
his Matchless Deeds, proclaim.
2 Sing to his Praise, in lofty Hymns,
his wondrous Works rehearse;
Make them the Theme of your Discourse,
and

and Subject of your Verse.
 3 Rejoyce in his Almighty Name,
 alone to be ador'd;
 And let their Hearts o'erflow with Joy,
 that humbly seek the Lord.
 4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving Strength
 devoutly still implore;
 And where He's ever present, seek
 his Face, for evermore.
 5 The Wonders that his Hands have wrought,
 keep thankfully in Mind;
 The righteous Statutes of his Mouth,
 and Laws to us assign'd.
 6 Know ye his Servant *Abra'm's* Seed,
 and *Jacob's* chosen Race,
 He's still our God, his Judgments still
 throughout the Earth, take Place.

P A R T II.

7 His Cov'nant He hath kept in Mind,
 for num'rous Ages past,
 Which, yet for thousand Ages more,
 in equal Force shall last.
 8 First, sign'd to *Abra'm*, next, by Oath
 to *Isaac*, made secure;
 To *Jacob* and his Heirs, a Law
 for ever to endure.

9 That *Can'an's* Land should be their Lot,
 when yet but few they were;
 But few in Number, and those few,
 all friendless Strangers there.
 10 In Pilgrimage from Realm to Realm,
 securely they remov'd;
 Whilst proudest Monarchs for their Sakes,
 severely He reprov'd;
 11 These mine anointed are, said He,
 let none my Servants wrong,
 Nor treat the poorest Prophet ill,
 that does to Me belong.
 12 A Dearth at last, by his Command,
 did thro' the Land prevail;
 Till Corn, the chief Support of Life,
 Sustaining Corn, did fail.
 13 But his indulgent Providence,
 had pious *Joseph* sent,
 Sold into *Egypt*, but, their Death
 who sold him, to prevent.
 14 His Feet with heavy Chains were crush'd,
 with Calumny his Fame;
 Till God's appointed Time and Word,
 to his Deliv'rance came.
 15 The King his sov'reign Orders sent,
 and rescu'd him with speed;

Whom private Malice had confin'd,
the People's Ruler freed.
16 His Court, Revenues, Realm, were all
subjected, to his Will;
His greatest Princes to controul,
and teach his Statesmen Skill.

PART III.

17 To *Egypt* then, invited Guests,
half-famish'd *Isr'el* came;
And *Jacob* held, by Royal Grant,
the fertile Soil of *Ham*.
18 Th' Almighty there, with such Increase
his People multiply'd.
Till, with their proud Oppressors, they
in Strength and Number, vy'd,
19 Their vast Increase, th' *Egyptians* Hearts
with jealous Anger fir'd,
Till, they his Servants to destroy
by treach'rous Arts, conspir'd.
20 His Servant *Moses* then He sent,
his chosen *Aaron* too;
Empower'd with Signs and Miracles,
to prove their Mission true.
21 He call'd for Darkness, Darkness came,
Nature his Summons knew;
Each Stream and Lake, transform'd to Blood,

the wond'ring Fishes flew.
22 In putrid Floods throughout the Land,
the Pest of Frogs was bred;
From noisom Fens sent up, to croak
at *Phar'ob's* Board and Bed.
23 He gave the Sign, and Swarms of Flies
came down, in cloudy Hosts;
Whilst Earth's enliv'ned Dust below
bred Lice, thro' all their Coasts.
24 He sent them batt'ring Hail for Rain,
and Fire for cooling Dew:
He smote their Vines, and Forrest Plants,
and Garden's pride o'erthrew.
25 He spake the Word, and Locusts came,
with Caterpillars joyn'd:
They prey'd upon the Poor Remains,
the Storm had left behind.
26 From Trees, to Herbage they descend,
no verdant thing they spare;
But, like the naked Fallow-Field,
leave all the Pastures bare.
27 From Fields, to Villages and Towns,
commission'd Vengeance flew;
One fatal Stroke, their eldest Hopes
and Strength of *Egypt*, flew.

PART IV.

28 He brought his Servants forth, enrich'd
with Egypt's borrow'd Wealth;
And, what transcends all Treasures else,
enrich'd, with vig'rous Health.
29 Egypt rejoyc'd, in Hopes to find
her Plagues with them remov'd;
Taught dearly now to fear worse Ills,
by those already prov'd.
30 Their shrouding Canopy by Day,
a journ'ing Cloud was spread;
A fiery Pillar all the Night,
their Desert-Marches led.
31 They long'd for Flesh; with Ev'ning Quails
He furnish'd ev'ry Tent;
From Heav'n's own Granary, each Morn,
the Bread of Angels sent.
32 He smote the Rock, whose flinty Breast
pour'd forth a gulthing Tide,
Whose following Stream, where'er they march'd
the Desert's Drought supply'd,
33 For still He did on *Abr'am's* Faith,
and ancient League reflect;
He brought his People forth with Joy,
with Triumph, his Elect:

34 Quite rooting out their Heathen Foes,
from *Can'an's* fertile Soil,
To them, in cheap Possession gave
the Fruit, of other's Toil;
35 That they his Statutes might observe,
his sacred Laws obey.
For Benefits so vast, let us
our Songs of Praise repay.



P S A L M CVI. [Tune Pf. 40.]

1 **O** Render thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal Love;
Whose Mercy, firm thro' Ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
2 Who can his mighty Deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What Mortal Eloquence can raise
His Tribute, of immortal Praise?
3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy Judgments never stray;
Who know what's right, nor only so,
But always practise what thy know.
4 Extend to me that Favour, Lord,
Thou to thy Chosen dost afford;
When Thou return'st to set them free,

Let thy Salvation visit me.
 5 O! may I Worthy prove to see
 Thy Saints in full Prosperity!
 That I the joyful Choir may joyn,
 And count thy People's Triumph mine.
 6 But ah! can we expect such Grace,
 Of Parents vile, the viler Race;
 Who their Misdeeds have acted o'er,
 And with new Crimes increas'd the Score.

PART II.

7 Ungrateful, they no longer thought
 On all his Works, in *Egypt* wrought;
 The Red-Sea they no sooner view'd,
 But they their base Distrust renew'd.
 8 Yet He, to vindicate his Name,
 Once more, to their Deliv'rance came;
 To make his Sov'reign Pow'r be known,
 That He is God, and He alone.
 9 To right and left at his Command,
 The parting Deep disclos'd her Sand;
 Where firm and dry the Passage lay,
 As thro' some parch't and desert Way.
 10 Thus rescu'd from their Foes they were,
 Who closely press'd upon their Rear;
 Whose Rage pursu'd them to those Waves,

That prov'd the rash Pursuers Graves.
 11 The watry Mountains sudden Fall,
 Overwhelms proud *Phar'oh*, Host and all:
 This Proof, did stupid *Is'el* move
 To own God's Truth, and praise his Love.
 12 But soon these Wonders they forgot,
 And for his Counsel waited not:
 But lusting in the Wilderness,
 Did Him with fresh Temptations press.

PART III.

13 Strong Food at their Request He sent,
 But made their Sin their Punishment.
 Yet still his Saints they did oppose,
 The Priest and Prophet, whom He chose.
 14 But Earth, the Quarrel to decide,
 Her Vengeful Jaws extending wide,
 Rash *Dathan* to her Centre drew,
 With proud *Abiram's* factious Crew.
 15 The rest of those, who did conspire,
 To kindle wild Sedition's Fire,
 With all their impious Train, became
 A Prey, to Heav'n's devouring Flame.
 16 Near *Horeb's* Mount, a Calf they made,
 And to the molten Image pray'd;
 Adoring what their Hands did frame,
 They

They chang'd their Glory to their Shame.
 17 Their God and Saviour they forgot,
 And all his Works in *Egypt* wrought;
 His Signs in *Ham's* astonish'd Coast,
 And where proud *Phar'oh's* Troops were lost.
 18 Thus urg'd, his vengeful Hand He rear'd,
 But *Moses* in the Breach appear'd;
 The Saint did for the Rebels pray,
 And turn'd Heav'n's kindled Wrath away.
 19 Yet they his pleasant Land despis'd;
 Nor his repeated Promise priz'd;
 Nor did th' Almighty's Voice obey;
 But when God said, Go up, would stay.
 20 This seal'd their Doom, without Redress,
 To perish in the Wilderness;
 Or else to be by Heathen hands
 O'erthrown, and scatter'd thro' the Lands.

PART IV.

21 Yet, unreclaim'd, this stubborn Race,
Baalpeor's Worship did embrace;
 Became his impious Guests, and fed
 On Sacrifices, to the Dead.
 22 Thus they persisted, to provoke
 God's Vengeance, to the final Stroke.
 'Tis come:--the deadly Pest is come,
 To execute their gen'ral Doom.

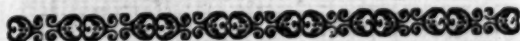
23 But *Phine'as*, fir'd with holy Rage,
 (th' Almighty's Vengeance to alluage)
 Did, by two bold Offenders Fall,
 Th' Atonement make, that ransom'd All.
 24 As him, a Heav'nly Zeal had mov'd,
 So, Heav'n the zealous Act approv'd;
 To him confirming, and his Race,
 The Priesthood, he so well did grace.
 25 At *Meribab*, God's Wrath they mov'd;
 Who, *Moses* for their sakes reprov'd;
 Whose patient Soul they did provoke,
 Till, rashly the meek Prophet spoke.
 26 Nor when possess'd of *Can'an's* Land,
 Did they perform their Lord's Command;
 Nor his commission'd Sword employ,
 The guilty Nations to destroy.
 27 Nor only spar'd the Pagan Crew,
 But mingling, learnt their vices too;
 And Worship to those Idols paid,
 Which, them to fatal Snares betray'd.
 28 To Devils, they did sacrifice
 Their Children, with relentless Eyes,
 Approach'd their Altars, thro' a Flood,
 Of their own Sons and Daughters Blood.
 29 No cheaper Victims, wou'd appease
Can'an's remorseless Deities;

No Blood, her Idols reconcile,
But that, which did the Land defile,

PART V.

30 Nor did these savage Cruelties
The harden'd Reprobates suffice;
For, after their Heart's Lust they went,
And daily did new Crimes invent.
31 But Sins of such infernal Hue,
Gods Wrath against his People drew;
Till He, their once indulgent Lord,
His own Inheritance abhorr'd.
32 He, them defenseless did expose
To their insulting Heathen Foes;
And made them on the Triumphs wait,
Of those, who bore them greatest Hate.
33 Nor thus his Indignation ceas'd;
Their Lift of Tyrants He increas'd;
Till they who God's mild Sway declin'd,
Were made the Vassals of Mankind.
34 Yet, when distress, they did repent;
His Anger did as oft relent;
But freed, they did his Wrath provoke,
Renew'd their Sins, and He their Yoke.
35 Nor yet implacable He prov'd,
Nor heard their wretched Cries unmov'd;

But did to Mind his Promise bring,
And Mercy's inexhausted Spring.
36 Compassion too He did impart,
Ev'n to their Foe's obdurate Heart,
And Pity, for their Sufferings bred
In those, who them to Bondage led.
37 Still save us, Lord, and *Israel's* Bands
Together bring, from Heathen Lands;
So to thy Name our Thanks we'll raise,
And ever triumph in thy Praise.
38 Let *Israel's* God be ever blest,
His Name eternally confest;
Let all his Saints with full Accord,
Sing loud *Amens.* — Praise ye the Lord.
39 Praise ye the Lord, Sing loud,
Sing loud, Praise ye the Lord,
A - - - men.
A - - - men.
Sing loud,
Praise ye the Lord, Sing loud,
A - - - men
A - - - men.



P S A L M CVII. [Tune Pf. 47. 97.]

T O God, your grateful Voices raise,
Who

Who does your daily Patron prove,
And, let your never ceasing Praise
Attend, on his eternal Love.
2 Let those give Thanks, whom He from Bands
of Proud oppressing Foes, releas'd;
And brought them back from distant Lands,
From North, and South, and West, and East,
3 Thro' lonely desert Ways they went,
Nor could a peopled City find;
Till quite with Thirst and Hunger spent,
Their fainting Soul within them pin'd.
4 Then soon, to God's indulgent Ear,
Did they their mournful Cry address;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep Distress.
5 From crooked Paths He led them forth,
And in the certain Way did guide,
To wealthy Towns of great Resort,
Where all their Wants were full supply'd.
6 O! then that all the Earth with me,
Would God, for this his Goodness praise,
And, for the mighty Works which He,
Throughout the wond'ring World displays,
7 For He, from Heav'n, the sad Estate
Of longing Souls, with Pity views;
To hungry Souls that pant for Meat,

His Goodness, daily Food renews.

PART II.

8 Some lie, with Darkness compass'd round,
In Death's uncomfortable Shade;
And with unweildy Fetters bound,
By pressing Cares more heavy made.
9 Because God's Counsel they defy'd,
And lightly priz'd his holy Word,
With these Afflictions they were try'd;
They fell, and none could Help afford.
10 Then soon, to God's indulgent Ear,
Did they their mournful Cry address;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep Distress;
11 From dismal Dungeons dark as Night,
And Shades as black as Death's Abode,
He brought them forth to chearful Light,
And welcome Liberty bestow'd.
12 O! then that all the Earth with me,
Would God for this his Goodness praise;
And for the mighty Works, which He
Throughout the wond'ring World, displays.
13 For He, with his Almighty Hand,
The Gates of Brass in Pieces broke;
Nor could the massy Bars withstand,
Or temper'd Steel, resist his Stroke.

R

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PART III.

14 Remorseless Wretches, void of Sense,
 With bold Transgressions God despise;
 And for their multiply'd Offence,
 Opprest with sore Diseases lie:
 15 Their Soul a Prey to Pain and Fear,
 Abhors to taste the choicest Meat;
 And they, by faint Degrees, draw near
 To Death's inhospitable Gate.
 16 Then strait, to God's indulgent Ear,
 Do they their mournful Cry address;
 Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
 And frees them from their deep Distress.
 17 He, all their sad Distempers heals,
 His Word, both Health and Safety gives;
 And when all human Succour fails,
 From near Destruction them retrieves.
 18 O! then that all the Earth, with me,
 Would God for this his Goodness praise!
 And for the mighty Works, which He
 Throughout the wond'ring World, displays.
 19 With Off'rings let his Altar flame,
 Whilst they their grateful Thanks express,
 And with loud Joy his holy Name,
 For all his Acts of Wonder bless.

PART IV.

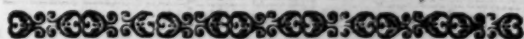
20 They that in Ships, with Courage bold,
 O'er swelling Waves their Trade pursue,
 Do God's amazing Works behold,
 And in the Deeps his Wonders view.
 21 No sooner his Command is past,
 But forth a dreadful Tempest flies;
 Which sweeps the Sea with rapid Halts;
 And makes the stormy Billows rise:
 22 Sometimes the Ships, to's'd up to Heav'n,
 On Tops of mounting Waves appear;
 Then, down the steep Abyss are driv'n,
 Whilst ev'ry Soul dissolves with Fear.
 23 They reel and stagger to and fro,
 Like Men with Fumes of Wine opprest,
 Nor do the skillful Seamen know,
 Which Way to steer, what Course is best.
 24 Then strait, to God's indulgent Ear,
 They do their mournful Cry address;
 Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
 And frees them from their deep Distress.
 25 He does the raging Storm appease,
 And makes the Billows calm and still;
 With Joy they see their Fury cease;
 And their intended Course fulfil.

26 O! then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodness praise!
And for the mighty works, which He
Throughout the wond'ring World, displays,
27 Let them, where all the Tribes resort,
Advance to Heav'n his glorious Name,
And in the Elders Soy'reign Court,
With one Consent, his Praise proclaim.

PART V.

28 A fruitful Land, where Streams abound,
God's just Revenge, if People sin,
Will turn to dry and barren Ground,
To punish those that dwell therein.
29 The parcht and desert Heath, He makes
To flow with Streams, and springing Wells;
Which, for his Lot the Hungry takes,
And in strong Cities safely dwells.
30 He sows the Field, the Vineyard plants,
Which gratefully his Toil repay;
Nor can, whilst God his Blessing grants,
His fruitful Seed or Stock decay.
31 But when his Sins Heav'ns Wrath provoke,
His Health and Substance fade away;
He feels th' Oppressor's gauling Yoke,
And is of Grief the wretched Prey.
32 The Prince, who flights what God commands,

Expos'd to Scorn, must quit his Throne;
And over wild and desert Lands,
Where no Path offers, stray alone.
33 Whilst God, from all afflicting Cares,
Sets up the humble Man on high;
And makes, in time his num'rous Heirs,
With his increasing Flocks to vie.
34 Then, Sinners shall have nought to say,
The Just a decent Joy shall show;
The Wise, these strange Events shall weigh,
And thence God's Goodness fully know.



P S A L M CVIII. [Tune Ps. 16.]

1 O God, my Heart is fully bent,
to magnifie thy Name;
My Tongue, with chearful Songs of Praise,
shall celebrate thy Fame.
2 Awake my Lute; nor thou, my Harp,
thy warbling Notes delay;
Whilst I with early Hymns of Joy,
prevent the dawning Day.
3 To all the list'ning Tribes, O Lord;
thy Wonders I will tell,
And to those Nations sing thy Praise,
that round about us dwell:

4 Because thy Mercy's boundless Height,
the highest Heav'n transcend's;
And far beyond th' aspiring Clouds;
thy faithful Truth extends.
5 Be Thou, O God, exalted high,
above the starry Frame;
And let the World, with one Consent;
confess thy glorious Name.
6 That all thy chosen People Thee,
their Saviour may declare;
Let thy Right-Hand protect me still;
and answer Thou my Pray'r.

P A R T II.

7 Since God himself hath said the Word,
whose Promise cannot fail;
With Joy, I *Shechem* shall divide,
and measure *Succoth's* Vale;
8 *Gilead* is mine, *Manasseh* too,
and *Ephraim* owns my Cause;
Their Strength, my regal Pow'r supports,
And *Judab* gives my Laws,
9 *Moab*, I'll make my servile Drudge,
on vanquish'd *Edom* tread;
And through the proud *Philistine* Lands,
my conqu'ring Banners spread.
10 By whose Support and Aid, shall I

their well-fenc'd City gain?
Who will my Troops securely lead,
thro' *Edom's* guarded Plain?
11 Lord, wilt not Thou assist our Arms,
which late Thou did'st forsake?
And wilt not Thou, of these our Hosts,
once more the Guidance take?
12 O! to thy Servant in Distress,
thy speedy Succour send:
For vain it is on human Aid,
for Safety to depend.
13 Then, valiant Acts shall we perform,
if Thou thy Pow'r disclose;
For God it is, and God alone,
that treads down all our Foes.



P S A L M CIX.

1 O God, whose former Mercies make,
my constant Praise thy Due,
Hold not thy Peace, but my sad State,
with wonted Favour view.
For sinful Men, with lying Lips,
deceitful Speeches frame,
And with their studied Slanders seek
to wound my spotless Fame.

2 Their

2 Their restless Hatred prompts them still,
 malicious Lyes to spread;
 And all against my Life combine,
 by causeless Fury led.
 Those, whom with tend'rest Love I us'd,
 my chief Opposers are;
 Whilst I, of other Friends bereft,
 resort to Thee by Pray'r.
 3 Since Mischief, for the Good I did,
 their strange Reward does prove;
 And Hatred's the Return they make,
 for undissembled Love.
 Their guilty Leader shall be made;
 to some ill Man a Slave;
 And when he's try'd, his mortal Foe
 for his Accuser have.
 4 His Grief, when Sentence is pronounc'd,
 shall meet a dreadful Fate;
 Whilst his rejected Pray'r but serves,
 his Crimes to aggravate.
 He, snatch'd by some untimely Fate,
 sha'n't live out half his Days;
 Another, by divine Decree,
 shall on his Office seize.

PART II.

5 His Seed shall Orphans be, his Wife
 a Widow, plung'd in Grief;
 His vagrant Children beg their Bread,
 where none can give Relief.
 His ill-got Riches shall be made,
 to Usurers a Prey;
 The Fruit of all his Toil shall be
 by Strangers, born away.
 6 None shall be found, that to his Wants
 their Mercy will extend,
 Or, to his helpless Orphan-Seed,
 the least Assistance lend.
 A swift Destruction soon shall seize,
 on his unhappy Race;
 And the next Age his hated Name,
 shall utterly deface.
 7 The Vengeance of his Father's Sins,
 upon his Head shall fall;
 God on his Mother's Crimes shall think,
 and punish him for all.
 All these in horrid Order rank'd,
 before the Lord shall stand;
 Till his fierce Anger, quite cuts off
 their Mem'ry, from the Land.

PART III.

8 Because he never Mercy shew'd,
 but still the Poor oppress'd;
 And fought to slay the helpless Man,
 with heavy Woes distress'd.
 Therefore the Curse he lov'd to vent,
 shall his own Portion prove;
 And Blessing, which he still abhor'd,
 shall far from him remove.
 9 Since he in Cursing took such Pride,
 like Water it shall spread
 Thro' all his Veins, and stick like Oyl,
 with which his Bones are fed.
 This, like a poyson'd Robe, shall still
 his constant Cov'ring be,
 Or an envenom'd Blot, from which
 he never shall be free.
 10 Thus shall the Lord reward all those,
 that ill to me design;
 That with malicious false Reports,
 against my Life combine.
 But for thy glorious Name, O God,
 do Thou deliver me;
 And for thy glorious Mercy's sake,
 preserve and set me free.
 11 For I, to utmost Straits reduc'd,

am void of all Relief:
 My Heart is wounded with Distress,
 and quite pierc'd thro' with Grief.
 I, like an Ev'ning Shade decline,
 which vanishes apace;
 Like Locust, up and down I'm tos'd,
 and have no certain Place.

PART IV.

12 My Knees with Fasting are grown weak,
 my Body lank and lean;
 All that behold me shake their Heads,
 and treat me with Dildain.
 But for thy Mercy's sake, O Lord,
 do Thou my Foes withstand;
 That all may see 'tis thine own Act,
 the Work of thy Right-Hand.
 13 Then let them curse, so Thou but blest;
 let Shame, the Portion be
 Of all, that my Destruction seek,
 while I rejoyce in Thee.
 My Foe, shall with Disgrace be cloath'd,
 and, spite of all his Pride,
 His own Confusion, like a Cloak,
 the guilty Wretch shall hide.
 14 But I to God, in grateful Thanks,
 my chearful Voice will raise;

And

And where the great Assembly meets,
 set forth his noble Praise.
 For Him, the Poor shall always find,
 their sure and constant Friend;
 And He, shall from unrighteous Dooms,
 their guiltless Souls defend.



P S A L M CX. [Tune Pf. 46.]

1 THE Lord, unto my Lord thus spake,
 Till I thy Foes thy Footstool make,
 Sit, Thou in State, at my Right-Hand;
 Supreme in *Sion* Thou shalt be,
 And all thy proud Opposers see
 Subjected, to thy just Command.
 2 Thee, in thy Pow'r's triumphant Day;
 The willing Nations shall obey,
 And, when thy rising Beams they view,
 Shall all (redeem'd from Error's Night)
 Appear as numberless and bright,
 As crystal Drops, of Morning Dew.
 3 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain;
 That, like *Melchizedech's*, thy Reign
 And Priesthood, shall no Period know:
 No proud Competitor, to sit
 At thy Right-Hand, will He permit;
 But in his Wrath, crown'd Heads o'erthrow.

4 The sentenc'd Heathen, He shall slay,
 And fill with Carcasses his Way,
 Till He, hath struck Earth's Tyrants dead.
 But in the high-way Brooks shall first,
 Like a poor Pilgrim, slack his Thirst,
 And then in Triumph raise his Head.



P S A L M CXI. [Tune Pf. 65.]

1 Praise ye the Lord, our God to praise,
 My Soul her utmost Power raise,
 With private Friends, and in the Throng
 Of Saints; his Praise shall be my Song.
 2 His Works, for Greatness tho' renown'd,
 His wond'rous Works, With Ease are found
 By those, who seek for them aright,
 And in the pious Search delight.
 3 His Works are all of matchless Fame,
 And universal Glory claim;
 His Truth, confirm'd thro' Ages past,
 Shall to eternal Ages last.
 4 By Precepts He has us enjoyn'd,
 To keep his wondrous Works in Mind;
 And to Posterity record,
 That good and gracious is our Lord.
 5 His Bounty, like a flowing Tide,
 Has all his Servants Wants supply'd;

And

And He, will ever keep in Mind
 His Cov'nant, with our Fathers, sign'd.
 6 At once astonish'd and o'erjoy'd.
 They saw his matchless Pow'r employ'd;
 Whereby the Heathen were suppress'd,
 And we, their Heritage possess'd.
 7 Just, are the Dealings of his Hands,
 Immutable, are his Commands;
 By Truth and Equity sustain'd,
 And for eternal Rules ordain'd.
 8 He, set his Saints from Bondage free,
 And then establish'd his Decree,
 For ever to remain the same;
 Holy and Rev'rend is his Name.
 9 Who Wisdom's sacred Prize would win,
 Must with the Fear of God begin;
 Immortal Praise, and heav'nly Skill
 Have they, who know, and do his Will.



P S A L M CXII.

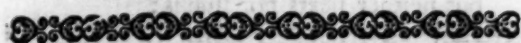
HALLELUJAH HALLELUJAH.

That Man is blest who stands in Awe
 Of God, and loves his sacred Law:
 His Seed on Earth shall be renown'd,
 And with successive Honours crown'd.

2 His House, the Seat of Wealth, shall be
 An inexhausted Treasury;
 His Justice, free from all Decay,
 Shall Blessings to his Heirs convey.
 3 The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
 Shine's brightest in Affliction's Night:
 To pity the Distrest inclin'd,
 As well as just to all Mankind.
 4 His lib'ral Favours he extends,
 To some he gives, to others lends:
 Yet what his Charity impairs,
 He saves by Prudence in Affairs.
 5 Beset with threatening Dangers round,
 Unmov'd, shall he maintain his Ground;
 The sweet Remembrance of the Just,
 Shall flourish, when he sleeps in Dust.
 6 Ill Tidings never can surprize
 His Heart, that still on God relies:
 On Safety's Rock he sits, and sees
 The Shipwrack, of his Enemies.
 7 His Hands, while they his Alms bestow'd,
 His Glory's future Harvest sow'd,
 Whence he shall reap Wealth, Fame, Renown,
 A temp'ral and eternal Crown.
 8 The Wicked shall his Triumph see,
 And gnash their Teeth in Agony;

While

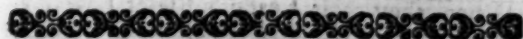
While their unrighteous Hopes decay,
And vanish with themselves away.



P S A L M CXIII.

YE Saints and Servants of the Lord,
the Triumphs of his Name record,
His sacred Name for ever blest.
Where e'er the circling Sun displays
His rising Beams, or setting Rays,
due Praise to his great Name address.
2 God, thro' the World extends his Sway;
The Regions of eternal Day,
but Shadows of his Glory are:
To Him, whose Majesty excels,
Who made the Heav'n in which He dwells
let no created Pow'r compare.
3 Tho' 'tis beneath his State, to view
In highest Heav'n, what Angels do,
yet He, to Earth vouchsafes his Care:
He, takes the Needy from his Cell,
Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion, to the Greatest there.
4 When childless Families despair,
He, sends the Blessing of an Heir,
to rescue their expiring Name;

Makes her, that barren was, to bear,
And joyfully her Fruit to rear,
O then extol his matchless Fame!



P S A L M CXIV.

When *Isr'el*, by th' Almighty led,
(Enrich'd with their Oppressors Spoil)
From *Egypt* march'd; and *Jacob's* Seed,
From Bondage in a foreign Soil.
Jeborab, for his Residence,
Chose out imperial *Judab's* Tent,
His Mansion Royal, and from thence,
Thro' *Isr'el's* Camp his Orders sent.
2 The distant Sea with Terror saw,
And from th' Almighty's Presence fled;
Old *Jordan's* Streams, surpriz'd with Awe
Retreated to their Fountain's Head.
The taller Mountains skipp'd, like Rams,
When Danger near the Fold they hear;
The Hills skipp'd after them, like Lambs
Affrighted, by their Leader's Fear.
3 O Sea, what made your Tide withdraw,
And naked leave your oozy Bed?
Why *Jordan*, against Nature's Law,
Recoil'd'st thou, to thy Fountain's Head?

S

Why

Why Mountains, did you skip like Rams,
 When Danger does approach the Fold?
 Why after you the Hills, like Lambs,
 When they their Leader's Flight behold?
 Earth tremble on; well may'st thou fear,
 Thy Lord and Master's Face to see;
 When Jacob's awful God draws near,
 'Tis time, for Earth and Seas to flee.
 To flee from God, who Nature's Law
 Confirms and cancels, at his Will;
 Who Springs, from flinty Rocks can draw,
 And thirsty Vales, with Water fill.



PSALM CXV. [Tune Ps. 35]

Lord, not to us, we claim no Share,
 but to thy sacred Name
 Give Glory, for thy Mercy's sake,
 and Truth's eternal Fame.
 Why should the Heathen cry, Where's now
 the God whom we adore?
 Convince them that in Heav'n Thou art,
 and uncontroll'd thy Pow'r.
 Their Gods but Gold and Silver are,
 the Works of mortal Hands:
 With speechless Mouth, and sightless Eyes,

the molten Idol stands.
 The Pageant has both Ears and Nose,
 but neither hears nor smells;
 Its Hands and Feet nor feel nor move,
 no Life within it dwells.
 Such senseless Stocks they are, that we
 can nothing like them find,
 But those, who on their Help rely,
 and them for Gods design'd.
 O *Isr'el*, make the Lord your Trust,
 Who is your Help and Shield;
 Priests, Levites, trust in Him alone,
 who only Help can yield.
 Let all, who truly fear the Lord,
 on Him they fear rely;
 Who them in Danger can defend,
 and all their Wants supply.
 Of us, He oft has mindful been,
 and *Isr'el's* House will bless;
 Priests, Levites, Profelytes, ev'n All,
 who his great Name confess.
 On you, and on your Heirs, He will
 increase of Blessings bring;
 Thrice happy you, who Fav'rites are
 of this Almighty King.
 Heav'n's highest Orb of Glory, He

his

his Empire's Seat design'd;
And gave this lower Globe of Earth,
a Portion to Mankind.
11 They who in Death and Silence sleep,
to Him no Praise afford:
But we will bless for evermore,
our ever living Lord.



PSALM CXVI.

1 **M**y Soul, with grateful Thoughts of Love,
intirely is posselt;
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear
the Voice, of my Request.
Since He has now his Ear inclin'd,
I never will despair;
But still in all the Straits of Life,
to Him, address my Pray'r.
2 With deadly Sorrows compass'd round,
with Pains of Hell oppress'd,
When Troubles seiz'd my aking Heart,
and Anguish rack'd my Breast,
On God's Almighty Name I call'd,
and thus to Him I pray'd;
Lord, I beseech Thee, save my Soul,
with Sorrows quite dismay'd.

3 How just and merciful is God!
how gracious is the Lord!
Who saves the harmless, and to me
does timely Help afford.
Then free from pensive Cares, my Soul,
resume thy wonted Rest;
For God has wond'rously to thee,
his boundless Love express'd.

PART II.

4 When Death alarm'd me, He remov'd
my Danger and my Fears;
My Feet from Falling He secur'd,
and dry'd my Eyes from Tears.
Therefore my Life's remaining Years,
which God to me shall lend,
Will I, in Praises to his Name,
And in his Service spend.
5 In God I trusted, and of Him
in greatest Straits did boast;
(For in my Flight, all Hopes of Aid
from faithless Man, were lost:)
Then what Return to Him shall I,
for all his Goodness make?
I'll praise his Name, and with glad Zeal,
the Cup of Blessing take.
O I'll pay my Vows amongst his Saints,
whose

whose Blood, (howe'er despis'd
By wicked Men,) in God's Account,
is always highly priz'd.
By various Ties, O Lord, must I
to thy Dominion bow,
Thy humble Handmaid's Son before,
thy ransom'd Captive now!
To Thee, I'll Offerings bring of Praise;
and whilst I bless thy Name,
The just Performance of my Vows,
to all thy Saints proclaim.
They, in *Jerusalem* shall meet,
and in thy House shall joyn,
To bless thy Name with one consent;
and mix their Songs with mine.



P S A L M CXVII [Time Pf. 21. 45.]

1 **W**ith chearful Notes let all the Earth,
to Heav'n their Voices raise;
Let all, inspir'd with godly Mirth,
sing solemn Hymns of Praise.
2 God's tender Mercy knows no bound,
his Truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing Nations round,
their grateful Tribute pay.

P S A L M CXVIII.

O Praise the Lord, for He is good,
his Mercies ne'er decay:
That his kind Favours ever last,
let thankful *Isr'el* say.
Their Sense of his eternal Love,
let *Aaron's* House express;
And that it never fails, let all
that fear the Lord, confess.
2 To God, I made my humble Moan,
with Troubles quite oppress;
And He releas'd me from my Straits,
and granted my Request.
Since therefore God does on my side,
so graciously appear;
Why should the vain Attempts of Men,
possess my Soul with Fear?
3 Since God, with those that aid my Cause,
vouchsafes my part to take;
To all my Foes, I need not doubt,
a just Return to make.
For better 'tis to trust in God,
and have the Lord our Friend,
Than on the greatest human Pow'r,

for

for Safety to depend.

PART II.

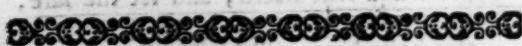
4 Tho' many Nations, closely leagu'd,
did oft beset me round;
Yet, by his boundless Pow'r sustain'd,
I did their Strength confound.
They swarm'd like Bees, and yet their Rage
was but a short-liv'd Blaze;
For whilst on God I still rely'd,
I vanquish'd them with Ease.
5 When all united, press'd me hard,
in Hopes to make me fall,
The Lord vouchsaf'd to take my part,
and sav'd me from them all.
The Honour of my strange Escape,
to Him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my Strength,
He only claims my Songs.
6 Joy fills the Dwelling of the Just,
whom God has sav'd from Harm;
For wond'rous Things are brought to pass,
by his Almighty Arm.
He, by his own resistless Pow'r,
has endless Honour won;
The saving Strength of his Right-Hand,

amazing Works has done.
7 God, will not suffer me to fall,
but still prolongs my Days;
That by declaring all his Works,
I may advance his Praise.
When God had sorely me chastiz'd,
till quite of Hopes bereav'd,
His Mercy, from the Gates of Death,
my fainting Life revived.

PART III.

8 Then open wide the Temple Gates,
to which the Just repair;
That I may enter in, and praise
my great Deliv'rer there.
Within those Gates of God's Abode,
to which the Righteous press;
Since Thou hast heard, and set me safe,
thy holy Name I'll bless.
9 That which the Builders once refus'd,
is now the Corner-stone;
This is the wond'rous Work of God,
the Work of God alone.
This Day is God's; let all the Land
exalt their chearful Voice:
Lord, we beseech Thee, save us now,
and

and make us still rejoyce.
 10 Him, that approaches in God's Name,
 let all th' Assembly blefs;
 We that belong to God's own House,
 have with'd you good Success.
 God is the Lord, thro' whom we all,
 both Light and Comfort find;
 Fast to the Altar's Horn with Cords,
 the chosen Victim bind.
 11 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
 I'll praise thy holy Name;
 Because Thou only art my God,
 I'll celebrate thy Fame.
 O! then with me, give Thanks to God,
 who still does gracious prove;
 And let the Tribute of our Praise
 be endless, as his Love.



P S A L M CXIX.

N. A L E P H. I.

1 **H**OW blest are they who always keep,
 the pure and perfect Way!
 Who never from the sacred Paths,
 of God's Commandments stray!
 How blest! who to his righteous Laws,

have still Obedient been!
 And have with fervent humble Zeal,
 his Favour sought to win!
 2 Such Men, their utmost Caution use,
 to shun each wicked Deed;
 But in the Path which He directs,
 with Constant Care proceed.
 Thou strictly hast enjoyn'd us, Lord,
 to learn thy sacred Will,
 And all our Diligence employ,
 thy Statutes to fulfil.
 3 O! then that thy most holy Will,
 might o'er my Ways preside!
 And I the Course of all my Life,
 by thy Direction guide!
 Then with Assurance should I walk,
 from all Confusion free;
 Convinc'd with Joy, that all my Ways
 with thy Commands agree.
 4 My upright Heart shall my glad Mouth,
 with chearful Praises fill;
 When by thy righteous Judgments taught,
 I shall have learnt thy Will.
 So to thy sacred Laws, shall I
 all due Observance pay;
 O! then forsake me not, my God,

Nor

Nor cast me quite away.

2. BETH. II.

5 How shall the Young preserve their Ways,
from all Pollution free?

By making still their Course of Life,
with thy Commands agree.

With hearty Zeal for Thee I seek,
to Thee for Succour pray;

O! suffer not my careless Steps,
from thy right Paths to stray.

6 Safe in my Heart, and closely hid,
thy Word, my Treasure, lies;

To succour me with timely Aid,
when sinful Thoughts arise.

Secur'd by that, my grateful Soul
shall ever bless thy Name:

O! teach me then, by thy just Laws,
my future Life to frame.

7 My Lips unlock'd by pious Zeal,
to others have declar'd,

How well the Judgments of thy Mouth,
deserve our best Regard.

Whilst in the Way of thy Commands,
more solid Joy I found,

Than had I been with vast Increase,

of envy'd Riches crown'd.

8 Therefore thy just and upright Laws,

shall always fill my Mind;

And those sound Rules, which Thou prescrib'st,

all due Respect shall find.

To keep thy Statutes undefac'd,

shall be my constant Joy;

The strict Remembrance of thy Word,

shall all my Thoughts employ.

1. GIMEL. III.

9 Be gracious to thy Servant, Lord,

do Thou my Life defend:

That I, according to thy Word,

my future Time may spend.

Enlighten both my Eyes and Mind,

that so I may discern

The wond'rous Things, which they behold,

who thy just Precepts learn.

10 Tho' like a Stranger in the Land,

from Place to Place I stray,

Thy righteous Judgments from my Sight,

remove not Thou away.

My fainting Soul is almost pin'd,

with earnest Longing spent;

Whilst always on the eager Search

of

of thy just Will, intent.
 11 Thy sharp Rebuke shall crush the Proud,
 whom still thy Curse pursues;
 Since they to walk in thy right Ways,
 presumptuously refuse.
 But far from me, do Thou, O Lord,
 Contempt and Shame remove;
 For I thy sacred Laws affect,
 with undissembled Love.
 12 Tho' Princes oft in Council met,
 against thy Servant spake;
 Yet I, thy Statutes to observe,
 my constant Bus'ness make.
 For thy Commands, have always been
 my Comfort and Delight;
 By them I learn, with prudent Care,
 to guide my Steps aright.

7. DALETH. IV.

13 My Soul, oppress'd with deadly Care,
 close to the Earth does cleave;
 Revive me, Lord, and let me now
 thy promis'd Aid receive.
 To Thee I still declar'd my Ways,
 who didst incline thine Ear:
 O! teach me then, my future Life,

by thy just Laws to steer,
 14 If Thou wilt make me know thy Laws,
 and by their Guidance walk,
 The wond'rous Works, which Thou hast done,
 shall be my constant Talk.
 But see, my Soul within me sinks!
 press'd down with weighty Care;
 Do Thou, according to thy Word,
 my wasted Strength repair.
 15 Far, far, from me be all false Ways,
 and lying Arts remov'd;
 But kindly grant, I still may keep
 the Path, by Thee approv'd.
 Thy faithful Ways; Thou God of Truth,
 my happy Choice I made;
 Thy Judgments, as my Rule of Life,
 before me always laid.
 16 My Care has been to make my Life,
 with thy Commands agree;
 O! then preserve thy Servant, Lord,
 from Shame and Ruin free.
 So, in the Way of thy Commands,
 shall I with Pleasure run,
 And with a Heart, enlarg'd with Joy,
 successfully go on.

H. H. V.

17 Instruct me in thy Statutes, Lord,
thy righteous Paths display;
And I from them, through all my Life,
will never go astray.
If Thou true Wisdom from above,
wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect Laws, I will
devote my zealous Heart.
18 Direct me in the sacred Ways;
to which thy Precepts lead;
Because my chief Delight has been,
thy righteous Paths to tread.
Do Thou to thy most just Commands,
incline my willing Heart;
Let no Desire of worldly Wealth,
from Thee, my Thoughts divert.
19 From those vain Objects turn my Eyes,
which this false World displays;
But give me lively Pow'r and Strength,
to keep thy righteous Ways.
Confirm the Promise which Thou mad'st
and give thy Servant Aid,
Who to transgress thy sacred Laws,
is awfully afraid.

20 The foul Disgrace I justly fear,
in Mercy, Lord, remove;
For all the Judgments Thou ordain'st,
are full of Grace and Love.
Thou know'st how, after thy Commands,
my longing Heart does pant;
O! then make Haste to raise me up,
and promis'd Succour grant.

V. A. U. VI.

21 Thy constant Blessing, Lord, bestow,
to cheer my drooping Heart;
To me, according to thy Word,
thy saving Health impart.
So shall I, when my Foes upbraid,
this ready Answer make;
In God I trust, who never will
his faithful Promise break.
22 Then let not quite the Word of Truth,
be from my Mouth remov'd;
Since still my Ground of steadfast Hope,
thy just Decrees have prov'd.
So I, to keep thy righteous Laws,
will all my Study bend;
From Age to Age, my Time to come,
in their Observance spend.

23 E'er long I trust to walk at large,
 from all Incumbrance free;
 Since I resolve to make my Life,
 with thy Commands agree.
 Thy Laws shall be my constant Talk,
 and Princes shall attend,
 Whilst I the Justice of thy Ways,
 with Confidence defend.
 24 My longing Heart and ravish'd Soul:
 shall both o'erflow with Joy;
 When in thy lov'd Commandments I,
 my happy Hours employ.
 Then will I to thy just Decrees,
 lift up my willing Hands;
 My Care and Bus'ness then shall be,
 to study thy Commands.

I. Z A I N. VII.

25 According to thy promis'd Grace,
 thy Favour, Lord, extend;
 Make good to me thy Word, on which
 thy Servant's Hopes depend.
 That only Comfort in Distress;
 did all my Griefs controul;
 Thy Word, when Troubles hemm'd me round,
 reviv'd my fainting Soul.

26 Insulting Foes did proudly mock,
 and all my Hopes deride;
 Yet from thy Law, not all their Scoffs
 could make me turn aside.
 Thy Judgments then, of ancient Date,
 I quickly call'd to Mind;
 Till, ravish'd with such Thoughts, my Soul
 did speedy Comfort find.
 27 Sometimes I stand amaz'd, like one
 with deadly Horror struck,
 To think how all my sinful Foes,
 have thy just Laws forlook.
 But I, thy Statutes and Decrees,
 my chearful Anthems made;
 Whilst thro' strange Lands and Desarts wild,
 I like a Pilgrim stray'd.
 28 Thy Name, that chear'd my Heart by Day,
 has fill'd my Thoughts by Night;
 I then resolv'd by thy just Laws,
 to guide my Steps aright.
 That Peace of Mind, which has my Soul
 in deep Distress sustain'd.
 By strict Obedience to thy Will,
 I happily obtain'd.

II. CHETH. VIII.

29 O Lord, my God, my Portion Thou
and sure Possession art:
Thy Words I stedfastly resolve,
to treasure in my Heart.
With all the Strength of warm Desires,
I did thy Grace implore;
Disclose, according to thy Word,
thy Mercy's boundless Store.
30 With due Reflection and strict Care,
on all my Ways I thought;
And so, reclaim'd to thy just Paths,
my wand'ring Steps I brought.
I lost no Time, but made great Haste,
resolv'd without Delay,
To watch, that I might never more,
from thy Commandments stray.
31 Tho' num'rous Troops of sinful Men
to rob me have combin'd;
Yet, I thy pure and righteous Laws,
have ever kept in Mind.
In Dead of Night I will arise,
to sing thy solemn Praise;
Convinc'd, how much I always ought
to love thy righteous Ways.

32 To such as fear thy holy Name,
my self I closely joyn;
To all who their obedient Wills,
to thy Commands resign.
O'er all the Earth thy Mercy, Lord,
abundantly is shed;
O! make me then exactly learn,
thy sacred Paths to tread.

D. TETH. IX.

33 With me, thy Servant, Thou hast dealt
most graciously, O Lord;
Repeated Benefits bestow'd,
according to thy Word.
Teach me the sacred Skill, by which
right Judgment is attain'd;
Who in Belief of thy Commands,
have stedfastly remain'd.
34 Before Affliction stopt my Course,
my Footsteps went astray;
But I have since been disciplin'd,
thy Precepts to obey.
Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,
and all Thou dost is so;
On me thy Statutes to discern,
thy saving Skill bestow.

35 The Proud have forg'd malicious Lyes,
 my spotless Fame to stain,
 But my fix'd Heart, without Reserve,
 thy Precepts shall retain.
 While pamper'd they, with prosp'rous ills,
 in sensual Pleasures live,
 My Soul can relish no Delight,
 but what thy Precepts give.
 36 'Tis good for me, that I have felt
 Affliction's chast'ning Rod,
 That I might duly learn, and keep
 the Statutes, of my God.
 The Law that from thy Mouth proceeds,
 of more Esteem I hold,
 Than untouch'd Mines, than thousand Mines
 of Silver and of Gold.

G O D. X.

37 To me, who am the Workmanship,
 of thy Almighty Hands,
 The Heav'nly Understanding give,
 to learn thy just Commands.
 Thy Preservation to thy Saints,
 strong Comfort will afford;
 To see Success attend my Hopes,
 who trusted in thy Word.

38 That right thy Judgments are, I now,
 by sure Experience see;
 And that in Faithfulness, O Lord,
 Thou hast afflicted me.
 O! let thy tender Mercy, now
 afford me, needful Aid;
 According to thy Promise, Lord,
 to me, thy Servant, made.
 39 To me, thy saving Grace restore,
 that I again may live;
 Whose Soul can relish no Delight,
 but what thy Precepts give.
 Defeat the Proud, who, unprovok'd,
 to ruin me have sought,
 Who only on thy sacred Laws,
 employ my harmless Thought.
 40 Let those that fear thy Name, espouse
 my Cause, and those alone,
 Who have by strict and pious Search,
 thy sacred Precepts known.
 In thy blest Statutes let my Heart,
 continue always found,
 That Guilt and Shame, the Sinners Lot,
 may never me confound.

CAP H. XI.

41 My Soul with long Expectance, faints
to see, thy saving Grace;
Yet still on thy unerring Word,
my Confidence I place.
My very Eyes consume and fail,
with waiting for thy Word;
O! when wilt Thou thy kind Relief
and promis'd Aid afford?
42 My Skin like shrivel'd Parchment shows,
that long in Smoke is set
Yet no Affliction me can force,
thy Statutes to forget.
How many days must I endure,
of Sorrow and Distress?
When wilt Thou Judgment execute
on them, who me oppress?
43 The Proud have digg'd a Pit for me,
that have no other Foes;
But such as are averse to Thee,
and thy just Laws oppose.
With sacred Truth's eternal Laws,
all thy Commands agree;
Men persecute me without Cause,
Thou, Lord, my Helper be.

44 With close Designs against my Life,
they had almost prevail'd;
But in Obedience to thy Will,
my Duty never fail'd.
Thy wonted Kindness, Lord, restore,
my drooping Heart to cheer:
That by thy righteous Statutes I,
my Life's whole Course may steer.

L A M E D. XII

45 For ever, and for ever, Lord,
unchang'd Thou dost remain;
Thy Word, establish'd in the Heav'ns,
does all their Orbs sustain.
Thro' circling Ages, Lord, thy Truth
immoveable shall stand,
As doth the Earth, which Thou uphold'st
by thy Almighty Hand.
46 All Things in Course by Thee ordain'd,
ev'n to this day fulfil;
They are thy faithful Subjects all,
and Servants of thy will.
Unless thy sacred Law, had been
my Comfort and Delight,
I must have fainted, and expir'd
in dark Affliction's Night.

47 Thy Precepts therefore from my Thoughts,
 shall never, Lord, depart;
 For Thou, by them, hast to new Life
 restor'd, my dying Heart.
 As I am thine, entirely thine,
 protect me, Lord, from Harm;
 Who have thy Precepts sought to know;
 and carefully perform.
 48 The Wicked have their Ambush laid,
 my guiltless Life to take;
 But in the midst of Danger I,
 thy Word my Study make.
 I've seen an End of what we call,
 Perfection here below;
 But thy Commandments, like Thy self,
 no Change or Period know.

D. M. E. M. XIII.

49 The Love that to thy Laws I bear,
 no Language can display;
 They with fresh Wonders entertain,
 my ravish'd Thoughts all day.
 Thro' thy Commands I wiser grow,
 than all my subtil Foes;
 For thy sure Word does me direct,
 and all my Ways dispose.

50 From me, my former Teachers now,
 may abler Counsel take;
 Because thy sacred Precepts I,
 my constant Study make.
 In Understanding, I excel
 the Sages of our Days;
 Because by thy unerring Rules,
 I order all my Ways.
 51 My Feet with Care I have refrain'd,
 from every sinful Way;
 That to thy sacred Word I might,
 entire Obedience pay.
 I have not from thy Judgments stray'd,
 by vain Desires misled;
 For, Lord, Thou hast instructed me,
 thy righteous Paths to tread.
 52 How sweet are all thy Words to me;
 O! what divine Repast!
 How much more grateful to my Soul,
 than Honey to my Taste!
 Taught by thy sacred Precepts, I
 with heav'nly Skill am blest,
 Thro' which, the treach'rous Ways of Sin,
 I utterly detest.

J. NUN. XIX.

53 Thy Word, is to my Feet a Lamp,
 the Way of Truth to show;
 A Watch-light, to point out the Path,
 in which I ought to go.
 I swear, (and from my solemn Oath
 will never start aside;)
 That in thy righteous Judgments, I
 will stedfastly abide.
 54 Since I with Griefs am so oppress'd,
 that I can bear no more;
 According to thy Word, do Thou,
 my fainting Soul restore.
 Let still my Sacrifice of praise,
 with Thee Acceptance find;
 And in thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
 instruct my willing Mind.
 55 Tho' ghastly Dangers me surround,
 my Soul they cannot aw,
 Nor, with continual Terrors keep
 from thinking, on thy Law.
 My wicked and invet'rate Foes,
 for me their Snares have laid;
 Yet I have kept the upright Path,
 nor from thy Precepts stray'd,

56 Thy Testimonies, I have made
 my Heritage and Choice;
 For they, when other Comforts fail,
 my drooping Heart rejoice.
 My Heart with early Zeal began,
 thy Statutes to obey;
 And till my Course of Life is done,
 shall keep thy upright Way.

D. SAMECH. XV.

57 Deceitful Thoughts and Practices,
 I utterly detest;
 But to thy Law Affection bear,
 too great to be express.
 My Hiding-Place, my Refuge-Tow'r
 and Shield art Thou, O Lord;
 I firmly anchor all my Hopes,
 on thy unerring Word.
 58 Hence ye that trade in Wickedness,
 approach not my Abode;
 For firmly I resolve to keep,
 the Precepts of my God.
 According to thy gracious Word,
 from Danger set me free,
 Nor make me of those Hopes asham'd,
 that I repose on Thee.

59 Uphold me, so shall I be safe,
 and rescu'd from Distress;
 To thy Decrees continually,
 my just Respects address.
 The wicked, Thou hast trod to earth,
 who from thy Statutes stray'd;
 Their vile Deceit, the just Reward
 of their own Falshood, made.
 60 The wicked from thy holy Land
 Thou dost, like Dross, remove;
 I therefore with such Justice charm'd,
 thy Testimonies love;
 Yet with that Love they make me dread,
 lest I should so offend,
 When on Transgressors, I behold
 thy Judgments thus descend.

y. AIN. XVI.

61 Judgment and Justice I have lov'd;
 O! therefore, Lord, engage
 In my Defence, nor give me up
 to my Oppressors Rage.
 Do Thou be Surety, Lord, for me,
 and so shall this Distress
 Prove good for me; nor shall the Proud,
 my guiltless Soul oppress.

62 My Eyes alas! begin to fail,
 in long expectance held,
 Till thy Salvation they behold,
 and righteous Word fulfill'd.
 To me, thy Servant, in Distress,
 thy wonted Grace display;
 And Discipline my willing Heart,
 thy Statutes to obey.
 63 On me, devoted to thy Fear,
 thy sacred Skill bestow,
 That of thy Testimonies, I
 the full Extent may know.
 'Tis Time, high Time for Thee, O Lord,
 thy Vengeance to employ,
 When Men with open Violence,
 thy sacred Laws destroy.
 64 Yet their Contempt of thy Commands,
 but makes their Value rise,
 In my Esteem, who purest Gold
 compar'd with them, despise.
 Thy Precepts therefore I account,
 in all Respects divine,
 They teach me to discern the right,
 and all false Ways decline.

D. P. E. XVII.

65 The Wonders which thy Laws contain,
no Words can represent,
Therefore to learn and practise them,
my zealous Heart is bent.
The very Entrance to thy Word,
celestial Light displays;
And Knowledge of true Happiness,
to simple Minds conveys.
66 With eager Hopes I waiting stood,
and fainted with Desire,
That of thy wise Commands, I might
the sacred Skill acquire.
With Favour, Lord, Look down on me,
who thy Relief implore;
As Thou art wont to visit those,
who thy blest Name adore.
67 Directed by thy heav'nly Word,
let all my Footsteps be;
Nor Wickedness of any kind,
Dominion have o'er me.
Release, entirely set me free,
from persecuting Hands;
That, unmolested, I may learn
and practise, thy Commands.

68 On me, devoted to thy Fear,
Lord, make thy Face to shine;
Thy Statutes, both to know and keep,
my Heart with Zeal incline.
My Eyes to weeping Fountains turn,
whence briny Rivers flow,
To see Mankind against thy Laws,
in bold Defiance go.

S. T S A D I. XVIII.

69 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom
wrong'd Innocence may trust;
And, like thy self, thy Judgment, Lord,
in all Respects are just.
Most just and true those Statutes were,
which Thou didst first decree;
And all with Faithfulness perform'd,
succeeding Times shall see.
70 With Zeal my Flesh consumes away,
my Soul with Anguish frets,
To see my Foes, condemn at once
thy Promises, and Threats.
Yet each neglected Word of thine,
(howe'er by them despis'd,)
Is pure, and for eternal Truth
by me, thy Servant, priz'd.
V 71 Brought,

71 Brought, for thy Sake, to low Estate,
 Contempt from All I find;
 Yet no Affronts, or Wrongs, can drive
 thy Precepts from my Mind.
 Thy Righteousness shall then endure,
 when Time it self is past;
 Thy Law is Truth it self, that Truth,
 which shall for ever last.
 72 Tho' Trouble, Anguish, Doubts and Dread,
 to compass me unite,
 Beset with Danger, still I make
 Thy Precepts, my Delight.
 Eternal and unerring Rules,
 thy Testimonies give:
 Teach me the Wisdom, that will make
 my Soul, for ever live.

P. K O P H. XIX.

73 With my whole Heart to God I call'd,
 Lord hear my earnest Cry;
 And I thy Statutes to perform,
 will all my Care apply.
 Again more fervently I pray'd,
 O! save me, that I may
 Thy Testimonies thoroughly know,
 and stedfastly obey.

74 My earlier Pray'r, the dawning Day
 prevented, while I cry'd
 To him, on whose engaging Word
 my Hope alone rely'd.
 With Zeal, have I awak'd before
 the midnight-Watch was set,
 That I of thy mysterious Word,
 might perfect Knowledge get.
 75 Lord, hear my supplicating Voice,
 and wonted Favour shew;
 O! quicken me, and so approve
 thy Judgments ever true.
 My persecuting Foes advance,
 and hourly nearer draw;
 What Treatment can I hope from them,
 who violate thy Law?
 76 Tho' they draw nigh, my Comfort is,
 Thou, Lord, art yet more near;
 Thou, whose Commands are righteous all,
 thy Promises sincere.
 Concerning thy Divine Decrees
 my Soul has known of old
 That they were true, and shall their Truth,
 to endless Ages hold.

7. RESCH. XX.

77 Consider my Affliction, Lord,
 and me from Bondage draw;
 Think on thy Servant in Distress,
 who ne'er forgets thy Law.
 Plead Thou my Cause, to that and me
 thy timely Aid afford;
 With Beams of Mercy quicken me,
 according to thy Word.
 78 From hard'n'd Sinners Thou remov'st,
 Salvation far away;
 'Tis just Thou should'st withdraw from them,
 who from thy Statutes stray.
 Since great thy tender Mercies are,
 to all who Thee adore;
 According to thy Judgments, Lord,
 my fainting Hopes restore.
 79 A num'rous Host of spiteful Foes,
 against my Life combine;
 But all too few to force my Soul,
 thy Statutes to decline.
 Those bold Transgressors I beheld,
 and was with Grief oppress'd,
 To see with what audacious Pride,
 thy Cov'nant they transgress'd.

80 Yet while they slight, consider, Lord,
 how I thy Precepts love;
 O! therefore quicken me, with Beams
 of Mercy, from above.
 As from the Birth of Time, thy Truth
 has held through Ages past,
 So shall thy righteous Judgments, firm,
 to endless Ages last.

27. SCHIN. XXI.

81 Tho' mighty Tyrants, without Cause,
 conspire my Blood to shed,
 Thy sacred Word has Pow'r alone,
 to fill my Heart with Dread.
 And yet that Word my joyful Breast,
 with heav'nly Rapture warms,
 Nor Conquest, nor the Spoils of War,
 have such transporting Charms.
 82 Perfidious Practices and Lies,
 I utterly detest;
 But to thy Laws affection bear,
 too vast, to be express.
 Sev'n times a day, with grateful Voice,
 thy Praises I resound;
 Because I find thy Judgments all,
 with Truth and Justice crown'd.

83 Secure, substantial Peace have they,
 who truly love thy Law;
 No smiling Mischief them can tempt,
 Nor frowning Danger aw.
 For thy Salvation I have hop'd,
 and, tho' so long delay'd,
 With chearful Zeal and strictest Care,
 all thy Commands obey'd.
 84 Thy Testimonies I have kept,
 and constantly obey'd;
 Because the Love I bore to them,
 thy Service easie made.
 From strict Observance of thy Laws,
 I never yet withdrew,
 Convinc'd that my most secret Ways,
 are open to thy View,

D. T A U. XXII.

85 To my Request and earnest Cry
 attend, O gracious Lord;
 Inspire my Heart with heav'nly Skill,
 according to thy Word.
 Let my repeated Pray'r at last,
 before thy Throne appear;
 According to thy plighted Word,
 for my Relief draw near.

86 Then shall my grateful Lips, return
 the Tribute, of their Praise,
 When Thou thy Counsels hast reveal'd,
 and taught me thy just Ways.
 My Tongue the Praises of thy Word,
 shall thankfully resound,
 Because thy Promises are all,
 with Truth and Justice crown'd.
 87 Let thy Almighty Arm appear,
 and bring me timely Aid;
 For I the Laws Thou hast ordain'd,
 my Heart's free Choice have made.
 My Soul has waited long, to see
 thy saving Grace restor'd;
 Nor Comfort knew, but what thy Laws,
 thy Heav'nly Laws, afford.
 88 Prolong my Life, that I may sing
 my great Restorer's Praise;
 Whose Justice from the depth of Woes,
 my fainting Soul shall raise.
 Like some lost Sheep I've stray'd, till I
 despair, my Ways to find;
 Thou therefore, Lord, thy Servant seek,
 who keeps thy Laws in mind.

P S A L M CXX.

1 **I**N deep Distress, I oft have cry'd
 To God, who never yet deny'd
 To rescue me, oppress'd with Wrongs.
 Once more, O Lord, Deliv'rance send,
 From lying Lips my Soul defend,
 And from the Rage of slander'ing Tongues.
 2 What little Profit can accrue,
 And yet what heavy Wrath is due,
 O thou perfidious Tongue! to thee?
 Thy Sting upon thy self shall turn;
 Of lasting Flames that fiercely burn,
 The constant Fuel thou shalt be.
 3 But O! how wretched is my Doom,
 Who am a Sojourner become,
 In barren *Mefech's* desert Soil!
 With *Kedar's* Wicked Tents inclos'd,
 To lawless Savages expos'd,
 Who live on nought but Theft and Spoil.
 4 My hapless Dwelling is with those,
 Who Peace and Amity oppose,
 And Pleasure take in others Harms.
 Sweet Peace, is all I court and seek;
 But when to them of Peace I speak,
 They straight cry out, To Arms, To Arms.

P S A L M CXXI. [Tune Pf. 20.]

1 **T**O *Sion's* Hill I lift my Eyes,
 From thence expecting Aid;
 From *Sion's* Hill and *Sion's* God,
 who Heav'n and Earth has made.
 2 Then thou, my Soul, in Safety rest,
 thy Guardian will not sleep;
 His watchful Care that *Is'el* guards,
 will *Is'el's* Monarch keep.
 3 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's Wings,
 thou shalt securely rest,
 Where neither Sun nor Moon shall thee,
 by Day or Night molest.
 4 From common Accidents of Life,
 his Care shall guard thee still:
 From the blind Strokes of Chance, and Foes
 that lie in Wait to kill.
 5 At home, abroad, in Peace, in War,
 thy God shall thee defend;
 Conduct thee thro' Life's Pilgrimage,
 safe to thy Journey's end.

P S A L M CXXII. [Tune Pf. 24. 78.]

1 **O**! 'Twas a joyful Sound, to hear
 V 3 our

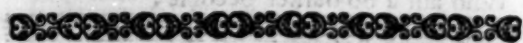
our Tribes devoutly say,
 Up *Isr'el*, to the Temple haste,
 and keep your Festal Day.
 At *Salem's* Courts we must appear,
 with our assembled Pow'rs,
 In strong and beauteous Order rang'd,
 like her united Tow'rs.
 2 'Tis thither, by Divine Command,
 the Tribes of God repair,
 Before his Ark to celebrate
 his Name, with Praise and Pray'r.
 Tribunals stand erected there,
 where Equity takes place;
 There stand the Courts, and Palaces
 of Royal *David's* Race.
 3 O, pray we then for *Salem's* Peace,
 for they shall prosp'rous be,
 (Thou holy City of our God!)
 who bear true Love to thee.
 May Peace within thy sacred Walls,
 a constant Guest be found,
 With Plenty and Prosperity,
 thy Palaces be crown'd.
 4 For my dear Brethren's sake, and Friends,
 no less than Brethren dear,
 I'll pray — May Peace in *Salem's* Tow'rs

a constant Guest appear.
 But most of all I'll seek thy Good,
 and ever with thee well,
 For *Sion* and the Temple's sake,
 where God vouchsafes to dwell.



P S A L M CXXIII. [Tune Pf. 57.]

1 O N Thee, who dwell'st above the Skies,
 For Mercy wait my longing Eyes;
 As Servants watch their Masters Hand,
 And Maids their Mistresses Commands.
 2 O! then have Mercy on us, Lord,
 Thy gracious Aid to us afford,
 To us whom cruel Foes oppress,
 Grown rich and proud by our Distress.



P S A L M CXXIV. [Tune Pf. 27.]

1 H AD not the Lord (may *Isr'el* say)
 been pleas'd to Interpose;
 Had He not then espous'd our Cause,
 when Men against us rose:
 2 Their Wrath had swallow'd us alive,
 and rag'd without Controul;
 Their Spite and Pride's united Floods,
 had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

2 But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
 who rescu'd us that Day,
 Nor to their savage Jaws, gave up
 our threatned Lives, a Prey.
 4 Our Soul, is like a Bird escap'd
 from out the Fowler's Net;
 The Snare is broke, their Hopes are cross'd,
 and we at Freedom set.
 5 Secure in his Almighty Name,
 our Confidence remains,
 Who, as He made both Heav'n and Earth,
 of both, sole Monarch reigns.



P S A L M CXXV. [Tune Pf. 30.]

1 **W**HO place on *Sion's* God their Trust,
 like *Sion's* Rock shall stand;
 Like her immoveable be fixt,
 by his Almighty Hand.
 2 Look how the Hills on ev'ry side,
Jerusalem inclose,
 So stands the Lord around his Saints,
 to guard them from their Foes.
 3 The Wicked may afflict the Just,
 but ne'er too long oppress;
 Nor force him by Despair, to seek

base Means, for his Redress.
 4 Be good, O righteous God, to those
 who righteous Deeds affect;
 The Heart that Innocence retains,
 let Innocence protect.
 5 All those who walk in crooked Paths,
 the Lord will soon destroy;
 Cut off th' Unjust, but Crown the Saints
 with lasting Peace and Joy.



P S A L M CXXVI. [Tune Pf. 41.]

WHen *Sion's* God, her Sons recall'd
 from long Captivity,
 It seem'd at first, a pleasing Dream
 of what, we wish'd to see.
 2 But soon in unaccustom'd Mirth,
 we did our Voice employ,
 And sung our great Restorer's Praise,
 in thankful Hymns of Joy.
 3 Our Heathen Foes repining stood,
 yet were compell'd to own,
 That great and wond'rous was the Work,
 our God for us had done.
 4 'Twas great, say they; 'twas wond'rous great,
 much more should we confess;
 The Lord has done great Things, whereof
 we

we reap the glad Success.
 5 To us bring back the Remnant, Lord,
 of *Iſr'el's* captive Bands;
 More welcome than refreshing Show'rs,
 to parch'd and thirsty Lands.
 6 That we, whose Work commenc'd in Tears,
 may see our Labours thrive,
 Till finish'd with Success, to make
 our drooping Hearts revive.
 7 Tho' he despond that sows his Grain,
 yet doubtless he shall come,
 To bind his full-ear'd Sheaves, and bring
 the joyful Harvest home.



P S A L M CXXVII

1 **W**E build with fruitless Cost, unless
 the Lord the Pile sustain;
 Unless the Lord the City keep,
 the Watchman wakes in vain.
 In vain we rise before the Day,
 and late to Rest repair,
 Allow no Respite to our Toil,
 and eat the Bread of Care:
 2 Supplies of Life, with Ease to them,
 He on his Saints bestows;

He crowns their Labour with Success,
 their Nights with sound Repose.
 Children, those Comforts of our Life,
 are presents from the Lord;
 He gives a num'rous Race of Heirs,
 As Piety's Reward.
 3 As Arrows in a Giant's Hand,
 when marching forth to War,
 Ev'n to the Sons of sprightly Youth,
 their Parents Safeguard are.
 Happy the Man whose Quiver's fill'd,
 with these prevailing Arms;
 He needs not fear to meet his Foe,
 at Law, or War's Alarms.



P S A L M CXXVIII

1 **T**HE Man is blest who fears the Lord;
 nor only Worship pays,
 But keeps his Steps confin'd with Care,
 to his appointed Ways.
 2 He shall upon the sweet Returns,
 of his own Labour feed;
 Without Dependance live, and see
 his Wishes all succeed.
 3 His Wife, like a fair fertile Vine,
 Her lovely Fruit shall bring;

His

His Children, like young Olive-plants,
about his Table spring.
Who fears the Lord, shall prosper thus;
him *Sion's* God shall bless;
And grant him all his Days, to see
Jerusalem's Success.
He shall live on, 'till Heirs from him
descend, with vast Increase;
Much blest in his own prosperous State,
and more in *Isr'el's* Peace.



PSALM CXXIX.

1 From my Youth up, may *Isr'el* say,
they oft have me assail'd,
Reduc'd me oft to heavy Straits,
but never quite prevail'd.
2 They oft have plow'd my patient Back,
with Furrows deep and long;
But our just God has broke their Chains,
and rescu'd us from Wrong.
3 Defeat, Confusion, shameful Rout,
be still the Doom of those,
Their righteous Doom, who *Sion* hate,
and *Sion's* God oppose.
4 Like Corn upon our Houses Tops,

untimely let them fade,
Which too much Heat, and want of Root,
has blasted in the Blade:
5 Which in his Arms no Reaper takes,
but unregarded leaves;
Nor Binder thinks it worth his pains,
to fold it into Sheaves.
6 No Traveller that passes by,
vouchsafes a Minute's Stop,
To give it one kind Look, or crave
Heav'n's Blessing on the Crop.



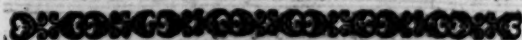
PSALM CXXX.

1 From lowest Depths of Woe,
to God I sent my Cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating Voice,
and graciously reply.
2 Should'st Thou severely judge,
who can the Tryal bear?
But Thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
and quite renounce thy Fear.
3 My Soul with Patience waits
for Thee, the living Lord;
My Hopes are on thy Promise built,
thy never-failing Word.
4 My longing Eyes Look out,
X for

for thy enlight'ning Ray,
More duly than the Morning Watch,
to spy the dawning Day.
Let *Is'el* trust in God;
no Bounds his Mercy knows;
The plenteous Source and Spring, from whence
Eternal Succour flows.
Whose friendly Streams to us,
Supplies in Want convey;
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanse,
and wash our Guilt away.

P S A L M CXXXI. [Tune Ps. 61.]

1 O Lord, I am not proud of Heart,
nor cast a scornful Eye;
Nor my aspiring Thoughts employ
in things, for me too high.
2 With Infant-Innocence, Thou know'st,
I have my self demean'd;
Compos'd to Quiet, like a Babe;
that from the Breast is wean'd.
3 Like me, let *Is'el* hope in God,
his Aid alone implore;
Both now and ever trust in him,
who lives for evermore.



P S A L M CXXXII. [Tune Ps. 113.]

1 LET *David*; Lord, a constant Place,
in thy Remembrance find;
Let all the Sorrows he endur'd,
be ever in thy Mind.
Remember what a solemn Oath,
to Thee, his Lord, he swore;
How to the Mighty God he vow'd,
whom *Jacob's* Sons adore.
2 I will not go into mine House,
nor to my Bed ascend;
No soft Repose shall close my Eyes,
nor Sleep my Eye-lids bend;
Till for the Lord's design'd Abode,
I mark the destin'd Ground;
Till I a decent Place of Rest,
for *Jacob's* God have found.
3 Th' appointed Place, with Shouts of Joy,
at *Hebrata* we found,
And made the Woods and neighb'ring Fields,
our glad Applause resound.
O! with due Rev'rence let us then,
to his Abode repair;
And prostrate at his Foot-stool fall'n,
pour out our humble Pray'r.

4 Arise, O Lord, and now possess,
thy constant Place of Rest;
Be that, not only with thy Ark,
but with thy Presence blest.
Cloath Thou thy Priests with Righteousness,
make Thou thy Saints rejoice;
And for thy Servant *David's* sake,
hear thine Anointed's Voice.

PART II.

5 God swear to *David* in his Truth,
(nor shall his Oath be vain,
One of thy Off-spring after thee,
upon thy Throne shall reign:
And if thy seed my Cov'nant keep,
and to my Laws submit,
Their Children too, upon thy Throne
for evermore shall sit.
6 For *Sion* does, in God's Esteem,
all other Seats excel;
His place of everlasting Rest,
where He desires to dwell.
Her Store, says He, I will increase,
her Poor with Plenty bless;
Her Saints shall shout for Joy, her Priests
my saving Health confess.

7 There *David's* Pow'r shall long remain,
in his Successive Line,
And my anointed Servant there,
shall with fresh Lustre shine.
The Faces of his vanquish'd Foes;
Confusion shall o'er spread;
Whilst with confirm'd Success his Crown
shall flourish, on his Head.



PSALM CXXXIII. [Tune Ps. 34.]

1 HOW vast must their Advantage be!
how great their Pleasure prove!
Who live like Brethren, and consent
in Offices of Love!
2 True Love is like that precious Oyl,
which, pour'd on *Aaron's* Head,
Ran down his Beard, and o'er his Robes,
its costly Moisture shed.
3 'Tis like refreshing Dew, which does,
on *Hermion's* Top distil;
Or like the early Drops that fall,
on *Sion's* fruitful Hill.
4 For *Sion* is the chosen Seat,
where the Almighty King,
The promis'd Blessing has ordain'd,

and Life's eternal Spring.

PSALM CXXXIV. [Tune Pf. 2. 42.]

Bless God, ye Servants, that attend
upon his solemn State,
That in the Temple, Night by Night,
with humble Rev'rence wait.
2 Within his House Lift up your Hands,
and bless his holy Name;
From *Sion* bless thy *Isr'el*, Lord,
who Earth and Heav'n didst frame.

PSALM CXXXV. [Tune Pf. 116.]

O Praise the Lord with one Consent,
and magnifie his Name;
Let all the Servants of the Lord,
his worthy Praise proclaim.
Praise him, all ye that in his House,
attend with constant Care;
With those that to his outmost Courts,
with humble Zeal repair.
2 For this our truest int'rest is,
glad Hymns of Praise to sing;
And with loud Songs to bless his Name,
a most delightful Thing.

For God his own peculiar Choice,

the Sons of *Jacob* makes;

And *Isr'el*'s Off-spring, for his own

most valu'd Treasure, takes.

3 That God is great; we often have

by glad Experience found;

And seen how He with wond'rous Pow'r,

above all Gods is crown'd.

For He, with unresist'd Strength,

performs his Sov'reign Will;

In Heav'n and Earth, and wat'ry Stores

that Earth's deep Caverns fill.

PART II.

4 He, raises Vapours from the Ground,

which pois'd in liquid Air,

Fall down at last in Show'rs, thro' which

his dreadful Lightnings glare:

He, from his Store-house brings the Winds;

and He, with vengeful Hand,

The First-born slew of Man and Beast,

thro' *Egypt*'s mourning Land.

5 He, dreadful Signs and Wonders shew'd,

thro' stubborn *Egypt*'s Coasts;

Nor *Phar'ob* could his Plagues escape,

nor all his num'rous Hosts.

'Twas He, that various Nations smote,

and

and mighty Kings suppress'd;
Sibon and *Og*, and all besides,
 who *Can'an's* Land possess'd.
 O Their Land upon his chosen Race,
 He firmly did entail;
 For which his Fame shall always last,
 his Praise shall never fail.
 For God, shall soon his People's Cause,
 with pitying Eyes survey;
 Repent Him of his Wrath, and turn
 his kindled Rage away.

PART III.

Those Idols, whose false Worship spreads,
 o'er all the Heathen Lands,
 Are made of Silver and of Gold,
 the Work of human Hands.
 They move not their fictitious Tongues,
 nor see with polish'd Eyes;
 Their counterfeited Ears are deaf,
 no Breath their Mouth supplies.
 As senseless as themselves, are they
 that all their Skill apply
 To make them, or in dang'rous Times,
 on them for Aid rely.
 Their just Returns of Thanks to God,
 let grateful *Isr'el* pay;

Nor let the Priests of *Aaron's* Race,
 to bless the Lord delay.
 Their Sense of his unbounded Love,
 let *Levi's* House express;
 And let all those that fear the Lord,
 his Name for ever bless:
 Let all with Thanks his wond'rous Works,
 in *Sion's* Courts proclaim;
 Let them on *Salem*, where He dwells,
 exalt his holy Name.



PSALM CXXXVI.

TO God the mighty Lord,
 Your joyful Thanks repeat,
 To Him due Praise afford,
 As good as He is great;
 For God does prove
 Our constant Friend,
 His boundless Love
 shall never end.
 To Him whose wond'rous Pow'r,
 all other Gods obey,
 Whom earthly Kings adore,
 This grateful Homage pay:
 For God does prove
 X 3 Our

Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love
Shall never end.
2 By his Almighty Hand,
Amazing Works are wrought;
The Heav'n's by his Command,
Were to Perfection brought.
For God does prove
Our constant Friend,
his boundless Love
Shall never end.
4 He spread the Ocean round,
About the spacious Land;
And made the rising Ground,
Above the Waters stand.
For God does prove
Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love
Shall never end.
5 Thro' Heav'n He did display,
His num'rous Host of Light;
The Sun to rule by Day,
The Moon and Stars by Night.
For God does prove
Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love

Shall never end.
6 He struck the first-born dead,
Of Egypt's stubborn Land;
And thence his People led,
With his resistless Hand.
For God does prove
Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love
Shall never end.

PART II.

7 By Him the raging Sea,
As if in Pieces rent,
Disclos'd a middle Way,
Thro' which his People went.
For God does prove
Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love
Shall never end.
8 Where soon He overthrew,
Proud Pharaoh and his Host
Who daring to pursue,
Were in the Billows lost.
For God does prove
Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love

Shall

Shall never end.
 9 Thro' Deserts vast and wild,
 He led the chosen Seed;
 And famous Princes foild,
 And made great Monarchs bleed.
 For God does prove
 Our constant Friend,
 His boundless Love
 Shall never end.
 10 *Sibon*, whose potent Hand
 Great *Ammon's* Sceptre sway'd;
 And *Og*, whose stern Command
 Rich *Basban's* Land obey'd.
 For God does prove
 Our constant Friend,
 His boundless Love
 Shall never end.
 11 And of his wond'rous Grace,
 Their Lands whom He destroy'd,
 He gave to *Isr'el's* Race,
 To be by them enjoy'd.
 For God does prove
 Our constant Friend,
 His boundless Love
 Shall never end.
 12 He in our Depth of Woes,

On us with Favour thought;
 And from our cruel Foes,
 In Peace and Safety brought.
 For God does prove
 Our constant Friend,
 His boundless Love
 Shall never end.
 13 He does the Food supply,
 On which all Creatures live:
 To God who reigns on high,
 Eternal praises give.
 For God will prove
 Our constant Friend,
 His boundless Love
 Shall never end.



P S A L M CXXXVII. [Tune Pf. 8o.]

1 **W**HEN we, our weary'd Limbs to rest,
 Sat down by Proud *Euphrates'* Stream,
 We wept, with doleful Thoughts oppress'd,
 And *Sion* was our mournful Theme.
 2 Our Harps, that when with Joy we sung,
 Were wont their tuneful Parts to bear,
 With silent Strings, neglected hung
 On Willow-Trees, that wither'd there.

3 Mean

Mean while our Foes, who all conspir'd
 To triumph, in our slavish Wrongs,
 Musick and Mirth of us requir'd:
 „ Come, sing us one of *Sion's* Songs.
 How shall we tune our Voice to sing?
 Or touch our Harps with skilful Hands?
 Shall Hymns of Joy to God our King,
 Be sung, by Slaves in foreign Lands?
 O *Salem*, our once happy Seat!
 When I of thee forgetful prove,
 Let then my trembling Hand, forget
 The speaking Strings, with Art to move!
 If I to mention thee forbear,
 Eternal Silence seize my Tongue;
 Or if I sing one chearful Aire,
 Till thy Deliv'rance is my Song.
 Remember, Lord, how *Edom's* Race,
 In thy own City's fatal Day,
 Cry'd out, „ her stately Walls deface,
 And with the Ground quite level lay.
 Proud *Babel's* Daughter, doom'd to be
 Of Grief and Woe, the Wretched Prey;
 Blest is the Man who shall to thee,
 The Wrongs thou laid'st on us, repay.
 Thrice blest, who with just Rage posselt,
 And deaf to all the Parents Moans,

Shall snatch thy Infants from the Breast,
 And dash their Heads against the Stones.



P S A L M CXXXVIII. [Tune Pf. 127.]

1 W ith my whole Heart, my God and King,
 thy Praise I will proclaim;
 Before the Gods with Joy will sing,
 and blest thy holy Name.
 I'll worship at thy Sacred Seat;
 and, with thy Love inspir'd,
 The Praises of thy Truth repeat,
 o'er all thy Works admir'd.
 2 Thou graciously inclin'st thine Ear,
 when I to Thee did cry;
 And when my Soul was press'd with Fear,
 didst inward Strength supply.
 Therefore shall ev'ry earthly Prince,
 thy Name with Praise pursue,
 Whom these admir'd Events convince,
 that all thy Works are true.
 3 They all thy wond'rous Ways, O Lord,
 with chearful Songs shall blest;
 And all thy glorious Acts record,
 thy awful Pow'r confess.
 For God, altho' enthron'd on high,

does

does thence the Poor respect;
The Proud far off, his scornful Eye
beholds, with just Neglect.
Tho' I with Troubles am oppress'd,
He shall my Foes disarm:
Relieve my Soul when most distress'd,
and keep me safe from Harm.
The Lord, whose Mercies ever last,
shall fix my happy State;
And mindful of his Favours past,
shall his own Work compleat.



P S A L M CXXXIX. [Tune Ps. 112.]

Thou, Lord, by strictest Search hast known
My rising up, and lying down;
My secret Thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long, before conceiv'd by me.
Thine Eye, my Bed and Path surveys,
My publick Haunts and private Ways;
Thou know'st what 'tis my Lips wou'd vent,
My yet unutter'd Words intent.
Surrounded by thy Pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand.
O! Skill, for human Reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal Eye!

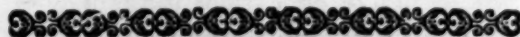
O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting Thee!
Where, Lord, cou'd I thy Influence shun,
Or whither from thy Presence run?
If up to Heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there Thou dwell'st, enthron'd in Light;
Or down to Hell's infernal Plains,
'Tis there, Almighty Vengeance reigns.
O If I the Morning's Wings cou'd gain,
And fly beyond the Western Main,
Thy swifter Hand wou'd first arrive,
And there arrest thy Fugitive.
Or shou'd I try to shun thy Sight
Beneath the sable Wings of Night;
One glance from Thee, one piercing Ray,
Wou'd kindle Darkness into Day.
The Veil of Night is no disguise,
No Screen from thy All-searching Eyes;
Thro' midnight-Shades Thou find'st the way,
As in the blazing Noon of Day.

P A R T II.

Thou know'st the Texture of my Heart,
My Reins and ev'ry vital Part,
Each single Thread, in Nature's Loom,
By Thee was cover'd in the Womb.
I'll Praise Thee, from whose Hands I came,
Y A

A Work of such a curious Frame;
 The Wonders Thou in me hast shown,
 My Soul, with grateful Joy must own.
 11 Thine Eyes my Substance did survey,
 While yet a lifeless Mass it lay;
 In secret, how exactly wrought,
 E'er from its dark Enclosure brought.
 12 Thou didst the shapeless Embryo see,
 Its parts were registred by Thee,
 Thou saw'st the daily Growth they took,
 Form'd by the Model of thy Book.
 13 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
 That since the Maze of Life I trod,
 Thy Thoughts of Love to me, surmount
 The Pow'r of Numbers, to recount.
 14 Far sooner, could I reckon o'er
 The Sands, upon the Ocean's Shore;
 Each Morn revising what I've done,
 I find th' Account but new begun.
 15 The wicked Thou shalt slay, O God,
 Depart from me, ye Men of Blood;
 Whose Tongues Heav'n's Majesty profane,
 And take th' Almighty's Name in vain.
 16 Lord, hate not I the impious Crew,
 Who Thee with Enmity pursue?
 And does not Grief my Heart oppress,

When Reprobates thy Laws transgress?
 17 Who practice Enmity to Thee,
 Shall utmost Hatred have from me:
 Such Men I utterly detest,
 As if they were my Foes profest.
 18 Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and Heart,
 If Mischief lurks in any part;
 Correct me where I go astray,
 And guide me in thy perfect way.



P S A L M CXL [Tune Pf. 90.]

Preserve me, Lord, from crafty Foes,
 of treacherous intent;
 And from the Sons of Violence,
 on open Mischief bent.
 2 Their sland'ring Tongue, the Serpent's Sting
 in Sharpness, does exceed;
 Between their Lips the Gall of Asps,
 and Adders Venom breed.
 3 Preserve me, Lord, from wicked Hands,
 nor leave my Soul forlorn,
 A prey to Sons of Violence,
 who have my Ruin sworn.
 4 The Proud for me have laid their Snare,
 and spread their wily Net;

With

With Traps and Gins where e'er I move,
I find my Steps beset.
5 But thus environ'd with Distress,
Thou art my God, I said;
Lord hear my Supplicating Voice,
That calls to Thee for Aid.
6 O Lord, the God, whose saving Strength,
kind Succour did convey,
And cover'd my advent'rous Head,
in Battle's doubtful Day;
7 Permit not their unjust Designs
to answer their Desire;
Lest they, encourag'd by Success,
to bolder Crimes aspire.
8 Let first their Chiefs the sad Effects,
of their Injustice mourn;
The blast of their envenom'd Breath,
upon themselves return.
9 Let them who kindled first the Flame,
its Sacrifice become;
The Pit they digg'd for me, be made
Their own untimely Tomb.
10 Tho' Slander's Breath may raise a Storm,
it quickly will decay;
Their Rage does but the Torrent swell,
that bears themselves away.

11 God will assert the Poor Man's Cause,
and speedy Succour give:
The Just shall celebrate his Praise,
and in his Presence live.



P S A L M CXLI [Tune Ps. 109.]

1 **T**O Thee, O Lord, my Cries ascend,
O haste to my Relief:
And with accustom'd Pity, hear
the Accents, of my Grief.
Instead of Off'rings let my Pray'r,
like Morning Incense rise;
My lifted Hands supply the Place,
of Ev'ning Sacrifice.
2 From hasty Language curb my Tongue;
and let a constant Guard,
Still keep the Portal of my Lips,
with wary Silence barr'd.
From wicked Men's designs and Deeds,
my Heart and Hands restrain;
Nor let me in the Booty share,
of their unrighteous Gain.
3 Let upright Men reprove my Faults,
and I shall think them kind;
Like Balm, that heals a wounded Head,

I their Reproof shall find.
 And, in return, my fervent Pray'r,
 I shall for them address,
 When they are tempted and reduc'd,
 like me, to sore Distress,
 When sculking in Engeddi's Rock,
 I to their Chiefs appeal,
 If one reproachful Word I spoke,
 when I had Pow'r to kill.
 Yet us they persecute to Death,
 our scatter'd Ruins lie;
 As thick as from the Hewer's Ax,
 the sever'd Splinters lie.
 5 But, Lord, to Thee I still direct,
 my supplicating Eyes;
 O! leave not destitute my Soul,
 whose Trust on Thee relies.
 Do Thou preserve me from the Snares,
 that wicked Hands have laid;
 Let them in their own Nets be caught,
 while my Escape is made.



P S A L M CXLII.

1 **T**O God with mournful Voice,
 in deep Distress I pray'd;

Made him the Umpire of my Cause,
 my Wrongs before him laid.
 2 Thou didst my Steps direct,
 when my griev'd Soul despair'd;
 For where I thought to walk secure,
 they had their Traps prepar'd.
 3 I look'd, but found no Friend,
 to own me in Distress;
 All Refuge fail'd, no Man vouchsaf'd
 his Pity, or Redress.
 4 To God at last I pray'd,
 Thou, Lord, my Refuge art,
 My Portion in the Land of Life,
 till Life it self depart.
 5 Reduc'd to greatest Straits,
 to Thee I make my Moan,
 O! save me from oppressing Foes,
 for me too pow'rful grown.
 6 That I may praise thy Name,
 my Soul from Prison bring,
 Whilst of thy kind Regard to me,
 assembled Saints shall sing.



P S A L M CXLIIL.

1 **L**ORD, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry
 thy

thy wonted Audience lend;
 In thy accustom'd Faith and Truth,
 a gracious Answer send.
 2 Nor at thy strict Tribunal bring
 thy Servant, to be try'd;
 For in thy Sight no living Man,
 can e'er be justifi'd.
 3 The spiteful Foe pursues my Life,
 whose Comforts all are fled;
 He drives me into Caves, as dark
 as Mansions, of the Dead.
 4 My Spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,
 and sinks within my Breast;
 My mournful Heart grows desolate,
 with heavy Woes oppress'd.
 5 I call to Mind the Days of old;
 and Wonders Thou hast wrought:
 My former Dangers and Escapes
 employ my musing Thought.
 6 To Thee my Hands, in humble Pray'r,
 I fervently stretch out;
 My Soul for thy Refreshment thirsts,
 like Land oppress'd with Drought.

PART II.

7 Hear me with speed; my Spirits fail;
 thy Face no longer hide,

Lest I become forlorn, like them
 that in the Grave reside.
 8 Thy Kindness early let me hear,
 whose Trust on Thee depends;
 Teach me the way where I shall go:
 my Soul to Thee ascends.
 9 Do Thou, O Lord, from all my Foes
 preserve, and set me free;
 A safe Retreat against their Rage,
 my Soul implores from Thee.
 10 Thou art my God, thy righteous Will
 Instruct me, to obey;
 Let thy Good Spirit lead, and keep
 my Soul, in thy right way.
 11 O! for the sake of thy great Name,
 revive my drooping Heart:
 For thy Truth's sake, to me distress'd,
 thy promis'd Aid impart.
 12 In pity to my Suffering's, Lord,
 reduce my Foes to shame;
 Slay them that persecute a Soul,
 devoted to thy Name.



P S A L M CXLIV. [Tune Ps. 70.]

FOR ever blest be God the Lord,
 Y 3 Who

Who does his needful Aid impart,
 At once both Strength and Skill afford,
 To wield my Arms with warlike Art.
 His Goodness is my Fort and Tow'r,
 My strong Deliv'rance and my Shield;
 In Him I trust, whose matchless Pow'r
 Makes to my Sway, fierce Nations yield.
 Lord, what is Man that Thou shouldst love,
 Of him, such tender care to take?
 What in his Off-spring cou'd Thee move,
 Such great Account of him to make?
 The Life of Man does quickly fade,
 His Thoughts but empty are, and vain;
 His Days are like a flying Shade,
 Of whose short Stay no Signs remain.
 In solemn State, O God, descend,
 Whilst Heav'n its lofty Head inclines;
 The smoaking Hills asunder rend;
 Of thy Approach the awful Signs.
 Discharge thy dreadful Lightnings round,
 And make my scatter'd Foes retreat;
 Them with thy pointed Arrows wound,
 And their Destruction soon complete.

PART II.

Do Thou, O Lord, from Heav'n engage
 Thy boundless Pow'r, my Foes to quell;

And snatch me from the stormy Rage,
 Of threatening Waves that proudly swell.
 Fight Thou against my foreign Foes,
 Who utter Speeches false and vain;
 Who tho' in solemn Leagues they close,
 Their sworn Engagements ne'er maintain.
 So I to Thee, O King of Kings,
 In new-made Hymns my Voice shall raise,
 And Instruments of various Strings
 Shall help me, thus to sing thy Praise.
 God does to Kings his Aid afford,
 To them his sure Salvation sends;
 'Tis He that from the murd'ring Sword,
 His Servant David still defends.
 Fight Thou against my foreign Foes,
 Who utter Speeches false and vain;
 Who, tho' in solemn Leagues they close,
 Their sworn Engagements ne'er maintain.
 Then our young Sons, like Trees shall grow,
 Well planted in some fruitful Place;
 Our Daughters, shall like Pillars show,
 Design'd some royal Court to grace.
 Our Garners, fill'd with various Store,
 Shall us and ours with Plenty feed;
 Our Sheep, increasing more and more,
 Shall thousands, and ten thousands breed.

14 Strong,

14 Strong, shall our lab'ring Oxen grow,
Nor in their Constant Labour faint;
Whilst we no War, nor Slav'ry know,
And in our Streets hear no Complaint.
15 Thrice happy is that People's Case,
Whose various Blessings thus abound,
Who God's true Worship still embrace,
And are with his Protection crown'd.



P S A L M CXLV.

1 **T**HEE will I bless, my God and King,
thy endless Praise proclaim;
This Tribute daily will I bring,
and ever bless thy Name.
Thou, Lord, beyond compare art Great,
and highly to be prais'd;
Thy Majesty, with boundless Height,
above our Knowledge rais'd.
2 Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame
to future Times extends;
From Age to Age thy glorious Name,
successively descends.
Whilst thy Glory and Renown,
and wond'rous Works express;
The World with me thy Might shall own,

and thy great Pow'r confess.
3 The Praise that to thy Love belongs,
they shall with Joy proclaim;
Thy Truth, of all their grateful Songs,
shall be the constant Theme.
The Lord is good; fresh Acts of Grace,
his Pity still supplies;
His Anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing Mercy flies.
4 Thy Love, thro' Earth extends its Fame,
to all thy Works express;
These shew thy Praise, whilst thy great Name,
is by thy Servants blest:
They, with the glorious Prospect fir'd,
shall of thy Kingdom speak;
And thy great Pow'r, by all admir'd,
their lofty Subject make.

P A R T II.

5 God's glorious Works, of ancient Date,
shall thus to all be known;
And thus his Kingdom's Royal State,
with publick Splendor shown.
His steadfast Throne, from Changes free,
shall stand for ever fast;
His boundless Sway no End shall see,
but Time it self out-last.

6 The Lord does them support that fall,
and makes the prostrate rise:
For his kind Aid all Creatures call,
who timely Food supplies.
What e'er their various Wants require,
with open Hand He gives;
And so fulfils the just Desire
of ev'ry Thing that lives.
7 How holy is the Lord, how just!
how righteous all his ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm Trust,
for his Assistance prays!
He grants the full Desires of those,
who Him with fear adore;
And will their Troubles soon compose,
When they his Aid implore.
8 The Lord preserves all those with Care,
whom grateful Love employs;
But Sinners who his Vengeance dare,
with furious Rage destroys.
My time to come, in Praises spent,
shall still advance his Fame,
And all Mankind with one Consent,
for ever blefs his Name.

PSALM CXLVI. [Tune Ps. 33.]

1 O Praise the Lord, and thou my Soul,
for ever blefs his Name:
His wond'rous Love, while Life shall last,
my constant Praise shall claim.
2 On Kings, the greatest Sons of Men,
let none for Aid rely;
They cannot save in dang'rous times,
nor timely Help apply.
3 Depriv'd of Breath, to Dust they turn,
and there neglected lie;
And all their Thoughts and vain Designs,
together with them die.
4 Then happy he, who Jacob's God,
for his Protector takes;
Who still, with well-plac'd Hope, the Lord
his constant Refuge makes.
5 The Lord, who made both Heav'n and Earth,
and all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast Truth,
nor make his Promise vain.
6 The Poor oppress'd, from all their Wrongs,
are eas'd by his Decree;
He gives the Hungry needful Food,
and sets the Pris'ners free.
7 By Him the Blind receive their Sight,

the

the weak and fall'n He rears:
 With kind Regard and tender Love,
 He for the Righteous cares.
 The Strangers, He preserves from Harm,
 the Orphan, kindly treats,
 Defends the Widow, and the Wiles
 of wicked Men, defeats.
 The God that does in *Sion* dwell,
 is our eternal King:
 From Age to Age his Reign endures,
 let all his Praises sing.



P S A L M CXLVII.

O Praise the Lord with Hymns of Joy,
 and celebrate his Fame;
 For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
 to praise his holy Name.
 His Holy City God will build,
 tho' levell'd with the Ground;
 Bring back his People, tho' dispers'd
 thro' all the Nations round.
 He kindly heals the broken Hearts,
 and all their wounds does close;
 He tells the number of the Stars,
 their sev'ral Names He knows.

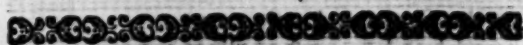
Great is the Lord, and great his Pow'r,
 his Wisdom has no Bound;
 The Meek he raises, but throws down
 the Wicked, to the Ground.
 To God, the Lord, a Hymn of Praise,
 with grateful Voices sing;
 To Songs of Triumph tune the Harp,
 and strike each warbling String.
 He covers Heav'n with Clouds, and thence
 'refreſhing Rain beſtows,
 Through him, on Mountain-Tops, the Graſs
 with wond'rous Plenty grows.
 He, ſavage Beaſts, that looſely range,
 with timely Food ſupplies;
 He, feeds the Raven's tender Brood,
 and ſtops their hungry Cries.
 He, values not the warlike Steed;
 but does his Strength diſdain;
 The nimble Foot that ſwiftly runs,
 no Priſe from Him can gain.

P A R T II.

But He, to him that fears his Name,
 his tender Love extends,
 To him that on his boundleſs Grace,
 with ſtedfaſt Hope depends.
 Let *Sion* and *Jeruſalem* then,

to God their Praise address;
 Who fenc'd their Gates with massie Bars,
 and does their Children bless.
 6 Thro' all their Borders He gives Peace,
 with finest Wheat they're fed;
 He speaks the Word, and what He wills
 is done, as soon as said.
 Large Flakes of Snow, like fleecy Wool,
 descend at his Command;
 And hoary Frost, like Ashes spread,
 is scatter'd o'er the Land.
 7 When joyn'd to these, He does his Hail
 in little Morfels break,
 Who can against his piercing Cold,
 secure Defences make.
 He sends his Word, which melts the Ice;
 He makes his Winds to blow,
 And soon the Streams, congeal'd before,
 in plenteous Currents flow.
 8 By Him his Statutes and Decrees,
 to Jacob's Sons were shewn;
 And still to *Isr'el's* chosen Seed,
 his righteous Laws are known.
 No other Nation this can boast,
 nor did He e'er afford,
 To heathen Lands his Oracles,

and Knowledge of his Word.
Hal - le - lu - jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.



P S A L M CXLVIII.

YE boundless Realms of Joy,
 1 Exalt your Maker's Fame;
 His Praise your Song employ,
 Above the starry Frame:
 Your Voices raise,
 Ye Cherubim,
 And Seraphim,
 To sing his Praise.
 2 Thou Moon, that rul'st the Night,
 And Sun, that guid'st the Day,
 Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,
 To Him, your Homage pay:
 His Praise declare,
 Ye Heav'ns above,
 And Clouds that move,
 In liquid Air.
 3 Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy Name,
 By whose Almighty Word,

They

They all from nothing came,

And all shall last,

From Changes free;

His firm Decree,

Stands ever fast.

Let Earth her Tribute pay;

Praise Him, ye dreadful Whales,

And Fish that through the Sea,

Glide swift with glit'ring Scales:

Fire, Hail, and Snow,

And misty Air,

And Winds that, where

He bids them, blow.

PART II.

By Hills and Mountains, (all

In grateful Confort joyn'd,)

By Cedars stately tall;

And Trees for Fruit design'd,

And ev'ry Beast,

And creeping Thing,

And Fowl of Wing,

His Name be blest.

Let all of Royal Birth,

with those of humbler Frame,

And Judges of the Earth,

His matchless Praise proclaim;

In this design,

Let Youths with Maids,

And hoary Heads,

With Children join.

United Zeal be shown,

His wond'rous Fame to raise,

Whose glorious Name alone,

Deserves our endless Praise.

Earth's utmost Ends

His Pow'r obey:

His glorious Sway,

The Sky transcends.

His chosen Saints to grace,

He sets them up on high,

And favours *Isr'el's* Race,

Who still to Him are nigh.

O therefore raise,

Your grateful Voice;

And still rejoyce,

The Lord to praise.

PSALM CXLIX.

O Praise ye the Lord,

prepare your glad Voice,

His Praise, in the great

Assembly to sing.
 In our great Creator,
 let *Isr'el* rejoyce;
 And Children of *Sion*,
 be glad in their King.
 2 Let them his great Name,
 extol in the Dance
 With Timbrel and Harp
 his Praises express;
 Who always takes Pleasure
 his Saints to advance,
 And with his Salvation
 the Humble to bless.
 3 With Glory adorn'd,
 his People shall sing
 To God, who their Beds
 with Safety does shield;
 Their Mouths fill'd with Praises
 of him their great King;
 Whilst a two-edged Sword,
 their Right-Hand shall wield.
 4 Just Vengeance to take
 for Injuries past;
 To punish those Lands
 for Ruin design'd;
 With Chains, as their Captives,

to tie their Kings fast,
 With Fetters of Iron,
 their Nobles to bind.
 5 Thus shall they make good,
 when them they destroy,
 The dreadful Decree
 which God does proclaim,
 Such Honour and Triumph,
 his Saints shall enjoy.
 O therefore, for ever
 exalt his great Name.



P S A L M CL.

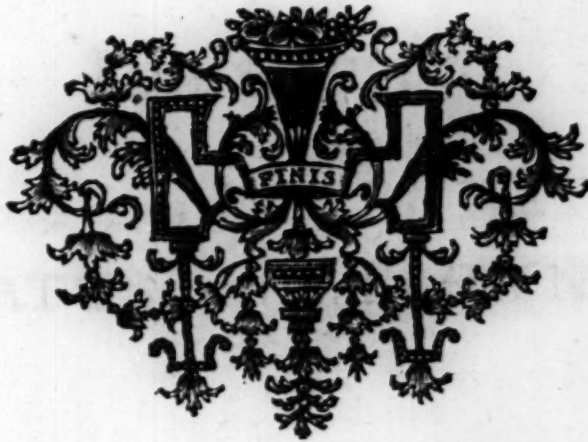
1 O Praise the Lord in that blest Place,
 From whence his Goodness largely flows,
 Praise Him in Heav'n, where He his Face
 Unveil'd, in perfect Glory shows.
 Praise Him for all the mighty Acts,
 Which He in our Behalf has done;
 His Kindness this Return exacts,
 With which our Praise should equal run.
 2 Let the shrill Trumpet's warlike Voice,
 Make Rocks and Hills his Praise rebound;
 Praise Him with Harps melodious Noise,
 And gentle Psaury's silver Sound.

Let

Let Virgin-Troops soft Timbrels bring;
 And some with graceful Motion dance;
 Let Instruments of various String,
 With Organs join'd his praise advance.
 Let them who joyful Hymns compose,
 To Cymbals set their Songs of Praise;

Cymbals of common use, and those
 That loudly sound, on solemn Days.
 Let all that vital Breath enjoy,
 The Breath, He does to them afford,
 In just returns of praise employ;
 Let ev'ry Creature, praise the Lord.

F I N I S.



Of the common life, and that
 The good, the true, the just,
 The noble, the brave, the wise,
 The pure, the good, the true,
 The noble, the brave, the wise,
 The pure, the good, the true,
 The noble, the brave, the wise,
 The pure, the good, the true,

Let V. and I. be the same,
 And some with the same,
 Let them be the same,
 And some with the same,
 Let them be the same,
 And some with the same,
 Let them be the same,
 And some with the same,



With preceding

H Y M N S

A D A P T E D T O
C H R I S T I A N W O R S H I P,

And particularly to the Celebra-
tion of Baptism and the
Lord's-Supper.

Collected from J. STENNET, Js.
WATTS, and S. BROWNE.

And set to Musick

By

J. Z. T R I E M E R.

A M S T E R D A M ,

Printed Anno 1753.

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J. N. FRIEMER.

A M S T E R D A M

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H Y M N S.

HYMN I.

1 **H** Ark, the best News that ever came!
 To sinful Men, condemn'd, forlorn!
 Aloud celestial Hosts proclaim,
"A Saviour, Christ the Lord, is born."
 2 Their Sov'reign throws his Beams aside,
 And steps from his imperial Throne,
 In Human Form the God to hide,
 And our frail Flesh to make his own.
 3 How many Wonders here combine,
 To draw and fix believing Eyes!
 And fill all Heav'n with Joy divine,
 With awful Mirth, & dear Surprise?
 4 The Angels croud in shining Bands,
 To wait on this auspicious Birth
 And loud proclaim their God's Command's,
"His Praise on high, his Peace on Earth."
 5 Let us too try our utmost Skill,
 And loud with thankful Hearts reply,
 On Earth be Peace, to Men good Will,
 And bigbest Praise to God on high.

S. BROWNE.

HYMN II.

1 **S** alvation! O the Joyful Sound!
 'Tis Pleasure to our Ears;
 A Sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
 A Cordial for our Fears.
 2 Bury'd in Sorrow and in Sin,
 At Hell's dark Door we lay,
 But we arise by Grace divine,
 To See a heav'nly Day.
 3 Salvation! let the Eccho fly
 The spacious Earth around,
 While all the Armies of the Sky,
 Conspire to raise the Sound.
 4 Now Let the Father and the Son,
 And Spirit be ador'd,
 Where there are works to make him known,
 Or Saints to Love the Lord.

J. S. WATTS.

HYMN III.

1 **J** oin all the glorious Names
 Of Wisdom, Love and Pow'r,
 That ever Mortals knew,
 A a That

That Angels ever bore:

All are too mean

To speak his Worth,

Too mean to set

My Saviour forth.

2 But O what gentle Terms!

What condescending Ways!

Doth Our Redeemer use,

To teach his heav'nly Grace.

Mine Eyes with Joy

And Wonder see,

What Forms of Love

He bears for me.

Array'd in mortal Fleth,

He Like an Angel stands,

And holds the Promises

And Pardons in his Hands:

Commission'd from

His Father's Throne,

To make his Grace

To Mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God,

My Tongue would bless thy Name,

By Thee the joyful News

Of our Salvation came;

The joyful News

Of Sins forgiv'n,

Of Hell subdu'd,

And Peace with Heav'n.

5 Be thou my Counsellor,

My Pattern and my Guide;

And thro' this desert Land,

Still keep me near thy Side.

O let my Feet

Ne'er run astray,

Nor rove, nor seek

The crooked way!

6 I love my Shepherd's Voice,

His watchful Eyes shall keep

My wand'ring Soul, among

The thousands of his Sheep;

He feeds his Flock,

He calls their Names;

His Bosom bears

The tender Lambs.

7 To this dear Surety's Hand,

Will I commit my Cause;

He answers and fulfils

His Father's broken Laws.

Behold my Soul

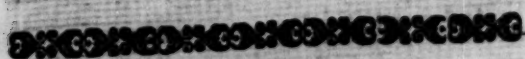
At Freedom Set!

My Surety paid

The dreadful Debt.
 Jesus my Great High-Priest,
 Offer'd his Blood and dy'd;
 My guilty Conscience seeks,
 No Sacrifice beside.
 His powerful Blood
 Did once atone;
 And now it pleads
 Before the Throne.
 My Advocate appears,
 For my Defence on high;
 The Father bows his Ears,
 And lays his Thunder by.
 Not all that Hell
 Or Sin can say,
 Shall turn his Heart,
 His Love away.
 My dear Almighty Lord,
 My Conqueror and my King,
 Thy Scepter and thy Sword,
 Thy reigning Grace I sing.
 Thine is the Pow'r;
 Behold I sit,
 In willing Bonds
 Before thy Feet.
 Now let my Soul arise,

And tread the Tempter down;
 My Captain leads me forth
 To Conquest and a Crown.
 A feeble Saint
 Shall win the Day,
 Tho' Death and Hell
 Obstruct the Way.
 Should all the Hosts of Death,
 And Pow'rs of Hell unknown,
 Put their most dreadful Forms,
 Of Rage and Mischief on;
 I shall be Safe,
 For Christ displays,
 Superior Pow'r
 And Guardian Grace.
 To God the Father's Throne,
 Perpetual Honours raise;
 Glory to God the Son,
 To God the Spirit Praise:
 And while our lips
 Their tribute bring,
 Our Faith adores
 The Name we sing.

J. S. WATTS.



H Y M N IV.

1 **T**he Jewiſh ſhades are all withdrawn,
 And vaniſh'd quite away:
 Like pitchy Night, or kindling Dawn,
 Before the Blaze of Day.
 2 No more devoted Beaſts muſt die,
 On flaming Altars laid:
 No more muſt coſtly Incenſe fry,
 Or Blood of Bulls be ſhed.
 3 The prieſtly Robes are uſeleſs grown,
 The Office laid aſide:
 Since Chriſt to act the Prieſt came down,
 And for Tranſgreſſion dy'd.
 4 And harmleſs Beaſts in vain had bled,
 And Altars ſmoak'd in vain:
 Had He not in the Sinner's Stead
 Conſented to be ſlain:
 5 But his rich Blood atones for Sin,
 And full Remiſſion buys:
 Our gasping Hopes revive Again,
 At this great Sacrifice.
 6 Thus by the ſhine of Goſpel Day,
 The former Night's diſpell'd:
 The ancient Miſts are clear'd away,
 And all the Types fulfill'd.

7 That great Atonement we receive,
 Which Prophets did foretell:
 That will from Senſe of Guilt relieve,
 Redeem from Wrath and Hell.
 8 **J**ESUS, to Thee our Thanks we owe,
 For all this Light and Love:
 Thou Source of all our Hopes below,
 And all our Blifs above.

S. BROWNE.



H Y M N V.

1 **H**aſt thou, my Soul, thy Saviour view'd
 As on the Croſs He hung and bled?
 Haſt ſeen his Bruiſes, Wounds, and Tears,
 Seen him bow down his dying Head?
 2 Haſt heard how rudely He was jeer'd,
 By thoſe that made him groan and die?
 Heard him amid their cruel Scoſs,
 Ev'n rend the Heavens with his Cry.
 3 That doleful Cry, my God, my God,
 O why haſt Thou thy Son forſook!
 Haſt mark'd the Anguiſh of his Words,
 The mortal Horror of his Look?
 4 All this is much, yet 'tis not all;
 But thou no proper Terms canſt find,
 To paint the Torments of his Soul,

The

The inward Bruises of his Mind.
 5 All this and more than thou, my Soul,
 Canst tell or think, He did endure,
 To screen thee from his Father's Wrath,
 And thy Eternal Bliss secure.
 6 Look back once more, and view his Head,
 His Back, his Hands, his Feet, his Side:
 And tell if any Sight like this,
 Is found in all the World beside.
 7 No, all to me is Dung and Dross,
 But my dear Jesus Crucify'd:
 Under the Shadow of his Cross
 I'll sit me down, and there abide.
 8 His Wounds, the noblest Proofs of Love,
 His Beauty too I there shall see,
 Darting thro' his reproachful Veil,
 Its sweet and powerful Beams on me.

J. STENNET.



HYMN VI.

While to thy Cross we turn our Eyes,
 And there thy Agonies review;
 What we deserv'd but Thou hast born,
 Thy wounds, thy Groans, thy Torments shew.
 2 While Terror o'er thy Soul was spread,
 Thy cruel Foes reviling Stood;

While Clouds of Wrath burst on thy Head,
 They bath'd their Hands in sacred Blood.
 3 The Sun astonish'd hid his Face,
 The Heav'ns a sable Garment wore;
 The frighted Earth's Foundations shook,
 And solid Rocks asunder tore:
 4 The Temple's veil was rent, to shew
 Heav'ns Throne unveil'd to our High Priest:
 The op'ning Graves and rising Saints,
 The Virtue of his Death confess.

J. STENNET.



HYMN VII.

1. **T**his full-b'd the Redeemer cries;
 Then lowly bows his fainting Head;
 And loon th' expiring Sacrifice
 Sinks, to the Regions of the Dead.
 2 'Tis done — the mighty Work is done!
 For Men or Angels much too great;
 Which none, but God's eternal Son;
 Or would attempt, or could complete.
 3 'Tis done — his Tears, his Groans, & Wounds,
 His Sweat and Blood, his Pains, & Toils:
 Victory with deathless Glory crowns,
 With Trophies, and Triumphant Spoils.
 4 Hell's broken Troops find no defence:

A a 3

Sin

Sin dies, and Death itself is slain:
 Hope, Peace, Love, Joy & Innocence
 Return, to dwell on Earth again.
 'Tis done — Old things are past away,
 And a new State of things begun;
 A World whose Age feels no Decay,
 But shall out — last the circling Sun.
 A new Account of Time begins,
 When our dear Lord resign'd his breath,
 Charg'd with our Sorrows and our Sins,
 Our Lives to ransom by his Death.
 Once He was dead; now lives and reigns,
 Where Angels his great Deeds proclaim:
 Let's tell our Joys in pious Strains,
 And spread the Glory of his Name.

J. STENNET.

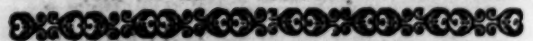


H Y M N VIII.

Crist be the Man, for ever curst,
 That doth the smallest Sin commit;
 Death and Damnation for the first,
 Without Relief and Infinite.
 Thus Sinners roar; and round the Earth
 Thunder and Fire, and Vengeance sing;
 But JESUS, thy dear gasping Breath,
 And Calvary, says gentler Things.

2. Pardon, and Grace, & boundless Love,
 Streaming along a SAVIOUR'S Blood,
 And Life, and Joys, and Crowns above,
 Dear — purchas'd by a bleeding God.
 Hark! how He prays, (the charming Sound
 Dwells on his dying Lips) *FORGIVE*;
 And ev'ry Groan, and gaping Wound,
 Cries; *Father*, let the Rebels live.
 Go, you that rest upon the Law,
 And toil & seek Salvation there,
 Look to the Flames that *Moses* saw,
 And shrink and tremble & despair.
 But I'll retire beneath the Cross,
 SAVIOUR, at thy dear Feet I lie;
 And the keen Sword that Justice draws,
 Flaming & red shall pass me by.

J. S. WATTS.



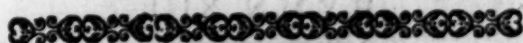
H Y M N IX.

Blest Morning, whose young dawning Rays
 Beheld our rising God;
 That saw him triumph o'er the Dust,
 And Leave his Last abode.
 2 In the cold Prison of a Tomb,
 The dead Redeemer Lay,
 Till the revolving Skies had brought

The

The Third, th' appointed Day.
 2 Hell and the Grave unite their force,
 To hold our God, in Vain;
 The Sleeping Conqueror arose,
 And burst their feeble Chain.
 4 To thy great Name, Almighty Lord,
 These sacred Hours we pay,
 And Loud Hosannas shall proclaim,
 The Triumph of the day.
 5 Salvation and immortal Praise,
 To our Victorious King;
 Let Heav'n and Earth, and Rocks, and Seas,
 With glad Hosannas ring.

J. S. WATTS.

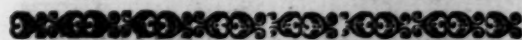


H Y M N X.

1 Thus faith the Mercy of the Lord,
 I'll be a God to thee;
 I'll bless thy num'rous Race, and they
 Shall be a Seed for me.
 2 Abra'm believ'd the promis'd Grace,
 And gave his Sons to God;
 But Water seals the Blessing now,
 That once was seal'd with Blood.
 3 Thus Lydia Sanctify'd her House,
 When she receiv'd the Word;

Thus the believing Jaylor, gave
 His Household, to the Lord.
 4 Thus later Saints, Eternal King,
 Thine ancient Truth embrace,
 To Thee their Infant Offspring bring,
 And Humbly claim the Grace.
 5 Now let the Father and the Son
 and Spirit be ador'd,
 Where there are Works to make him known,
 or Saints to Love the Lord.

J. S. WATTS.



H Y M N XL.

1 Descend, O King of Saints, descend,
 By thy free Spirit's vital Heat:
 Fresh Joys to ev'ry Soul extend,
 That at thy Table finds a Seat.
 2 O Prince of Peace, bless Thou this Board,
 With those sweet Smiles which Angels Cheer:
 O give us Peace; and tell us, Lord,
 We're pardon'd, and accepted here.
 3 As Thou our hungry Souls hast fed,
 Our thirsty Souls sustain'd with Wine;
 Nourish us with this heav'nly Bread,
 And with this sacred Blood of thine.
 4 Amazing Love! 'tis infinite!

No

No Thoughts its endless Depth can Sound;
 It Heav'n's high Arch exceeds for Height,
 And for Extent, the World's vast Round.
 Lord; to advance thy Praises here,
 Increase our Light, enlarge our Love;
 And by thy Grace our Souls prepare,
 For better Songs and Tunes above.
 O Thus God the Father God the Son,
 And God the Spirit we adore,
 That Sea of Life and Love unknown,
 Without a Bottom, or a Shore.

J. STENNET.

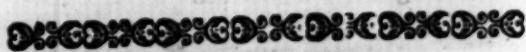


HYMN XII.

1 Come, let us go and die with Him,
 Who was content to die for us;
 Let's wound and crucify those Sins,
 That nail'd our Saviour to his Cross.
 2 May Holy Indignation raise,
 A just Revenge in ev'ry Breast!
 May ev'ry Soul, that Jesus loves,
 The very Thoughts of Sin detest!
 3 My Robes, when wash'd in Sacred Blood,
 Shall I again with Blots deface?
 My Soul by Grace advanc'd to Heav'n,
 Shall I again to Hell debate?

4 Prevent me, O Almighty Grace!
 Nor let me e'er so treach'rous prove,
 To crucify my Lord afresh,
 And render Hate for all his Love!
 5 His Life, the Model be of mine;
 His Word, the Rule to guide my ways;
 His Cross, the Death of all my Crimes;
 His Love, the Subject of my Praise.
 6 And let the Church with one accord
 Resound Amen, and praise the Lord;
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

J. STENNET.



HYMN XIII.

1 No more, my God, I boast no more,
 Of all the Duties I have done;
 I quit the Hopes I held before,
 To trust the Merits of thy Son.
 2 Now for the Love I bear his Name,
 What was my Gain I count my Loss;
 My former Pride I call my Shame,
 And nail my Glory to his Cross.
 3 Yes, and I must & will esteem
 All things but Loss for Jesus' sake:
 O may my Soul be found in him,

And

And of his Righteousness partake!
 4 The best Obedience of my Hands,
 Dares not appear before thy Throne,
 But Faith can answer thy Demands,
 By pleading what my Lord has done.
 5 Now to the God whose pow'r can do,
 More than our Thoughts or Wishes know,
 Be Everlasting Honours done,
 By all the Church, thro' Christ his Son.

J. S. WATTS.

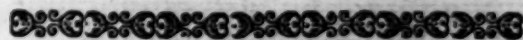


H Y M N XIV.

1 **A**T Pentecost, illustrious Day!
 With one Accord th' Apostles met,
 There, where their Master bid them stay,
 And for the Father's Promise wait.
 2 Nor did they sit in long Suspense,
 From Heav'n a sudden Sound was hear'd,
 Like Wind impetuous rushing thence,
 And Cloven Tongues of Fire appear'd.
 3 With flowing Speech in foreign Tongues,
 God's wondrous Works they now proclaim:
 Whilst of all Nations num'rous Throngs,
 To witness to the Wonder came.
 4 Surpris'd they hear'd illiterate Jews,
 The Language of each Country speak:

The Tongue of Medes, of Lybians use,
 Arabic, Persian, Roman, Greek.
 5 Thus did the Holy Ghost inspire,
 And fit Them, Christian Truths to spread,
 Fill ev'ry Heart with Light and Fire,
 Teach ev'ry Tongue to preach & plead.
 6 Thus did He open Witness bear,
 To their Authority divine:
 Make stupid Lands attentive hear,
 And all their Gods and Lusts resign.
 7 Thus Tidings of Salvation run,
 Through ev'ry Nation far and near,
 And ev'ry where beneath the Sun,
 The Triumphs of the Cross appear.

S. BROWNE.



H Y M N XV.

1 **E**'re long the awful Day will come,
 When Christ in Glory shall appear,
 And all the World their final Doom,
 From his most Righteous Lips must hear.
 2 In God-like State He'll then descend,
 With Glory crown'd and clad in Light:
 His heav'nly Host will all attend,
 With Looks and Robes divinely bright.
 3 He'll mount his dazzling Judgement Seat,
 Bb And

And bid the great Arch-Angel sound,
 Wake all ye dead both small and Great,
 Entomb'd in Earth, in Waters drown'd.
 The dreadful Blast will shake the Sky,
 The Earth and Seas give up their Dead,
 Each Grave unlock and open fly,
 And ev'ry Sleeper lift his Head.
 The Dead reviv'd and all alive,
 Before Him then shall be conven'd;
 And their last Sentence to receive,
 Both Good and Bad shall there attend.
 The Volumes Shall be open thrown,
 Where all their Deeds are on Record,
 By his own Hand there written down,
 Their Righteous Judge, & sov'reign Lord,
 Just as their sev'ral Works have been,
 Decisive Sentence will be giv'n:
 They'll be condemn'd who liv'd in Sin,
 The Righteous welcom'd into Heav'n.
 Oh! may I find my little Name,
 In God's own Book of Life, set down;
 My Judge will then, *Well done*, proclaim,
 And with his Hands put on my Crown.

S. BROWNE.



HYMN XVI.

THe God of Mercy be ador'd,
 Who calls our Souls from Death,
 Who saves by his Redeeming Word,
 And new — creating Breath.
 To praise the Father and the Son,
 And Spirit all Divine,
 The One in Three, & Three in One,
 Let Saints & Angels join.

J. S. WATTS.



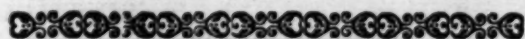
HYMN XVII.

Let Pharisees of high Esteem,
 Their Faith and Zeal declare;
 All their Religion is a Dream,
 If Love be wanting there.
 Love suffers long with patient Eye,
 Nor is provok'd in haste,
 She lets the present Injury die,
 And long forgets the past.
 Malice and Rage, those Fires of Hell,
 She quenches with her Tongue;
 Hopes, and believes, and thinks no Ill,
 Tho she endure the wrong.
 She nor desires nor seeks to know,

The

The Scandals of the Time;
 Nor looks with Pride on those below,
 Nor envies those that climb.
 5 She lays her own Advantage by,
 To seek her Neighbour's Good,
 So God's own Son came down to die,
 And bought our Lives with Blood.
 6 Love is the Grace that keeps her Pow'r,
 In all the Realms above;
 There Faith and Hope are known no more,
 But Saints for ever Love.

J. S. WATTS



H Y M N XVIII.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,
 Kindle a Flame of sacred Love,
 In these cold Hearts of ours.
 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling Toys;
 Our Souls can neither fly nor go,
 To reach eternal Joys.
 3 In vain we tune our formal Songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our Tongues,
 And our Devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie,
 At this poor dying rate;
 Our Love so faint, so cold to Thee?
 And thine to us so great?
 5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,
 And that shall kindle ours.
 6 Glory to God the Spirit Give,
 from whose Almighty Pow'r,
 Our Souls their Heav'nly Birth derive,
 And bless the happy Hour.

J. S. WATTS.



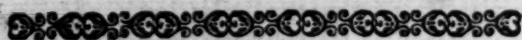
H Y M N XIX.

1 O! Might I once mount up and see
 The Glories of th' eternal Skies,
 What little Things these Worlds would be!
 How despicable to my Eyes!
 2 Had I a Glance of Thee, my God,
 Kingdoms and Men would vanish soon,
 Vanish as tho' I saw them not,
 As a dim Candle dies at Noon.
 3 GREAT ALL IN ALL, Eternal King
 Let me but view thy Lovely Face,
 And all my Pow'rs shall bow and sing,
 Thine

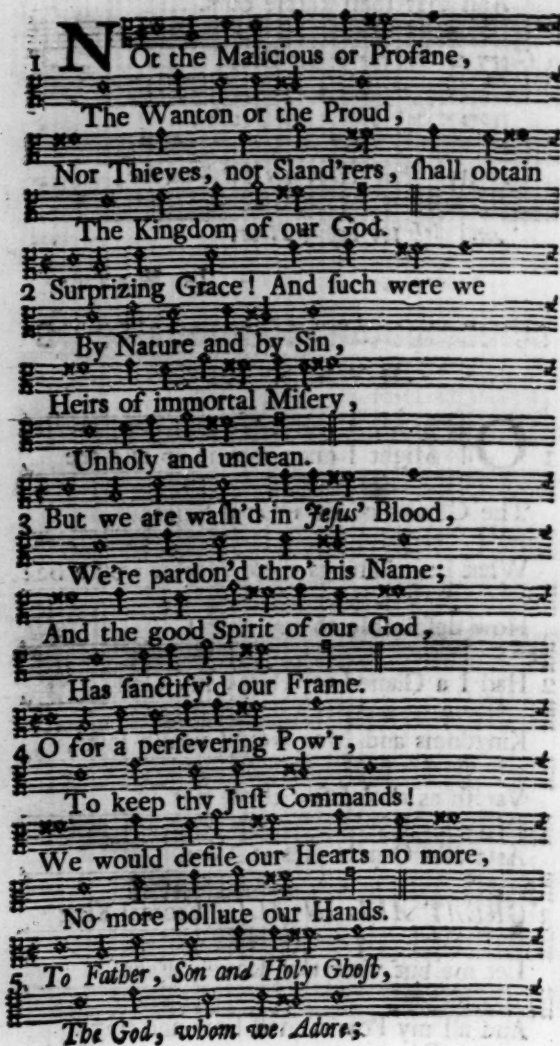
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J. S. WATTS.



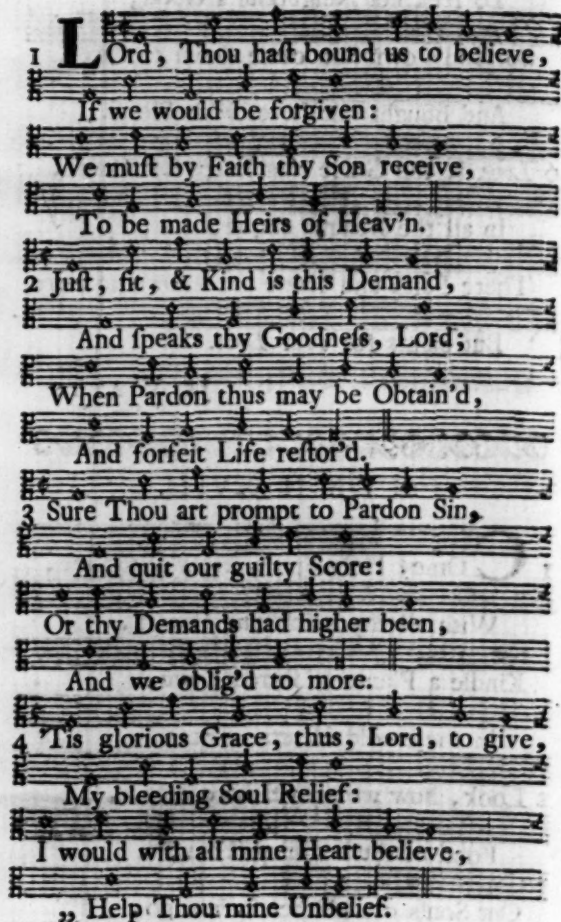
H Y M N XX.



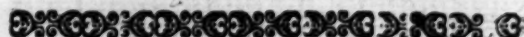
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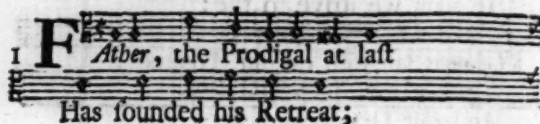
H Y M N XXI.



S. BROWNE.



H Y M N XXII.



And

And owning all his Follies past,
Lies prostrate at thy Feet.
Father, how tender is the Name!
How soft, how sweet it sounds!
And yet it covers me with Shame,
And opens all my Wounds.
2 Father! wilt Thou Relation own,
To such a Wretch as I?
Who have refus'd to be thy Son,
And left thy Family!
Ah! what a Monster have I been?
To turn my Back on Thee!
And for the low Delights of Sin,
From Love itself to flee!
3 Nor have I only spurn'd thy Grace,
I have thy Pow'r defy'd,
And broke thy Laws before thy Face,
With most contemptuous Pride.
Can I have any Room to Hope
For any Good from Thee?
Lord! should'st Thou give thy Vengeance scope,
Hell must my Portion be.
4 Yet will I hope. Should I despair,
I cannot live abroad:
My Saviour's Merits boundless are,
Thou art a pitying God.

If 'tis too much to be a Son,
Let me a *Servant* be:
I wou'd on any Terms, be one
That appertains to Thee.

S. BROWNE.



H Y M N XXIII

1 **L**ord, all these Works of thine
Become thy Hand Divine,
And Pious Thoughts inspire:
While all thy Greatness prove
Thee I admire and Love,
Love and admire.
2 The World's a Temple, where
Thy Creatures all appear,
To Offer Praise and Pray'r:
The Rocks, and Hills and Trees,
On Earth, in Air, in Seas,
Thy Altars are.
3 The scaly Troops that sweep
Thro' Regions of the Deep,
The Beasts that feed and stray
Thro' Mountains Woods and Plains,
Confess *Jehovah* reigns,
And Homage pay.
4 The feather'd Tribe that swims

Bb 3

In

In Air, with various Hymns
 Sound thro' the Groves thy Name;
 While impious Men alone,
 Thy Name, thy Truth, thy Throne
 Dare to blaspheme.

J. STENNET.

HYMN XXIV.

1 **W**elcome sweet Day of Rest,
 That saw the Lord arise;
 Welcome to this reviving Breast,
 And these rejoicing Eyes!
 2 The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his Saints to Day;
 Here we may sit, and see him here
 And Love, and Praise, and Pray.
 3 One Day amidst the Place,
 Where my dear God hath been,
 Is sweeter than Ten Thousand Days,
 Of pleasureable Sin.
 4 My willing Soul would stay
 In such a Frame as this,
 And sit and sing herself away
 To everlasting Bliss.
 5 Ye Angels round the Throne,
 And Saints that dwell below,

Worship the Father, praise the Son,
 And bless the Spirit too.

J. S. WATTS.

HYMN XXV.

1 **M**y God, how endless is thy Love?
 Thy Gifts are ev'ry Ev'ning new,
 And Morning Mercies from above,
 Gently distill like early Dew.
 2 Thou spreadst the Curtains of the Night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping Hours!
 Thy sov'reign Word restores the Light
 And quickens all my drowzy Pow'rs.
 3 I yield my Pow'rs to thy Command,
 To Thee I consecrate my Days;
 Perpetual Blessings from thine Hand,
 Demand perpetual Songs of Praise.
 4 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be Honour, Praise, and Glory giv'n,
 By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n,

J. S. WATTS.

HYMN XXVI.

1 **M**an has a Soul of vast Desires,
 He burns within with restless Fires,

Toft

Toft to and fro his Paſſions fly,
From Vanity to Vanity.
2 In vain on Earth we hope to find
Some ſolid Good to fill the Mind,
We try new Pleaſures, but we feel
The inward Thirſt and Torment ſtill.
3 So when a raging Fever burns,
We ſhift from Side to Side by Turns;
And 'tis a poor Relief we gain
To change the Place, but keep the Pain.
4 Great God, ſubdue this vicious Thirſt,
This Love to Vanity and Duſt;
Cure the vile Fever of the Mind,
And feed our Souls with Joys refin'd.

J. S. WATTS.

H Y M N XXVII.

1 **A**ND now, my Soul, another Year,
Of my ſhort Life is paſt:
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my laſt.
Much of my dubious Life is done,
Nor will return again;
And ſwift my paſſing Moments run,
The few that yet remain.
2 Lord, what, a Fool, a Wretch am I,

If one more Year is loſt!
If yet beneath thy Curſe I lie,
And to thy Wrath expos'd!
If I get deeper in Arrear,
As Life ſtill ſhorter grows!
More diſtant from my God, More near,
To never dying Woes!
3 Awake, my Soul, with utmoſt Care
Thy true Condition learn:
What are thy Hopes, how ſure, how fair?
And what thy chief Concern?
Rouſe all the Man, thy Work is great,
And all the Man demands:
Thine Head, thine Heart, thy Breath, thy Sweat,
Thy Strength & both thine Hands.
4 Now a new Scene of Time begins,
Set out therewith for Heav'n:
Seek Pardon for thy former Sins,
In Chriſt ſo freely giv'n.
Devoutly yield thyſelf to God,
And to his Care commend:
And ſtill purſue the heav'nly Road,
Nor doubt an happy End.

S. BROWNE.

HYMN XXVIII.

1 **H**ark! from the Tombs a doleful Sound!
 My Ears attend the Cry,
 „ Ye living Men, come view the Ground
 „ Where you must shortly lie.
 2 „ Princes this Clay must be your Bed,
 „ In spite of all your Tow'rs;
 „ The Tall, the Wise, the Rev'rend Head
 „ Must lie as low as ours.
 3 Great God! is this our certain Doom?
 And are we still secure!
 Still walking downwards to our Tomb,
 And yet prepare no more?
 4 Grant us the Pow'rs of quick'ning Grace,
 To fit our Souls to fly,
 Then, when we drop this dying Flesh,
 We'll rise above the Sky.

J. S. WATTS.

HYMN XXIX.

1 **L**et others boast how strong they be,
 Nor Death nor Danger fear;
 But we'll confess, O Lord, to Thee,
 What feeble Things we are.
 2 Fresh as the Grass our Bodies Stand,

And flourish Bright and Gay;
 A blasting Wind sweeps o'er the Land,
 And fades the Grass away.
 3 Our Life contains a thousand Springs,
 And dies if one be gone:
 Strange! that a Harp of Thousand Strings,
 Should keep in Tune so long!
 4 But 'tis our God Supports our Frame,
 The God that built us first;
 Salvation to th' Almighty Name
 That rear'd us from the Dust.
 5 He spoke, and strait our Hearts and Brains,
 In all their Motions rose;
 Let Blood, said He, flow round the Veins,
 And round the Veins it flows.
 6 While we have Breath, or use our Tongues,
 Our Maker we'll adore;
 His Spirit moves our heaving Lungs,
 Or they would breathe no more.]

J. S. WATTS.

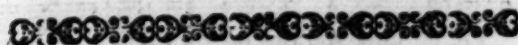
HYMN XXX.

1 **S**toop down, my Thoughts, that use to rise,
 Converse a while with Death:
 Think how a gasping mortal lies,
 And pants away his Breath.

2 His

2 His quiv'ring Lip hangs feebly down,
His Pulses faint and few,
Then, speechless, with a doleful Groan,
He bids the World adieu.
3 But, O the Soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the Clay!
Ye Thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wond'rous Way.
4 Up to the Courts where Angels dwell,
It mounts triumphing there,
Or Devils plunge it down to Hell,
In infinite Despair.
5 And must my Body faint and die?
And must this Soul remove?
O for some Guardian Angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!
6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful Hand,
My naked Soul I trust,
And my Flesh waits for thy Command,
To drop into my Dust.

J. S. WATTS.



H Y M N XXXI.

1 **T** Here is a Land of pure Delight,
Where Saints immortal reign;
Infinite Day excludes the Night,

And Pleasures banish Pain.
There everlasting Spring abides,
And never with'ring Flow'rs:
Death like a Narrow sea divides,
This Heav'nly Land from ours.
2 Sweet Fields beyond the swelling Flood,
Stand dress'd in living Green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
But Tim'rous Mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow Sea,
And linger shiv'ring on the Brink,
And fear to launch away.
3 O could we make our Doubts remove!
Those gloomy Doubts that rise;
And see the Can'an that we love,
With unobscured Eyes.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the Landskip o'er,
Not Jordan's Streams, nor Death's cold Flood,
Should fright us from the Shore.

J. S. WATTS.



H Y M N XXXII.

1 **L** ord at thy Feet a Sinner lies,
And knocks at Mercy's Door,
Cc With

With heavy Heart and down-cast Eyes,
 Thy Favour to implore;
 On me the vast Extent display,
 Of thy forgiving Love:
 Take all my heinous Guilt away,
 This heavy Load remove.
 I Sink with all this Weight oppress'd,
 Sink down to Death and Hell:
 O! give my lab'ring Soul some rest,
 My num'rous Fears dispel.
 'Tis Mercy, Mercy, I implore;
 I wou'd thy Bowels move:
 Thy Grace is an exhaustless Store,
 And Thou thyself art Love.
 Oh! for thine own, for Jesus Sake,
 My many Sins forgive:
 This Grace my rocky Heart will break,
 My breaking Heart relieve.
 Thus melt me down, thus make me bend,
 And thy Dominion own:
 Nor let a Rival more pretend,
 To repossess thy Throne.

S. BROWNE.



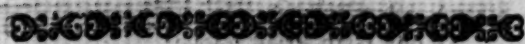
HYMN XXXIII.

This is surprising Grace, dear Lord,

'Tis Goodness all divine;
 A Worm, a Wretch to be abhor'd,
 Yet made a Child of thine!
 Will God so near Relation own
 To such an one as I?
 Vouchsafe to love me as his Son,
 And lay Repentment by?
 Can He so vile a thing embrace,
 Or to his Arms invite?
 Smile on me with a Father's Face,
 And make me his Delight?
 Lord, what an happy Change is this!
 A Rebel made a Son!
 A Wretch, by Grace advanc'd to Bliss;
 Who was by Sin undone!
 Oh! let this Love enkindle mine,
 Set all my Soul on Fire;
 Exalt my Voice to Strains divine,
 And utmost Praise inspire:
 And whilst with tuneful Tongue & Heart,
 I celebrate this Grace,
 Let all mine Actions bear a Part,
 And my whole Life be Praise.

S. BROWNE.

HYMN

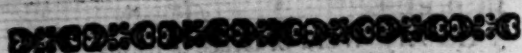


H Y M N XXXIV.

Begin, my Tongue, some heav'nly Theme,
And speak some boundless Thing,
The mighty Works, or mightier Name,
Of our Eternal - - - King,
Of our Eternal King.
Tell of his wond'rous Faithfulness,
And sound his Pow'r abroad,
Sing the sweet Promise of his Grace,
And the performing - - - God,
And the performing God.
Proclaim Salvation from the Lord
For wretched dying Men;
His Hand has writ the Sacred Word
With an immortal - - - Pen,
With an immortal Pen.
Engrav'd as in eternal Brass
The mighty Promise shines
Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkness raze
Those everlasting - - - Lines,
Those everlasting Lines.]

5 His very Word of Grace is strong
As that which built the Skies,
The Voice that rolls the Stars along
Speaks all the Promi - - - ses,
Speaks all the Promises.
6 He said, let the wide Heav'n be spread,
And Heav'n was stretch'd abroad;
Abrah'm I'll be thy God, He said,
And He was Abrah'm's - - - God,
And He was Abrah'm's God.
7 O might I hear thine heav'nly Tongue
But whisper Thou art mine
These gentle Words should raise my Song,
To Notes almost Di - - - vine,
To Notes almost Divine.
8 How would my leaping Heart rejoyce,
And think my Heav'n secure!
I trust the Al-creating Voice
And Faith desires no - - - more,
And Faith desires no more.

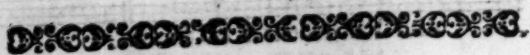
J. S. WATTS.



HYMN XXXV.

Jesus! O Word divinely sweet!
 How Charming is the Sound!
 What joyful News! what heav'nly Sense
 In that dear Name is found!
 Our Souls were guilty and condemn'd
 In hopeless Fetters lay;
 Our Souls with num'rous Sins deprav'd,
 To Death and Hell a Prey.
 Jesus, to purge away this Guilt,
 A willing Victim fell;
 And on his Cross triumphant broke
 The Bands of Death and Hell.
 Our Foes were mighty to destroy:
 He mightier was to save!
 He dy'd; but could not long be held
 A Pris'ner in the Grave.
 Jesus! who mighty art to save
 Still push thy Conquests on;
 Extend the Triumphs of thy Cross
 Where'er the Sun has shone.

J. STENNET.



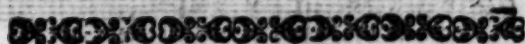
HYMN XXXVI.

With joy we meditate the Grace.

Of our High-Priest above;
 His Heart is made of Tenderness,
 His Bowels melt with Love.
 Touch'd with a Sympathy within
 He knows our feeble Frame;
 He knows what sore Temptations mean,
 For He has felt the same.
 But Spotless, innocent and pure
 The great Redeemer stood,
 While Satan's fiery Darts He bore,
 And did resist to Blood.
 He in the Days of feeble Flesh
 Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
 And in his Measure feels a fresh
 What ev'ry Member bears.
 He'll never quench the Smoking Flax,
 But raise it to a Flame;
 The bruised Reed He never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest Name.
 Then let our humble Faith address
 His Mercy and his Pow'r,
 We Shall obtain deliv'ring Grace
 In the Distressing Hour.

J. S. WATTS.

HYMN.



H Y M N XXXVII

Bury'd in Shadows of the Night,
We lie till *Christ* restores the Light;
Wisdom descends to heal the Blind,
And chase the Darkness of the Mind.
Our guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears
Till his atoning Blood appears;
Then we awake from deep Distress,
And sing, *the Lord our Righteousness.*
Our very Frame is mix'd with Sin,
His Spirit makes our Natures clean;
Such Virtues from his Sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
Jesus beholds where *Satan* reigns
Binding his slaves in heavy Chains;
He sets the Pris'ners free, and breaks
The Iron Bondage from our Necks.
Poor helpless Worms in Thee possess
Grace, Wisdom, Pow'r and Righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee.
Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise him, all Creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

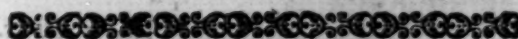
JS. WATTS



H Y M N XXXVIII [Tune Pf. 57.]

NOT to condemn the Sons of Men
Did Christ the Son of God appear;
No Weapons in his Hands are seen,
No flaming Sword, nor Thunder there.
Such was the Pity of our God,
He lov'd the Race of Man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our Load
Of Sins, and save our Souls from Hell.
Sinners, believe the Saviour's Word,
Trust in his mighty Name, and live;
A thousand Joys his Lips afford,
His Hands a thousand Blessings give.
But Vengeance & Damnation lies
On Rebels who refuse the Grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest Hell shall be their Place.

JS. WATTS

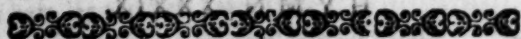


H Y M N XXXIX.

Lift up your Eyes to th^e heav'nly Seats
Where your Redeemer stays;
Kind Intercessor, there He sits.

And loves, and pleads, and prays.
 2 'Twas well, my Soul, he dy'd for thee,
 And shed his vital Blood;
 Appeas'd stern Justice on the Tree,
 And then arose to God.
 Petitions now and Praise my rise
 And Saints their Offerings bring;
 The Priest with his own Sacrifice
 Presents them to the King.
 4 Let Papists trust what Names thy please,
 Their Saints and Angels boast;
 We've no such Advocate as these
 Nor pray to th' heav'nly Host.
 5 Jesus alone shall bear my Cries
 Up to his Father's Throne;
 He (Dearest Lord) perfumes my Sighs,
 And sweetens ev'ry Groan.
 6 Ten thousand Praises to the King,
 Hosannas in the high't;
 Ten thousand Thanks our Spirits bring
 To God and to his Christ.]

J. S. WATTS.



HYMN XL.

1 Stand up, my Soul, shake off thy Fears,
 And gird the Gospel-Armour on,

March to the Gates of endless Joy,
 Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.
 2 Hell and thy Sins resist thy Course,
 But Hell & Sin are vanquish'd Foes,
 Thy Saviour nail'd them to the Cross,
 And sung the Triumph when He rose.
 3 What tho' the Prince of Darkness rage,
 And waste the Fury of his Spight,
 Eternal Chains confine him down
 To fiery Deeps, and endless Night.
 4 What tho' thine inward Lusts rebel;
 'Tis but a struggling Gasp for Life;
 The Weapons of victorious Grace
 Shall slay thy Sins and end the Strife.
 5 Then let my Soul march boldly on,
 Press forward to the heav'nly Gate,
 There Peace and Joy eternal reign,
 And glittering Robes for Conquerors wait.
 6 There shall I wear a starry Crown,
 And triumph in Almighty Grace,
 While all the Armies of the Skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's Praise.

J. S. WATTS.



HYMN XLI.

1 How oft have Sin and Satan strove

To

To rend my Soul from Thee, my God?
 But everlasting is thy Love,
 And *Jesus* seals it with his Blood.
 2 The Oath and Promise of the Lord
 Join to confirm the wond'rous Grace:
 Eternal Pow'r performs the Word,
 And fills all Heav'n with endless Praise.
 3 Amidst Temptations sharp and long
 My Soul to this dear Refuge flies;
 Hope is my Anchor, firm and strong,
 While Tempests blow, and Billows rise.
 4 The Gospel bears my Spirits up
 A faithful and unchanging God
 Lays the Foundation for my Hope,
 In Oaths, and Promises, and Blood.

J. S. WATTS.



H Y M N XLII.

1 **O** Thou whose scales the Mountains weigh,
 Whose will the raging Seas Obey,
 Whose word can turn those floods to flame,
 That flame to storm, that storm can tame;
 Let all my passions ebb and flow
 At thy command, Great God, and know
 No other motive but thy praise,
 What 'er those fiery serments raise.

2 Thou who canst raging winds Controul,
 Subdue the rebel in my Soul:
 Thou who canst calm the furious flood,
 Repress the tumults of my blood.
 With equal mind may I sustain,
 My Lot of pleasure, or of pain;
 My Joys and sorrows gently flow,
 Nor rise too high, nor sink too low.
 3 Let but thy Grace my pow'rs Controul,
 And reign unrival'd in my Soul,
 Then, with what ever storms oppress'd,
 Center'd in thee, she is at rest.
 O, when shall my unwav'ring mind
 This sweetest self-possession find!
 Fountain of Love, I long to see
 In thee my peace, my Heav'n in thee.

J. MASON.



H Y M N XLIII. [Tune Pf. 58.]

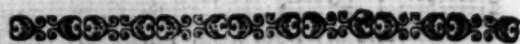
1 **H**ence from my Soul, sad Thoughts be gone,
 And leave me to my Joys,
 My Tongue shall triumph in my God,
 And make a joyful noise.
 2 Darkness and Doubts had veil'd my Mind,
 And drown'd my Head in Tears,
 'Till Sov'reign Grace with shining Rays

Dis-

Dispell'd my gloomy Fears.
 O what immortal Joys I felt,
 And Raptures all Divine
 When Jesus told me, I was his,
 And my beloved mine.
 In vain the Tempter frights my Soul,
 And breaks my Peace in vain,
 One Glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy Face
 Revives my Joys again.

J^s. WATTS.H Y M N XLIV. [Tune P^f. 8.]

O Ur God, how firm his Promise stands,
 Ev'n when He hides his Face;
 He trusts in our Redeemer's Hands
 His Glory and his Grace.
 Then why, my Soul, these sad Complaints,
 Since *Christ* and we are One?
 Thy God is faithful to his Saints
 Is faithful to his Son.
 Beneath his Smiles my Heart has liv'd,
 And Part of Heav'n possess'd,
 I praise his Name for Grace receiv'd,
 And trust him for the rest,

J^s. WATTS.

H Y M N XLV.

1 P Roduc'd at first by Pow'r divine,
 The human Nature stood:
 A sacred Building in Design,
 A dwelling—Place for God.
 With finish'd Art the Pile was rear'd,
 And fitted for its Use:
 Just Symmetry throughout appear'd,
 And Glory fill'd the House.
 2 God smil'd in friendly Visits there,
 And thus his Dwelling blest:
 And solemn Acts of Praise & Pray'r
 The Creature's Love express'd.
 But Sin defac'd its Form, and broke
 This stately Structure down:
 His ruin'd Temple God forsook
 And left it with a Frown.
 3 Polluted thus, and thus abhorr'd,
 The Place in Ruins lay:
 'Till 'twas again by Christ restor'd,
 His Glories to display.
 Laid deep in Love his Building stands,
 Cemented with his Blood:
 Work'd all with unpolluted Hands,
 And fitted up for God.

4 Here

4 Here his transforming Spirit dwells,
To beautify the Place:
With kindly Influence Sin expells,
And sheds forth Life & Grace.
Come, let us to this proper Use,
Ourselves devoutly yield:
With us thine Habitation chuse,
Thy Temple, Lord, rebuild.
5 Here let thy Spirit still reside,
And still diffuse thy Love:
Nor Lust, nor Sin, nor ought beside,
Provoke Thee to remove.
*Honour to Thee, Almighty Three,
And Everlasting One;
All Glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son.*

S. BROWNE.

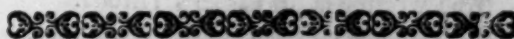


H Y M N XLVI.

1 **L**ord, when we gave ourselves to Thee,
Drawn by the Charming Bands of Love;
We vow'd for ever thine to be,
And by thy Grace will constant prove.
2 Thee we have always gracious found,
Thy Promises are firm and true:
The Tyes wherewith our Souls are bound,

We now most solemnly renew.
3 Command and w'e'll Obey thy call;
W'e'll take our Cross, and follow Thee
To Prison to the Judgment-Hall,
Without the Gate to Calvary.
4 Since Thou art ours may we retain
Thy sacred Image which we bear:
Since we are thine, may we remain
Ever devoted to thy Fear.
5 Ourselves to Thee, Lord, we resign
All we possess to Thee belongs;
Thou hast our Vows, our Hearts are thine
And Thou shalt ever have our Songs.

J. STENNET.



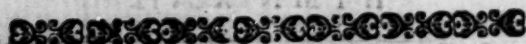
H Y M N XLVII.

1 **N**ature with open Volume Stands
To spread her Maker's Praise abroad;
And ev'ry Labour of his Hands
Shows something worthy of a God.
2 But in the Grace that rescu'd Man
His brightest Form of Glory shines;
Here on the Cross 'tis fairest drawn
In precious Blood, and Crimson Lines.
3 Here his whole Name appears complete;
Nor Wit can guess, nor Reason prove
Dd Which

H Y M N XLVII. XLVIII. XLIX.

Which of the Letters best is writ,
The Pow'r, the Wisdom, or the Love.
Here I behold his inmost Heart,
Where Grace and Vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest Smart,
To make the purchas'd Pleasures mine.
O the sweet Wonders of that Cross
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her noblest Life my Spirit draws
From his dear Wounds and Bleeding Side.
I would for ever speak his Name
In Sounds to mortal Ears unknown,
With Angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's Throne.

J. S. WATTS.

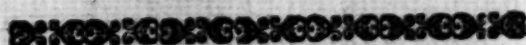


H Y M N XLVIII.

THe Promise of my Father's Love
Shall stand for Ever good:
He said; and gave his Soul to Death,
And seal'd the Grace with Blood.
To this dear Cov'nant of thy Word
I Set my worthless Name;
I Seal th' Engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble Claim.
The Light, and Strength, and pard'ning grace,

And Glory shall be mine;
My Life and Soul, my Heart and Flesh,
And all my Pow'rs are thine.
I call that Legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying Groan,
And ratify'd in Death.
Sweet is the Mem'ry of his Name
Who bless'd us in his Will;
And to his Testament of Love
Made his own life the Seal.

J. S. WATTS.



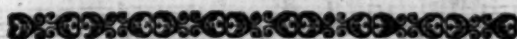
H Y M N XLIX.

TWas on that dark, that doleful Night,
When Pow'rs of Earth and Hell arose
Against the son of God's Delight,
And Friends betray'd him to his foes:
Before the mournful scene began,
He took the Bread, and bless'd, and brake:
What Love thro' all his Actions ran!
What wond'rous Words of Grace he spake!
This is my Body, broke for Sin,
Receive and eat the living Food:
Then took the Cup, and bless'd the Wine;
'Tis the new Cov'nant in my Blood.

For

[For us his Flesh with Nails was torn,
 He bore the scourge, he felt the Thorn;
 And Justice pour'd upon his Head
 Its heavy Vengeance, in our stead.
 For us his Vital Blood was spilt,
 To buy the Pardon of our Guilt;
 When, for black Crimes of Biggest Size,
 He gave his Soul a Sacrifice.]
Do this (he cry'd) 'till time shall end,
In Mem'ry of your dying Friend;
Meet at my Table and record
The Love of your departed Lord.
 [4 Jesus, thy Feast we Celebrate,
 We shew thy Death, we sing thy Name,
 'Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The Marriage supper of the Lamb.]
All Glory to thy Wondrous Name,
Father of Mercy, God of Love,
Thus we Exalt the Lord the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heav'nly Dove.

J. S. WATTE.



H Y M N L. [Tune Hymn. 8.]

1 **T**he Law commands, & makes us know
 What Duties to our God we owe;
 But 'tis the Gospel must reveal

Where lies our Strength to do his Will.
 The Law discovers Guilt & Sin,
 And shews how vile our Hearts have been:
 Only the Gospel can express
 Forgiving Love and cleansing Grace.
 2 What Curses doth the Law denounce
 Against the Man that fails but once?
 But in the Gospel *Christ* appears
 Pard'ning the Guilt of num'rous Years.
 My Soul, no more attempt to draw
 Thy Life and Comfort from the Law,
 Fly to the Hope the Gospel gives:
 The Man that trusts the Promise, lives.

J. S. WATTE.



H Y M N LL

1 **Y**Es, Lord, this great Command is right,
 Our Neighbour as ourselves to love.
 'Twill carry Kindness to the Height,
 And make this World like that above.
 2 Oh! could we see the heav'nly Flame
 Diffuse itself through all the Kind!
 Each at the common Welfare aim,
 And all in this Pursuit combin'd!
 3 This were indeed to dwell in Love,
 And with each Breath take Pleasure in:
 Dd 2 Thus,

Thus, Earth a Paradise would prove,
Of Peace and Bless the proper Scene.
Lord, calm the Tempests here below,
Make War & Wrath and Discord cease:
Make with'ring Love to sprout & grow,
And ev'ry where spread Joy and Peace.
Let all thy Churches here become
More like the glorious Church above;
Or fetch my longing Spirit Home,
Home to the World of perfect Love.

S. BROWNE



H Y M N LII. [Tune Hymn. 12.]

Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By Faith and Love in ev'ry Breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.
Come fill our Hearts with inward Strength
Make our enlarged Souls possess;
And learn the Height, and Breadth, & Length
Of thine unmeasureable Grace.
Now is the God whose Pow'r can do
More than our Thoughts or Wishes know
Be everlasting Honours done
By all the Church, thro Christ his Son.

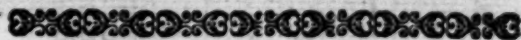
J. WATTS.



H Y M N LIII.

I Cannot bear thine Absence, Lord,
My Life expires if thou depart:
Be thou, my Heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my Heart.
I was not born for Earth and Sin,
Nor can I live on Things so vile;
Yet I would stay my Father's Time,
And Hope, and wait for Heav'n a while.
Then, dearest Lord, In thine Embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath,
And, with a smile upon my Face,
Pass the important Hour of Death.

J. WATTS.



H Y M N LIV.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to my self and Thee;
Amidst a thousand Thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest Love.
Why should my Passions mix with Earth,
And thus Debase my heav'nly Birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
Call me away from Flesh and Sense,

One

One Sov'reign Word can draw me thence;
I would obey the Voice Divine,
And all inferiour Joys resign.
Be Earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let Noise and Vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the Mind,
My Heav'n, and there my God, I find.

JS. WATTS.



H Y M N LV. [Tune Ps. 73.]

Vile thought be gone, I'll doubt no more
The Sov'reign way of Providence:
Angels about the throne adore
A theme too high for human Sense.
In awful deeps our God Conceals
His great designs from mortal eyes,
'Till he by Time the scheme reveals,
And strikes beholders with surprize.
Or should no Obvious footsteps shew
The track in which he will proceed,
The more I search the less I know,
With thicker gloom still overspread:
Shall Worms extend beyond their span?
And Censure art or acts divine?
Shall God be limited by Man?
Or must his thoughts conform to mine?

Oh! frightful pride! my Soul abhor
This Monstrous stretch beyond thy size:
Prescribe to providence no more,
But know thy measure and be Wise.
With humble deference resign
Thine own fond fancies, and submit
The worlds affairs to skill divine:
Leave God to act as he thinks fit.
Tho' deep Conceal'd his purpose lies,
And far remote from human sight,
Yet all his thoughts, and ways are wise
God-like, and true, and good, and right.

S. BROWNE.

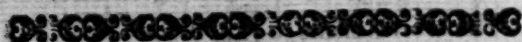


H Y M N LVI [Tune Hymn 13.]

Behold How sinners disagree
The Publican and Pharisee!
One doth his Righteousness Proclaim,
The other owns his Guilt and Shame.
This Man at humble Distance stands,
And cries for Grace with lifted Hands;
That boldly rises near the Throne,
And talks of Duties he has done.
The Lord their different Language knows,
And different Answers he bestows;
The humble Soul with Grace he Crowns,
Whilst

Whilst on the Proud his Anger frowns.
 Dear Father, Let me never be
 Join'd with the boasting Pharisee:
 I have no Merits of my own,
 But plead the suff' rings of thy Son.

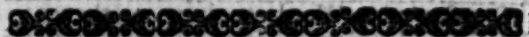
J.S. WATTS.



H Y M N LVII.

Broad is the Road that leads to Death,
 And Thousands walk together there;
 But Wisdom shews a narrower Path.
 With here and there a Traveller.
 Deny thy self, and take thy Cross,
 Is the Redeemers great Command!
 Nature must count her Gold but Dross.
 If she would gain this heav'nly Land.
 The fearful Soul that tries and faints,
 And walks the ways of God no more,
 Is but esteem'd almost a Saint,
 And makes his own Destruction sure.
 Lord let not all my Hopes be vain,
 Create my Heart intirely new;
 Which Hypocrites could ne'er attain,
 Which false Apostates never knew.

J.S. WATTS.



H Y M N LVIII.

Let the wild Leopards of the Wood
 Put off the spots that Nature gives;
 Then may the wicked turn to God,
 And change their Tempers, and their lives.
 As well might Ethiopian slaves
 Wash out the Darkness of their skin;
 The Dead as well may leave their Graves,
 As Old Transgressors cease to sin.
 Where Vice has held its Empire long,
 'Twill not endure the least Controul;
 None but a Pow'r divinely strong
 Can turn the Current of the Soul.
 Great God! I own thy Pow'r Divine,
 That works to change this Heart of mine;
 I would be form'd anew, and bless
 The Wonders of Creating Grace.

J.S. WATTS.



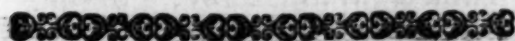
H Y M N LIX. [Tune Hymn 28.]

Sin, like a Venomous Disease,
 Infects our Vital Blood:
 The only Balm is sov'reign Grace;
 And the Physician, God.

2 Our

1 Our Beauty and our strength is fled,
And we draw near to Death;
But *Christ* the Lord recalls the Dead
With his Almighty Breath.
2 Madness, by Nature, reigns within,
The Passions burn and rage,
'Till Gods own Son with Skill divine
The inward Fire allwage.
3 We lick the Dust, we grasp the Wind,
And solid Good despise:
Such is the folly of the Mind,
'Till Jesus makes us wise.
4 We give our Souls the Wounds they feel,
We drink the pois' nous Gall,
And rush with Fury down to Hell;
But Heav'n prevents the Fall.
5 The Man possess'd amongst the Tombs,
Cuts his own Flesh and Cries:
He foams and raves, 'till *Jesus* comes,
And the foul Spirit flies.]

J. S. WATTS.



H Y M N LX.

Who laughs at sin, laughs at his makers frowns;
Laughs at the sword of Vengeance o'er his head;

Laughs at the great Redeemers tears & Wounds,
Who but for sin had never wept or bled.
2 Who laughs at sin, laughs at the num'rous Woes,
That have the guilty world so oft beset;
Laughs at the whole creation's groans & throws,
At all the Spoils of death, & pains of hell.
3 Who laughs at sin, laughs at his own disease,
Welcomes approaching torments with his smiles,
Dares at his Soul's expence his fancy please,
Affronts his God, himself of bliss beguiles.
4 Who laughs at sin, sports with his guilt & shame,
Laughs at the errors of his senseless mind:
For so absurd a fool, there wants a name
Expressive of a folly so refin'd.

J. STENNET.



H Y M N LXL

1 Deceitful Sin, with fawning Arts,
Our heedless Souls too oft beguiles;
Steals unperceiv'd unto our Hearts,
And wounds to Death with treach'rous Smiles.
2 We catch the Bait e're we're aware,
The Specious Poison swallow down,
Nor once suspect the hidden Share,
Nor fear to urge our Maker's Frown.

3 Be-

Bewitch'd by her adult'rous Charms,
 In Paths of Vice we blindly rove:
 Avoid our Sov'reign's open Arms,
 Nor heed his Threats, nor seek his Love.
 Oh, fatal Error! thus we shun
 The living Spring of pure Delight:
 We fondly seek to be undone,
 And headlong rush on endless Night.
 And shall we still keep on this Road!
 This fatal Road! and ne'er return!
 Oh! turn us, turn us, mighty God,
 Now, not for ever let us mourn.
 Our long Transgressions we deplore:
 Accept our Tears, our Sins forgive:
 Save us by thine Almighty Pow'r,
 Speak Thou the Word we yet shall live.

S. BROWNE

HYMN LXII

Vain World, thy tempting Arts forbear,
 Hide all thy false and trait'rous Charms:
 Too long I've fed on empty Air,
 And shun'd my Maker's blestful Arms.
 Much nobler Objects now in Sight,
 Engage mine Eyes, mine Heart possess:

My Wings are stretch'd for heav'nly Flight,
 And God the Source of all my Bliss.
 When He appears, thy Lustre's lost,
 As twinkling Stars in blazing Day:
 To Him who charms the heav'nly Host,
 Devotion bears my Soul away.
 In Him consummate Beauties shine,
 No Spots deform his radiant Face:
 'Tis Life to hear that He is mine,
 And Heav'n to dwell in his Embrace.
 From Him no earthly Object more
 Shall e'er seduce my faithful Heart:
 Vain World thy fond Attempt give o'er,
 With Him I'll never, never part.
 Shine out my God with friendly Rays,
 Refresh mine Eyes, my Heart rejoice:
 Tune all my Pow'rs to Love and Praise,
 My Mind, my Passions, & my Voice.
 Chase all the Mists and Gloom away,
 That hide thy Glories from mine Eyes;
 Fit me to bear celestial Day,
 And fetch me to my Native Skies.

S. BROWNE

HYMN

H Y M N LXIII.

Dead be my Heart to all below,
To mortal Joys and mortal Cares
To sensual Bliss that charms us so
Be dark, my Eyes, be deaf, my Ears.
Here I renounce my carnal Taste
Of the fair Fruit that Sinners prize:
Their Paradise shall never waste
One Thought of mine, but to despise.
All earthly Joys are overweigh'd
With Mountains of vexatious Care;
And where's the Sweet that is not laid,
A Bait to some destructive Snare?
Be gone for ever, Mortal Things!
Thou mighty Mole-Hill, Earth, farewell!
Angels aspire on lofty Wings,
And leave the Globe for Ants to dwell.
Come Heav'n, and fill my vast Desires,
My Soul pursues the sov'reign Good:
She was all made of heav'nly Fires,
Nor can she live on meaner Food.

J. S. WATTS.

H Y M N LXIV. [Tune Hymn 39.]

My Soul forsakes her vain Delight,

And bids the World farewell;
Base as the Dirt beneath my Feet,
And mischievous as Hell.
No longer will I ask your Love,
Nor seek your Friendship more;
The Happiness that I approve,
Lies not within your Pow'r.
There's nothing round this spacious Earth
That suits my large Desire;
To boundless Joy, and solid Mirth,
My nobler Thoughts aspire.
Had I the Pinions of a Dove,
I'd climb the heav'nly Road,
There sits my Saviour dress'd in Love,
And there my smiling God.

J. S. WATTS.

H Y M N LXV.

Religion.

Product of reason, & of faith Combin'd
The life, the Health, the beauty of the mind;
God's Image on an human Soul impress'd,
The Source of Joy, & glory of the blest;
That makes 'em lovely, & that makes 'em love,
Brings heav'n to Earth, & forms their heav'n above
O how I do thy god-like charms admire
Ec

O how I to thy god-like joys aspire!

J. STENNET.

HYMN LXVI

Twas by an Order from the Lord
The ancient Prophets spoke his Word;
His Spirit did their Tongues inspire,
And warm'd their Hearts with heav'nly Fire,
The Works and Wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the Messages they brought;
The Prophet's Pen succeeds his Breath,
To save the holy Words from Death.
Great God, mine Eyes with Pleasure look
On the dear Volume of thy Book;
There my Redeemer's Face I see,
And read his Name, who dy'd for me.
Let the false Raptures of the Mind
Be lost, and vanish in the Wind;
Here I can fix my Hope secure,
This is thy Word, and must endure.

Js. WATTS.

HYMN LXVII

BLEST are the humble Souls, that see
Their Emptiness and Poverty;

Treasures of Grace to them are giv'n,
And Crowns of Joy laid up in Heav'n.]

2 Blest are the Men of broken Heart,
Who mourn for Sin with inward Smart;

The Blood of *Christ* divinely flows
A healing Balm for all their Woes.]

3 Blest are the Meek, who stand afar
From Rage and Passion, Noise and War,
God will secure their happy State,

And plead their Cause against the Great.]

4 Blest are the Souls that thirst for Grace,
Hunger and long for Righteousness;

They shall be well supply'd and fed
With living Streams and living Bread.]

5 Blest are the Men, whose Bowels move
And melt with Sympathy and Love;
From *Christ* the Lord shall they obtain
Like Sympathy and Love again.]

6 Blest are the Pure, whose Hearts are Clean
From the defiling Pow'rs of Sin;
With endless Pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless Purity.]

7 Blest are the Men of peaceful Life,
Who quench the Coals of growing Strife;
They shall be call'd the Heirs of Bliss,
The Sons of God, the Sons of Peace.]

[8 Blest

8 Blest are the Sufferers, who partake
Of Pain & Shame, for *Jesus*' Sake;
Their Souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and Joy are their Reward.]

Js. WATTS

HYMN LXVIII.

1 **T** Here is a House not made with Hands,
Eternal, and on high,
And here my Spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.
2 Shortly this Prison of my Clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall;
Then, O my Soul, with Joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's Call.
3 'Tis He by his Almighty Grace
That forms thee fit for Heav'n,
And as an Earnest of the Place
Has his own Spirit giv'n.
4 We walk by Faith of Joys to come,
Faith lives upon his Word;
But while the Body is our Home,
We're absent from our Lord.
5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy Grace,
But we had rather see;

We would be absent from the Flesh,
And present, Lord, with Thee.

Js. WATTS.

HYMN LXIX. [Tune Ps. 41.]

1 **W** hen we are rais'd from deep Distress,
Our God deserves a Song;
We take the Pattern of our Praise,
From *Hazakiah*'s Tongue.
2 The Gates of the devouring Grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If He that holds the Keys of Death,
Commands them fast again.
3 *Jehovah* speaks the healing Word,
And no Disease withstands:
Fevers and Plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his Commands.
4 If half the Strings of Life should break,
He can our Frame restore:
He casts our Sins behind his Back,
And they are found no more.

Js. WATTS.

HYMN LXX.

Thee we adore, Eternal Name,
 And humbly own to Thee,
 How feeble is our mortal Frame!
 What dying Worms are we!
 Dangers stand thick thro' all the Ground
 To push us to the Tomb
 And fierce Diseases wait around
 To hurry mortals Home.
 Good God! on what a slender Thread
 Hang everlasting Things!
 Th' eternal States of all the Dead
 Upon Life's feeble Strings.
 Infinite Joy, or endless Woe!
 Attend on ev'ry Breath;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the Brink of Death!
 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy Sense
 To walk this dang'rous Road;
 And if our Souls are hurried hence
 May they be found with God.

J. S. WATTS.

HYMN LXXI.

Why should we start and fear to die?
 What tim'rous Worms we Mortals are?
 Death is the Gate of Endless Joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.
 The Pains, the Groans, and dying Strife
 Fright our approaching Souls away;
 Still we shrink back again to Life,
 Fond of our Prison and our Clay.
 O, if my Lord would come & meet,
 My Soul should stretch her Wings in haste,
 Fly fearless thro' Death's Iron Gate,
 Nor feel the Terrors as she pass'd.
 Jesus can make a dying Bed
 Feel soft as downy Pillows are,
 While on his Breast I lean my Head,
 And breathe my Life out sweetly there.

J. S. WATTS.

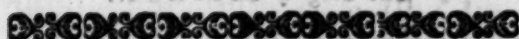
HYMN LXXII.

Marble the pillar; marble he that's bound;
 Marble the officers that guard him round;
 Marble by nature that; by patience *HE*;
 And these by unrelenting cruelty.

Spec-

Spectator, melt in tears: or at this view,
Wonder will turn thee into marble too.

J. STENNET.



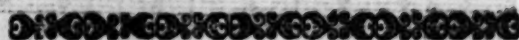
H Y M N LXXIII [Time P/. 46.]

The Lords Prayer.

Father of All! Eternal mind!
In uncreated light enshrin'd,
Immensely good, Immensely Great!
Thy children form'd, and blest'd by Thee,
With filial love, and homage, we
Fall Prostrate at thy awfull feet.
2 Thy Name in Hallow'd Strains be sung,
Let ev'ry heart, and ev'ry Tongue,
In the Celestial Concert join;
In Loving, Serving, praising thee
We find our Chief felicity;
But cannot add One jot to thine.
3 Thy Righteous, mild, and Sov'reign Reign,
Throughout Creations Ample plain,
Let ev'ry thinking Being own.
Lord, in our hearts, where passions rude,
With fierce tumultuous Rage, intrude,
Erect thy Pow'rful peaceful Throne.
4 As Angels round thy seat Above,

With Joyful haste, and ardent love,
Thy blest Commands, Attend, fulfil;
So let thy Creatures here below,
As far as thou hast giv'n to know
Perform thy good and sacred Will.
5 On thee; we day by day depend,
Our Beings Author, and its End;
Our dayly wants, and need supply:
With healthful meat our bodies fed,
Our souls sustain with living bread,
Our precious souls which never die.
6 Extend thy Grace to ev'ry fault;
Each sinful action, word, and thought,
Oh! let thy love our Sins forgive;
For thou hast taught our hearts to show
Divine forgiveness to our foe,
Nor longer let resentment live.
7 Where tempting Snares bestrew the Way,
To lead unwary minds astray,
Permit us not therein to tread;
Unless thy Gracious aid appear:
T'avert the threat'ning danger near;
From our unguarded, heedless head.
8 Thy Sacred Name we thus adore,
And thus thy Choicest gifts implore,
Ec 3. With

With *Ardent, Joyful, humble* mind;
 Because thy Pow'r, and Glory prove
 Thy Kingdom built on *Wisdom, Love,*
 Endless, Triumphant, unconfin'd.
 O Lord to whom we still repair,
 Accept of this our hearty Pray'r,
 Our Trust is in thy mighty Pow'r;
Amen, Amen, we all Express,
 With one Accord thy Name we bless,
 Thou art our safeguard and our Tow'r.
Amen
Praise ye the Lord,
Hallelujah
Praise ye the Lord,
A - - men
A - - men.



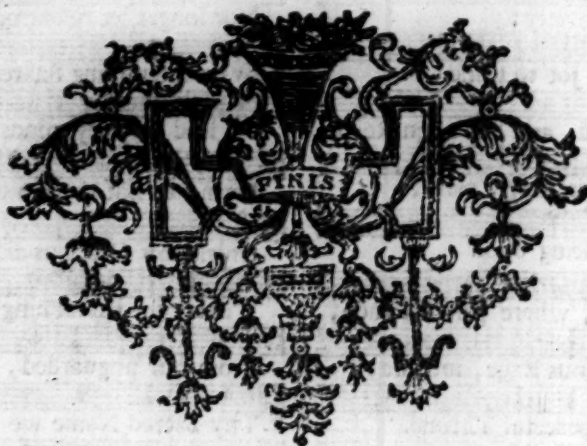
HYMN LXXIV.

The Song of SIMEON.

Now let thy Servant, Lord, depart in peace;
 Give my aspiring Soul a kind release
 What thro' the mystic glass of prophecy
 The patriarchs distant saw, to me is nigh:
 These languid eyes behold my Saviour's Face,
 These wither'd arms the heav'nly babe embrace.
 Since I at last my blest Redeemer see,
 No other sight below has charms for me.
 Now close these aged eyes: for after this,
 Nothing's worth viewing, but immortal bliss.

J. STENNET.

6 JA 70



T A B L E.

To find any Psalm or Hymn by the first Line.

A.		I.	
Psalms		Psalms	
A gainst all those that strive with me,	35	I Waited meekly, for the Lord,	40
As pants the Hart for cooling Streams,	42	Jehovah reigns; let all the Earth,	97
At length, by certain Proofs 'tis plain,	73	Jehovah reigns, let therefore all	99
		I'll celebrate thy Praises, Lord,	30
		In deep Distress, I oft have cry'd	120
		In Judah the Almighty's known,	76
		In Thee, I put my steadfast Trust,	71
		In vain, O Man of lawless Might,	52
		Judge me, O Lord, for I the Paths	26
		Just Judge of Heav'n, against my Foes,	42
B.		L.	
B ehold, O God, how Heathen Hosts	79	L et all the Just to God with Joy,	33
Bless God, My Soul; Thou, Lord, alone	104	Let all the Lands with Shouts of Joy,	66
Bless God, ye servants that attend	134	Let all the list'ning World attend,	49
		Let David, Lord, a constant Place,	132
		Let God the God of battle rise.	68
		Lord, hear my Cry, regard my Pray'r,	61
		Lord, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry	143
		Lord, hear the Voice of my Complaint,	5
		Lord, hear the Voice of my Complaint,	64
		Lord, let thy just Decrees, the King,	72
		Lord, not to us, we claim no Share,	115
		Lord, Thou hast granted to thy Land,	85
		Lord, save me, for thy Glorious Name,	54
		Lord, who's the happy Man that may,	15
D.		M.	
D efend me Lord, from Shame,	31	M y crafty Foe, with flatt'ring Art,	36
Deliver me, O Lord my God,	59	My God, my God, why leav'st thou me,	22
Do Thou, O God in Mercy Help,	56	My Soul for Help, on God, relies,	62
		My Soul, inspir'd with sacred Love,	103
		My Soul, with grateful Thoughts of Love,	116
F.		N.	
F or ever blest be God the Lord,	144	N o Change of Times, shall ever shock	18
For Thee, O God, our constant Praise	65		
From lowest Depths of Woe,	130		
From my Youth up, may Isr'el say,	129		
G.		O.	
G ive ear, Thou Judge of all the Earth,	55	O All ye People Clap your hands,	47
God, in the great Assembly stands	82	O come, loud Anthems let us sing,	95
God is our Refuge in distress,	46	O God, my gracious God, to Thee,	63
God's Temple crowns the Holy Mount,	87	O God, my Heart is fully bent,	108
		O God,	
H.			
H ad not the Lord, (may Isr'el say)	124		
Happy the Man, whose tender Care,	41		
Have Mercy, Lord, on me,	51		
He that has God his Guardian made,	91		
He's blest whose Sins have Pardon gain'd,	32		
Hear, O my People to my Law,	78		
Hold not thy Peace, O Lord our God,	83		
How blest are they, who always keep,	119		
How blest is he who ne'er consents,	1		
How good and pleasant must it be	95		
How long wilt thou forget me Lord?	13		
How many, Lord, of late are grown?	3		
How vast must their Advantage be!	133		

T A B L E

	Psalms
O God, of Hosts, the mighty Lord,	84
O God, to whom Revenge belongs,	94
O God, who hast our Troops disperst,	60
O God, whose former Mercies make,	109
O! Isr'el's Shepherd, Joseph's Guide,	80
O Lord, I am not proud of Heart,	131
O Lord, my God, since I have plac'd	7
O Lord, my Rock, to thee I cry,	28
O Lord, our Fathers oft have told,	44
O Lord, that art my righteous Judge,	4
O Lord, the Saviour and Defence,	90
O Lord, to my Relief draw near,	70
O Praise the Lord, and thou my Soul,	146
O Praise the Lord, for he is good,	118
O Praise the Lord, in that blest Place,	150
O Praise the Lord, with Hymns of Joy,	147
O Praise the Lord, with one Consent,	135
O Praise ye the Lord,	149
O Render Thanks, and bless the Lord,	105
O Render Thanks, to God above,	106
O 'Twas a joyful Sound to hear	122
O! Thou to whom all Creatures bow,	8
Of Mercy's never failing Spring,	101
On Thee, who dwell'st above the Skies,	123

P.

P raise ye the Lord, our God to Praise,	111
Preserve me, Lord, from crafty Foes,	140
Protect me from my cruel Foes,	16

R.

R esolv'd to watch o'er all my Ways,	39
---	----

S.

S ave me, O God, from Waves that rowl,	69
Since Godly Men decay, O Lord,	12
Since I have plac'd my Trust in God,	11
Sing to the Lord a new made Song;	96
Sing to the Lord a new-made Song,	98
Speak, O ye Judges of the Earth,	58
Sure, wicked Fools must needs suppose,	14

T.

T hat Man is blest who stands in Awe	113
The Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,	19
The King, O Lord, with Songs of Praise,	21
The Lord hath spoke, the mighty God,	50
The Lord himself, the mighty Lord,	23

	Psalms
The Lord, the only God, is great,	48
The Lord to thy Request attend,	20
The Lord, unto my Lord thus spake,	110
The Man is blest, who fears the Lord;	128
The wicked Fools must sure suppose,	53
Thee will I bless, my God, and King,	145
This spacious Earth is all the Lord's,	24
Tho' wicked Men grow rich or great,	37
Thou, Lord, by strictest Search hast known,	139
Thro' all the changing Scenes of Life,	34
Thy chast'ning Wrath, O Lord, restrain,	38
Thy dreadfull Anger, Lord, restrain,	6
Thy Mercies, Lord, shall be my Song,	89
Thy Mercy, Lord, to me Extend,	57
Thy Presence why withdraw'st thou Lord?	13
To bless thy chosen Race,	67
To celebrate thy Praise, O Lord,	9
To God, I cry'd, who to my help	77
To God in whom I trust,	25
To God, our never failing Strength,	81
To God the mighty Lord,	136
To God with mournful Voice,	142
To God, your grateful Voices raise,	107
To my Complaint, O Lord my God,	86
To my just Plea and sad Complaint,	17
To Thee, my God, and Saviour, I,	88
To Thee, O God, we render Praise,	75
To Thee, O Lord, my Cries ascend,	141
To Zions Hill I lift my eyes.	121

W.

W e build with fruitless Cost, unless	127
With chearful Notes let all the Earth,	117
With Glory clad, with Strength array'd	93
With my whole Heart, my God and King,	138
With one Consent let all the Earth,	100
With restless and ungovern'd Rage,	2
When I pour out my Soul in Pray'r,	102
When Isr'el, by th' Almighty led,	114
When Sion's God, her Sons recall'd,	126
When we, our weary'd Limbs to rest,	137
While I the King's loud Praise rehearse,	45
Who place on Sion's God their Trust,	125
Whom should I fear, since God to me,	27
Why hast Thou cast us of, O God?	74

Y.

Y e boundless Realms of Joy,	148
Ye Princes that in Might excel,	29
Ye Saints and Servants of the Lord,	113

HYMNS.

T A B L E.

H Y M N S.

A.

And now, my Soul, another Year, 27
At Pentecost, illustrious day! 14

B.

Begin my Tongue, some heav'nly Theme 34
Behold, How sinners disagree 56
Blest are the humble souls that see 67
Blest Morning, whose young dawning Rays, 9
Broad is the Road that leads to death, 57
Bury'd in Shadows of the Night, 37

C.

Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell. 52
Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove, 18
Come, let us go and die with Him, 12
Curst be the Man, for ever curst, 8

D.

Dead be my Heart to all below, 63
Deceitful Sin, with fawning Arts, 61
Descend, O King of Saints, descend, 11

E.

E're long the Awful Day will come, 15

F.

Father of All! Eternal mind, 73
Father, the Prodigal at last, 22

H.

Hark! from the Tombs a doleful Sound! 28
Hark, the best News that ever came! 1
Hast thou, my Soul, thy Saviour view'd, 5
Hence from my Soul, sad Thoughts be gone, 43
How oft have Sin and Satan strove, 41

I.

I cannot bear thine Absence, Lord, 53
Jesus! O Word divinely sweet! 35
Join all the glorious Names, 3

L.

Let others boast how strong they be, 29
Let Pharisees of High Esteem, 17
Let the Wild Leopards of the wood, 58
Lift up your Eyes to th' heav'nly Seats, 39
Lord, all these Works of Thine 23
Lord at thy Feet a Sinner lies, 32
Lord, thou hast bound us to believe, 21
Lord, when we gave ourselves to thee, 46

M.

Man has a Soul of vast Desires, 26
Marble the pillar; marble he that's bound; 72
My God, how endless is thy Love? 25
My God, permit me not to be, 54
My Soul forsakes her vain Delight, 64

N.

Nature with open Volume Stands, 47
No more, my God, I boast no more, 13
Not to condemn the Sons of Men, 38
Not the Malicious or Profane. 20
Now let thy Servant, Lord depart in peace 74

O.

O! Might I once mount up and see, 39
O thou whose scales the Mountains weigh, 42
Our God, how firm his promise stands, 44

P.

Produc'd at first by Pow'r divine, 45
Product of Reason, and of faith Combin'd 65

S.

Salvation! O the Joyful Sound! 2
Sin, Like a Venemous Disease, 59
Stand up, my Soul, shake of thy fears, 40

T.

Tis finish'd the Redeemer cries, 7
The God of Mercy be ador'd, 16
The Jewish shades are all withdrawn, 4
The Law commands, and makes us know 50
The Promise of my Fathers Love 48
Thee we Adore, Eternal Name, 70
There is a House not made with hands, 68
There is a Land of pure Delight, 31
This is surprising Grace, dear Lord, 33

Ff

Thus

T A B L E.

Thus faith the Mercy of the Lord, 10
 'T was by an Order from the Lord, 66
 'T was on that dark, that doleful Night, 49

V.

Vain World, thy Tempting Arts forbear, 62
 Vile thought be gone, I'll doubt no more 55

W.

Welcome sweet Day of Rest, 24
 When we are rais'd from deep distress, 69
 While to thy Cross, we turn our eyes, 6
 Who laughs at sin, laughs at his makers frowns, 60
 Why should we start, and fear to die, 71
 With Joy we meditate the Grace. 36

Y.

Yes, Lord, this great Command is Right, 51

A.

T A B L E

Of the Psalms & Hymns to be Sung to the same Tune.

Psalms

1. 49.
 2. 42. 134.

Psalms

3. 44.
 4. 48.

Psalms

5. 64.
 7. 82.
 8. 105. & 44 Hymn.
 9. 92.
 10. 52. 83.
 11. 81.
 12. 55. 86.
 13. 85.
 14. 29. 89.
 15. 54. 71.
 16. 108. & 2 Hymn.
 17. 77.
 19. 66. 75.
 20. 121.
 21. 45. 117.
 22. 53. 79.
 23. 98.
 24. 78. 122.
 26. 14.
 27. 124.
 30. 125.
 32. 101.
 33. 146.

Hymns

8. 50.
 12. 52.
 13. 56.

Psalms

34. 133.
 35. 115.
 36. 103.
 37. 87.
 40. 106.
 41. 126. & 69. Hymn.
 43. 88.
 46. 110. & 73. Hymn.
 47. 97. 107.
 57. 123. & 38. Hymn.
 58. 72. & 43. Hymn.
 59. 102.
 61. 131.
 65. 111.
 70. 144.
 73. & 55. Hymn.
 80. 137.
 90. 140.
 109. 141.
 112. 139.
 116. 135.
 118. 132.
 127. 138.

Hymns

28. 59.
 39. 64.

6 JA 70

